McCLURE'S
SEPTEMBER
1917
Fifteen Cents
David Warfield
Ernest Poole
Dana Gatlin
Emery Pottle
Peter Newell
Cleveland Moffett
Frederick Stuart Greene
Clarence F. Underwood
Edward Mott Woolley
Porter Emerson Browne
May Wilson Preston
Burton E. Stevenson
Frank Goewey Jones
W.T. Benda
C.E. Chambers
James H. Collins
Ella Wheeler Wilcox
"BIRMINGHAM CONTRASTS"
OLLEY
in this Number

aroma

OMAR

CIGARETTES

It's plain as writing, clear as reading—that *aroma* that smiles from OMAR. It's aroma that tickles your palate. *Aroma* that soothes your mind—Pure *aroma,* rich and ripe.

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

Victrola XVII, $250
Victrola XVII, electric, $300
Mahogany or oak

Victrola-the highest attainment in the arts of sound

The mission of the Victrola is purely one of transmission. The recorder and reproducer should tell the simple truth, no more, no less.

The Victrola is not an instrument in which the interpretation and expression depend on the player like the organ, piano, etc. No instrument can be made to *improve* on Melba, Caruso and the other great artists. The true function of the Victrola is to reproduce faithfully the work of these artists.

The following beautiful lines from "The Rubaiyat" tell the story:

"The moving finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

The only modifications permissible are those obtained by *changing the needles* from *loud tone* to *soft tone* and by adjusting the *sound doors* to suit the size of the room or the mood of the listener.

There are Victor dealers everywhere, and they will gladly play your favorite music for you and demonstrate the various styles of the Victor and Victrola—$10 to $400.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Victor Supremacy

"Victrola" is the Registered Trade-mark of the Victor Talking Machine Company designating the products of this Company only. **Warning:** the use of the word **Victrola** upon or in the promotion or sale of any other Talking Machine or Phonograph products is misleading and illegal.

To insure Victor quality, always look for the famous trademark, "His Master's Voice." It is on all genuine products of the Victor Talking Machine Company.

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 1st of each month

Important Notice. Victor Records and Victor Machines are scientifically coordinated and synchronized by our special processes of manufacture, and their use, one with the other, is absolutely essential to a perfect Victor reproduction.

PACKER'S Tar Soap was first made forty-five years ago.

In all these years, there has been no deviation from the original high standard of manufacture. Each ingredient used today, as then, is of the purest quality—the highest grade the market affords.

Its pure pine tar, glycerine and sweet vegetable oils are elements long recognized as most suitable to the proper care of the hair and scalp.

It is the character of these ingredients and the method of their combination, that give to "Packer's" its peculiar efficacy as a shampoo and toilet preparation. Send 10c for sample half-cake.

Write for our Manual, "The Hair and Scalp — Modern Care and Treatment," 36 pages of practical information, free on request.

THE PACKER MFG. CO.
Dept. 87H, 81 Fulton St., New York City

PACKER'S LIQUID TAR SOAP, delicately perfumed, cleanses delightfully and refreshes the scalp—keeping the hair soft and attractive. Liberal sample bottle 10c

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

"Pure as the Pines"

Safety Plus

An Iver Johnson Revolver is safe. You can drop it, throw it about, even "Hammer the Hammer"—it will not discharge accidentally.

It shoots hard and straight. Finest quality steel and wonderful machine work insure absolute accuracy.

Hammer and Hammerless models with Regular, "Perfect" Rubber or "Western" Walnut Grip, $8 up.

Three Books Sent FREE

Indicate which books you want: A—"Arms," B—"Bicycles," C—"Motorcycles."

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
136 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.
New York: 99 Chambers Street
San Francisco: 717 Market Street

IVER JOHNSON
Safety Automatic **REVOLVER**

You Don't Wear Your Engagement Ring on Your Right Hand

Then why use carbon paper that is the wrong finish, weight and manifolding power?

Let us prescribe the Carbon Paper that exactly fits your work—it's FREE

Just tell us what special results you wish to obtain. Also give your dealer's name. Make the usual number of carbon copies. Send us the original together with copies and sheets of carbon paper used, all in place, and we will prescribe the correct degree of ink finish, weight and manifolding power that exactly FITS your needs.

With the prescription we will also send you free a SAMPLE SHEET of the carbon paper you ought to use.

F. S. WEBSTER COMPANY
342 Congress St. Boston, Mass.

TYPEWRITERS SUMMER PRICES

Our entire stock of latest models is offered at special prices for the summer *only*.

Factory Rebuilt Typewriters

All trademarked, and guaranteed for one year. Buy now and save as much as $75. Branch stores in leading cities.

Write for Catalog and Summer Price List.
AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO., Inc., 339 Broadway, N. Y.

McCLURE'S

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *President*
HOLLAND S. DUELL, *Vice-President*
CONRAD MILLIKEN, *Secretary*
ARTHUR S. MOORE, *Treasurer*

Contents for September

My Own Story . . . . . **David Warfield** 13
The great American actor tells of his early struggles and final success
Illustrated with photographs from Mr. Warfield's private collection

Is This Why You Drink? . . . . **Anonymous** 16
The first of a brilliant new series on booze
Illustration by C. B. Falls

Sophie's Great Moment . . . . **Emery Pottle** 17
Pictures by May Wilson Preston

The Fighters and the Haters . . . **Ernest Poole** 19

Let's See What Happens Next! . . . **Dana Gatlin** 20
Illustrations by Clarence F. Underwood

Wild Apples [*Serial*] . . . . . **Anonymous** 22
Illustration by C. E. Chambers

The Like o' Him [*Poem*] . . **Theodosia Garrison** 22

Capitalizing imagination . . . . **Fred C. Kelly** 24

The War Beautiful . . . . **Cleveland Moffett** 26

Understanding [*Poem*] . . **Ella Wheeler Wilcox** 26

A King in Babylon [*Serial*] . **Burton E. Stevenson** 27
Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

"Vengeance Is Mine!" . **Frederick Stuart Greene** 29
Illustration by F. E. Schoonover

Divided Spoils . . . . . **Frank Goewey Jones** 30
Illustrations by T. K. Hanna

Plain Bill Hohenzollern **Porter Emerson Browne** 32
Illustrations by Peter Newell

The Twelfth Floor [*Poem*] . . **Mary B. Mullett** 34
Pictures by F. Walter Taylor

Motor-Truck Freight Trains **Waldemar Kaempffert** 39

A Quarter's Worth . . . **Hildegarde Hawthorne** 42

Fortune Knocks . . . . . **Albert W. Atwood** 58

Questions Concerning Foods and Drugs **Professor Lewis B. Allyn** 71

Food "Bits" . . . . . **Mabel Dulon Purdy** 72

Cover Design by Neysa McMein

Published Monthly. Entered as Second-Class Matter at New York, New York. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Canada. Entered at Stationer's Hall, London.

Copyright, 1917, by The McClure Publications, Incorporated, New York, Fourth Avenue and Twentieth Street, New York. All dramatic, moving picture, and other reproduction rights reserved.

Subscription terms: In the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and American Possessions $1.50 per year. In all other countries in the Postal Union $2.50 per year. An order blank with the magazine is notice that your subscription has expired. The Editor assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, but he will use all due care while they are in his hands.

The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York
Executive and Editorial Offices, Berkeley Building, New York

So many Women now use
Hinds Cream
for their Hands and Arms

as well as for their complexions, that it seems as if *everybody* should know about it,—particularly when home-gardening and other new industrial duties tend to roughen or irritate the skin and make it almost impossible to keep the hands clean.

It prevents "catchy fingers," will not soil any fabric; is not sticky or greasy; will not cause hair to grow.

Hinds Cre-mis Talcum charms by its fragrance; purified, borated; imparts a fascinating, velvety softness to the skin. Send for Trial can.

Hinds Cream Soap gives a rich, creamy foam in hard or soft water, quickly cleanses the skin, softens and refreshes but never dries the skin.

Samples: Be sure to enclose stamps with your request. 2c for Cream, 5c for Soap, 2c for Talc.

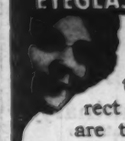
Selling everywhere, or sent postpaid from Laboratory

Hinds Cream, bottles, 50c
Cold Cream, tubes, 25c; jars, 50c
Soap, 5c, 10c, 25c
Talc, 25c

A. S. HINDS
223 West St.
Portland, Maine

IF YOU WEAR GLASSES YOU NEED

Shur-on
EYEGLASSES · SPECTACLES



They stick tight *comfortably*, hold the lenses in the correct optical position and are the most becoming because least conspicuous.

SHELLTEX RIMS (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)
—the latest in Shur-ons. Stylish and elegant, made to meet the mode. Like all Shur-ons, quality guaranteed.

At most high-grade optometrists, opticians and oculists, or write us. Look for the name Shur-on or Shelltex in the bridge.

E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO.
248 Andrew Street, Rochester, N. Y.
←Trade Mark *Established 1864*

WORK SHOPS

OF wood and metal workers without steam power, equipped with

BARNES' FOOT POWER MACHINERY

allow lower bids on jobs and give greater profit on the work. Machines sent on trial if desired. Catalogue free.

W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO.
200 Ruby Street Rockford, Ill.

McCLURE'S School Directory

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES IN WASHINGTON, D. C., CONNECTICUT, GEORGIA, AND ILLINOIS

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE offers a special school service free of charge to its readers. The purpose of this service is to assist you in the selection of a school or college. Read all the announcements in this directory. If you have difficulty in finding the school which just meets your requirements, write to the School Service Department, McClure's Magazine, McClure Building, New York City, giving location and purpose of the school required, whether for boy or girl, previous education and the sum you are planning to spend. McClure's School Service Department will see that you receive the information you desire.

War Conditions Demand Electrical Engineering

men with training. Prepare for service in military or industrial life. Of 193 students in class of 1917, about one-third are already in the Engineer Corps and two-thirds are speeding production in electrical industries. Having trained over 2000 young men in the past 24 years in the fundamentals of Applied Electricity, **The Bliss Electrical School**, with its well-equipped shops and laboratories, is peculiarly qualified to give a **condensed course** in Electrical Engineering including Mathematics, Steam and Gas Engines, Mechanical Drawing, Shop Work, and Theoretical and Practical Electricity, in all branches. Students construct dynamos, install wiring and test efficiency of electrical machinery. Course, with diploma, complete

In One Year

For practical young men with limited time. 25th year opens Sept. 26th. Catalog. **115 Takoma Ave., Washington, D. C.**

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, 1628 S St., N. W.

School of Singing Lamperti Method. 3rd year opens September 1. Pupils may enter any time. Mme. Lucia Borderi, diploma-graduate and formerly assistant to Lamperti (teacher of Sembrich), Principal. Unequalled opportunity to obtain a foreign training at home. Booklet on request.

DIS. OF COL., Washington, Mintwood Place and 19th St.

Bristol School

Elective, Preparatory, Academic and two years' Collegiate Courses. Diploma Course in Music. Separate French Residence. Capital advantages. Athletics.
MISS ALICE A. BRISTOL, Principal.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington.

Chevy Chase School (Formerly Chevy Chase Seminary). A school for girls. Social advantages of the national capital combined with a thoroughly modern education. Catalog on request.
FREDERICK ERNEST FARRINGTON, Ph.D., Headmaster, Washington, D. C.

DIST. OF COL., Washington, 1535 Eighteenth St.

Colonial School For girls. Exceptional advantages for study in the National Capital. College preparation. Music, Art, Travel, Secretarial. Special Courses for High School and Seminary graduates. Languages. Athletics. Catalog.
MISS JESSIE TRUMAN, Associate Principal.

MARTHA WASHINGTON SEMINARY

For Young Women. Finest residential section, overlooking Dupont Circle. Delightful school life. Washington advantages. **Two years' course for High School Graduates.** General and Special Courses. **Domestic Science.** Music, Elocution, Modern Languages. Outdoor sports. Sight-seeing each week. $600 upwards.
EDWARD W. THOMPSON, Prin., 1601 Connecticut Ave., Washington, D. C.

National Park Seminary
In Washington, D. C., Suburbs
JAMES E. AMENT, LL.D., President

The definite object of the Seminary is to offer a condensed college course for graduates of high and preparatory schools. The formal courses of study are supplemented by complete departments of music, art, home economics and floriculture.

Specialists in music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science, Floriculture, Arts and Crafts, Secretarial branches, Library Methods and Business Law. Modern gymnasium and outdoor sports.

An illustrated and carefully prepared catalog, setting forth the purpose and ideals of the Seminary, will be mailed upon request. Address
REGISTRAR, NATIONAL PARK SEMINARY
Box 152, Forest Glen, Maryland

CONNECTICUT, Stamford.

The Betts School

Stands for Development in college preparation. The problem in each case quickly solved. School motto: "I am going to win." Opportunities given to save one or two years. WM. J. BETTS, M.A. (Yale).

CONNECTICUT, Bridgeport, 199 West Ave.

Conn. Froebel Normal KINDERGARTEN PRIMARY TRAINING SCHOOL
Academic, kindergarten, primary and playground courses. Boarding and day school. Extensive facilities for thorough work. State certificate. $400 covers board and tuition. 19th year. Booklets. Address MARY C. MILLS, Prin.

THE CAMPBELL SCHOOL
FOR GIRLS
265 Broad Street, Windsor, Conn.

Beautiful suburban location. Remodeled residence and new school building. Gymnasium. General and special courses. Music, art, domestic science. One-year course in domestic science for high school graduates. Each girl studied and her work and play planned to develop her mentally, morally and physically. Outdoor sports. Horseback riding. Send for illustrated booklet.

Dr. A. H. CAMPBELL, Ph.D.
Mrs. A. H. CAMPBELL, Principals

CONNECTICUT, Greenwich.

The Ely School
For Girls.
ELY COURT.

CONNECTICUT, Washington, Box 9H.

Wykeham Rise A country school for girls, in the Berkshire Hills. Bryn Mawr preparatory course and certificates to other colleges. Outdoor and indoor sports of every description. Catalogue sent on application.
FANNY E. DAVIES, LL.A., Prin.

ILLINOIS, Chicago, 606 S. Michigan Ave.

Church School of Art

To secure booklet containing much information about different art pursuits and the training required for these write today to the
CHURCH SCHOOL OF ART.

ILLINOIS, Chicago, 616-22 Michigan Boulevard, Box 27.

Pestalozzi-Froebel Training School

A Kindergarten Normal. Class Rooms overlook Lake Michigan. 21st yr. opens Sept. 18. Diploma 2 yrs. Three Depts.—I. Kindergarten, II. Primary, III. Playground Workers. University Lecturers. Accredited. Address
REGISTRAR.

ILLINOIS, Chicago, Groveland and 29th St., Box 103.

Training School for Nurses The Michael Reese Hospital Registered by the State of Illinois. 3-year course preparatory instruction. Theoretical and practical class work throughout the course. Minimum entrance requirements, 2 years' High School work. For information apply to
MISS M. H. MACKENZIE, Superintendent.

The Rosenbaum School

471 boys prepared for college in 4 years; all but 5 entered. Cosmopolitan, non-sectarian student body representing nearly every state and several foreign countries. Course of study planned for each boy. Small classes or individual instruction. School building, residence, laboratory and gymnasium.

Illustrated booklet

THE SECRETARY,
Box B Milford, Connecticut

AMERICAN CONSERVATORY of MUSIC

Chicago's Foremost School of Music

Offers modern courses in Piano, Voice, Violin, Organ, Public School Music, Theory, Orchestral Instruments, etc. **Walton Pyre School of Acting and Expression.** Superior Normal Training School, supplies Teachers for Colleges.

Karleton Hackett Asso. Director — *John J. Hattstaedt* President and Founder — *Adolph Weidig* Asso. Director

Desirable Dormitory accommodations. Numerous lectures, concerts and recitals throughout the school year. Teachers' Certificates, Diplomas and Degrees conferred by authority of the state of Illinois. Students Orchestra. Many free advantages. Thirty-second session begins Sept. 10, 1917.

The Conservatory is universally recognized as a school of the highest standards, and is one of the largest musical institutions in the country. Eighty artist-instructors, many of international reputation. Located in the heart of Chicago's musical center, in the new magnificent sixteen story Kimball Hall Building, which is the home of the **Kimball Piano**

For free catalog and general information, Address,
American Conservatory
554 Kimball Hall, Chicago, Ill.

Shorter College

For the Higher Education of YOUNG WOMEN

Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science. Faculty chosen from finest universities. Confers B.S. and A.B. degrees. Chemical, biological, physical and psychological laboratories. Fireproof buildings. Private bath with each bedroom. Healthful location — 200 acres. Near Georgia mountains. Golf, Tennis, Gymnasium, Athletics, Boating. Session begins September 20th. Catalog on application.
A. W. VAN HOOSE, President, ROME, GA.

ILLINOIS, Chicago, 4932 Lake Park Ave., Box 24.

Starrett School for Girls

32nd year will begin Sept. 19, 1917. Seventh and eighth Grammar Grades, Academic and College Preparatory. Co-operative with the University of Chicago; accredited by the North Central Association, also to Vassar, Smith and Wellesley Colleges for over 25 years. Modern Languages, Expression, Physical Culture, Gymnastic Dancing and Domestic Science, without extra charge. Exceptional advantages in Music and Art. A Home School in elegant fireproof building two blocks from Lake Front Park and Bathing Beach. Address
REGISTRAR.

WHEN the school question comes up for discussion in your home, if you need help, if it is hard to decide which school is the right one for your boy or girl, write to the McClure School Service Department, 25 West 44th Street, New York City.

The University of Chicago HOME STUDY
in addition to resident work, offers also instruction by correspondence.
For detailed information address
24th Year U. of C. (Div. B) Chicago, Ill.

NATIONAL KINDERGARTEN COLLEGE

1886 1917

KINDERGARTEN and ELEMENTARY TRAINING

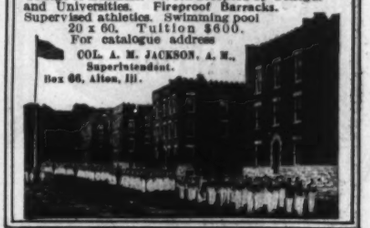
32nd Annual Session begins Sept. 12, 1917
Ideal education for young women. Provides a profession and prepares for life. Two year Kindergarten Course. Two year Elementary Course. Three and four year courses leading to degrees. Accredited for kindergarten-primary certificate in many states. Three resident dormitories on College grounds. For illustrated catalog and full information address Secretary
NATIONAL KINDERGARTEN COLLEGE
Box 92, 2944 Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

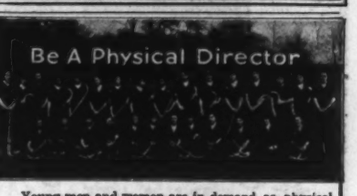
Elizabeth Harrison, President

Marienthal—Central Dormitory

WESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY

Designated an "Honor School" by the War Department, the highest rating given. Prepares boys for College or Business. Work accepted by Colleges and Universities. Fireproof Barracks. Supervised athletics. Swimming pool 20 x 60. Tuition $600.
For catalogue address
COL. A. M. JACKSON, A. M., Superintendent.
Box 66, Alton, Ill.





Young men and women are in demand as physical directors, athletic coaches and playground supervisors. Positions in universities, colleges, gymnasiums, playgrounds. Attractive salary.

American College of Physical Education will prepare you for this fascinating profession through a two year normal course.

Large building, completely equipped. Gymnasium, auditorium for dancing, dormitory for girls swimming pool, tennis courts, etc. Large faculty. Free Graduate-placing service.

Co-educational—Accredited—Athletics.
Term opens September 18. View book and catalog free.
Dept. 112 4200 Grand Boulevard Chicago, Illinois

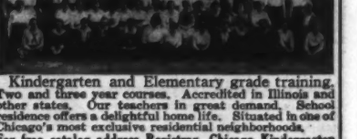
The Right School

There is a school which is particularly fitted to develop the best in your son or daughter, and the School Service Department of McClure's Magazine can help you find that school.

CHICAGO KINDERGARTEN INSTITUTE

Twenty-fourth year

Fall Term Opens September 18, 1917



Kindergarten and Elementary grade training. Two and three year courses. Accredited in Illinois and other states. Our teachers in great demand. School residence offers a delightful home life. Situated in one of Chicago's most exclusive residential neighborhoods.
For free catalog address Registrar, Chicago Kindergarten Institute, 929 Fine Arts Bldg., 410 S. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

McCLURE'S School Directory

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES IN ILLINOIS AND INDIANA

6 buildings
20 acres

GIRTON SCHOOL

30 minutes from Chicago

WINNETKA, ILLINOIS

Situated on a picturesque estate in one of Chicago's most attractive and cultured suburbs. Velvety lawns, spreading shade trees, tennis courts, etc., invite outdoor life and play. Beautiful countryside and beach on Lake Michigan woo girls to jaunts and excursions. To a specially favored country location are added the many advantages which Chicago offers, under proper chaperonage, in Music, Art and the Drama. Girton girls are trained in the social graces. The school is specially strong in preparing for college. Certificate admits to Smith, Vassar and Wellesley. Special preparation for Bryn Mawr. Elective studies for students not entering college. Enrollment limited. Prospective students should write early for Catalogue. Box 33, FRANCIS KING COOKE, Principal.

COLLEGE OF DENTISTRY

University of Illinois

Four year curriculum leading to the degree of Doctor of Dental Surgery. Fifteen units, accredited high school, for admission. Infirmary unexcelled in point of equipment and operating facilities.

Demand for dentists greater than the supply. U. S. Government needs more than 2,000 dentists for military service. Unprecedented opportunities for dental students. Write for catalogue. Box 80

The Dean, College of Dentistry
University of Illinois
1838 W. Harrison St., Chicago

Morgan Park

Preparatory Schools

Where Boys Are Educated Through Books and Observation Tours

Military. An Academic—not a trade-school. Prepares for College and Business. Fundamental studies thoroughly taught. Individual attention. Tutor-conducted trips through Chicago's Mercantile, Civic and Industrial institutions. Separate lower school for boys. Send for catalog. Address

H. D. ABELLS, Principal
Box 200 Morgan Park, Illinois

Learn a Paying Profession

that assures you a good income and position for life. For twenty-four years we have successfully taught

PHOTOGRAPHY

Photo-Engraving and Three Color Work

Our graduates earn $20 to $50 a week. We assist them to secure these positions. Learn how you can become successful. Terms easy—living inexpensive. Write for catalogue—NOW.

ILLINOIS COLLEGE of PHOTOGRAPHY
Box H, 945 Wabash Ave., Effingham, Ill.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Accredited—For Women—Est. 1903

2 year Normal Course prepares young women for Physical Directors, Playground Supervisors, Dancing Teachers and Swimming Instructors. Strong Faculty; Military Tactics. Well supervised dormitories. Our graduates are accepted in schools, colleges and universities throughout the country. Graduates of accredited high schools admitted without examinations

Fall Term Opens September 25th

For catalog, address MRS. LAURA O. PARSONS, Director
Chicago Normal School of Physical Education
Box 25 430 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

College of Medicine

University of Illinois

Minimum admission requirements for entrance, fifteen units of work from an accredited High School and in addition two years in a recognised university or college, involving at least one year in college physics, biology, chemistry and six college hours in French or German.

For course of medical study four years are required. Eligible students will receive the degree of B.S. at the completion of the sophomore year.

A greater measure of patriotic service can be given by physicians than in any other activity. Collegiate year begins October 1st, 1917.

For full information concerning course of study, fees, etc., address Secretary.

College of Medicine of the University of Illinois
Box 16 Congress and Honore Streets, Chicago, Illinois

HOWE SCHOOL

(ENDOWED)

A TEACHER FOR EVERY TEN BOYS

Every Boy Recites Every Lesson Every Day
Boys Taught How To Study
Thorough Preparation For College

MILITARY DRILL

Graduates admitted to leading colleges on certificates.

Estate of 150 acres. 9 fine buildings. Thorough sanitation. Healthful country life. Beautiful lakes. All athletic sports.

Separate School for Younger Boys

For illustrated catalog address

Rev. J. H. McKenzie, L. H. D., Rector
Box 234, HOWE, INDIANA

Frances Shimer School

Junior College Academy

A home school for girls and young women. College, two years; teachers' course. Advanced standing at leading colleges. Four years academy work. Certificate privileges. Home Economics with diploma. Music, Art, etc. 35 acres. Golf, Tennis, Gymnasium, Photoplays. Separate building for 1st and 2nd academic pupils. Picturesque location. 127 miles from Chicago. Resident nurse. Catalog.

Rev. WM. P. McKEE, Dean,
Box 608
Mt. Carroll, Illinois

CULVER MILITARY ACADEMY

Culver inculcates in a boy the *spirit* of obedience, alertness, accuracy, loyalty, responsibility, personal honor. These are Culver traditions. Enrollment for 1917 now complete. Large waiting list. Make application for 1918 and 1919 at once.

THE MILITARY SECRETARY
CULVER, IND.
(*On Lake Maxinkuckee*)

TODD SEMINARY

70th Year

TODD SEMINARY
Woodstock, Illinois

—not a "Prep" School

designed exclusively for younger boys. Genuine home life. Vigilant watchfulness of personal habits. Comradeship between teachers and boys develops right thinking and manliness. Pure air, pure water, active outdoor life. In Illinois hill country, one hour from Chicago. 1000 feet above sea level. 20 acres woodlands. Athletics. *Inquire about our Northern Summer Camp.*

NOBLE HILL, Principal, Woodstock, Illinois.

The TODD OAK

VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY

Founded 1873

VALPARAISO, INDIANA

Thorough Instruction at Lowest Expense

THIS INSTITUTION was founded with the idea of giving to every person, whether rich or poor, a chance to obtain a thorough, practical education at an expense within his reach. That it is performing this mission is indicated by the numbers who avail themselves of the advantages offered.

VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY was organized with three departments, four instructors, and an annual enrollment of 210 different students. Now there are 22 departments, 220 instructors, and an annual enrollment of more than 5000 different students.

THE REASON for this growth is in the fact that this University is constantly increasing its facilities, strengthening its courses of study, and offering additional advantages to the student.

THE UNIVERSITY is well equipped with buildings, libraries and laboratories for giving instruction in the following

DEPARTMENTS: Preparatory, High School, Primary Methods, Kindergarten Methods, Commerce, Phonography and Typewriting, Review for Teachers, Bible Study, Education, Arts and Sciences, Engineering, Architecture, Manual Arts, Agriculture, Public Speaking, Music, Fine Arts, Home Economics, Pharmacy, Law, Medicine and Dentistry.

Except in the Departments of Medicine and Dentistry all of the work is done at Valparaiso. The Dental Department of the University is the well-known Chicago College of Dental Surgery and is located in Chicago. The Medical Department is located in both Valparaiso and Chicago. Two years of the work may be taken in Valparaiso, thus greatly reducing the expense, or the entire four years may be taken in Chicago. These Departments are located in Chicago because of the excellent clinical advantages to be found there.

THE UNIVERSITY is located in Valparaiso, a prosperous city in Northern Indiana, about fourteen miles South of Lake Michigan and forty-four miles East of Chicago. The city is surrounded by a system of small lakes which make it especially delightful as a college town.

While the expense in all the Departments is exceedingly low, it has not been made so at the sacrifice of a high grade of instruction, but by applying business principles to

THE COST OF LIVING, so that the most satisfying accommodations for board and room may be had at from $44.00 to $56.00 per quarter of twelve weeks; tuition $20.00 per quarter, or $75.00 if paid in advance, for a year of forty-eight weeks. If the entire tuition is paid in advance for the year, it includes all the departments, except Medicine, Dentistry and private lessons in Music.

The total expense for board, tuition and furnished room for the regular school year (thirty-six weeks), need not exceed $192, or for forty-eight weeks, $246. For Free Catalog address

HENRY B. BROWN, Pres., or OLIVER P. KINSEY, Vice-Pres.
Box 6, University Hall, Valparaiso, Ind.

The Forty-fifth Year will open September 18, 1917

Second quarter, December 11, 1917. Third quarter, March 5, 1918. Fourth quarter, May 28, 1918.

New Domestic Science Building

Group of Valparaiso University Buildings, including the Depts. of Medicine, and Dentistry, located in Chicago

Old College Building

IF you have difficul y in finding the school which just meets your requirements, write to the School Service Department, McClure's Magazine, 25 West 44th Street, New York, giving location and purpose of the school required, mentioning the previous education of the girl or boy and the sum you are planning to spend.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES IN KENTUCKY, MARYLAND AND MASSACHUSETTS

Kentucky Military Institute

With a Winter Home In Florida

Designated Honor School by the War Department and by the President as a Reserve Officers' Training Corps. Accredited by Leading Universities

The only school in the world that owns and operates two distinct plants, moving from one to the other, according to the season, by special train and without the loss of a single recitation.

Equipment embraces laboratories, machine and woodworking shops, modern buildings, large parade ground and athletic field. 96-acre campus. Fowler Hall, a school for younger boys.

$30,000 home in Florida, where the boys enjoy sea bathing and healthful outdoor exercise during the winter months with no interruption of regular school work. Southern trip included in regular terms, $600. Address

The Superintendent, Kentucky Military Institute
Lyndon, Kentucky

Mount Ida School

6 miles from Boston

Send for New Year Book

FOR GIRLS

We send students to Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Univs. of Mich., Ill., Cal., Minn., and other colleges on certificate. **Many girls, however, after leaving high school do not wish to go to college.** But often they desire **advanced** work in a new environment with competent instructors, and to select studies best meeting their tastes and interests.

We offer just these opportunities. Students take English, or Literature, but the course otherwise is **elective.** All subjects count for diploma.

Graduation from high school not necessary for entrance. No examination required.

Special work in voice, piano, violin, cello, harp and pipe organ with **eminent** Boston masters. A finely equipped school. New building (6 in all) with **new pipe organ;** gymnasium and swimming pool.

All outdoor sports. All the opportunities of Boston in Music, Art and historical associations are freely used. Domestic Science, Art, Elocution.

A girl, after leaving **grammar** school, can **begin** her studies at Mount Ida and continue them until she has an education equivalent to **two years** in **College,** taking through her whole course an **elective program.**

There are some rooms with hot and cold water. Students for 1917-18 are being accepted in the order of their applications.

Special car from Chicago, September 26th, for Chicago and Western girls.

Exceptional opportunities with a delightful home life. 66 SUMMIT ST., NEWTON, MASS.

LASELL SEMINARY

For Young Women

Lasell offers regular, college-preparatory and special courses, music, art and elocution.

It gives exceptional training in all phases of home economics, including food values, marketing, cooking, the art of entertaining, house furnishing and management, sewing, dressmaking and millinery.

The location of the school, surrounded by places of historic interest and near Boston with its many advantages, its music and art, gives unusual opportunity for general culture.

Twenty acres, thirteen buildings, gymnasium, swimming pool. Tennis, boating, basketball, horseback riding, field hockey, skating. Address

G. M. WINSLOW, Ph.D., Principal
112 Woodland Road, Auburndale, Mass.
Ten miles from Boston

KENTUCKY, Shelbyville.
Science Hill School An English and Classical School for Girls. College Preparatory Course with certificate privileges at Wellesley, Vassar, Smith, Mt. Holyoke. 93rd year. College-trained teachers. Piano, Violin and Voice Instruction. Domestic Science, Tennis, Horseback riding. Rate $400.
MRS W. T. POYNTER, Principal.

Educate Your Child in Your Own Home

The mother is the natural teacher of her children. She knows their peculiarities, their temperaments, their weaknesses, but untrained as a teacher, the time comes when she feels her inability alone to proceed further with their education, and reluctantly gives them up to be taught with other children.

Now, there has grown up in the City of Baltimore, in connection with a great private day school, a Home Instruction Department the high object and purpose of which is the education of children from 4 to 12 years of age, entirely in their own homes and yet according to the best modern methods and under the guidance and supervision of educational experts who are specialists in elementary education.

The School was established 1897, and now has pupils in every state of the Union and 22 foreign countries.

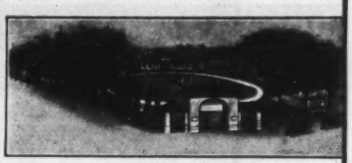
One mother writes: "The system seems almost magical in results." Another calls it "A real Godsend."

Booklet outlining plan will be sent on request.

Address Calvert School, Inc. V. M. HILLYER, A. B. (Harvard), Headmaster. 8 Chase St., Baltimore, Md.

WORCESTER ACADEMY

FOUNDED 1834



IS WIDELY PATRONIZED. Boys enrolled in 1916 from 18 states and 7 countries.
IS EFFICIENT, with its faculty of 20 experienced men.
HAS ACHIEVED, by sending 160 boys to college in last four years.
IS EQUIPPED with Megaron, Infirmary, New Gymnasium, Dining Hall, Playing Fields and Dormitories.

SEND FOR CATALOG

D. W. ABERCROMBIE, LL. D., Prin., 100 Providence St., WORCESTER, MASS.

MASSACHUSETTS, Cambridge, 29 Everett Street.
The Lesley School of Household Arts
Courses given by Harvard educators. Prepares for home efficiency. Residence and house mother.
MRS. EDITH LESLEY WOLFARD,
MISS LUCY MACINNES, Principals.

MASSACHUSETTS, Cambridge.
Mass. College of Osteopathy
Chartered 1897. Right to confer Doctor's degree given by the legislature. Faculty of 60 physicians. One-hundred-thousand-dollar college and hospital just opened. Send for catalog and booklet, "Success of Our Graduates."

MASSACHUSETTS, Cambridge.
The Middlesex College OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY
Prepare for a successful practice after the War. Help your Country by becoming an efficient doctor. Thoro four year course in all branches of medicine and surgery. Address THE SECRETARY.

MARYLAND, Baltimore, Charles Street Avenue.
Notre Dame of Maryland A College for Women—conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame to train the body, mind and spirit—to develop true womanhood. Magnificent buildings in a beautiful park of 70 acres. Rowing, basketball, tennis, hockey. Instructors all specialists. Regular and elective courses. Music, Art. Write for catalog.

MASSACHUSETTS, Ashburnham.
Cushing Academy
A School worth knowing. $375-$400. Six-payment plan. Send for catalog.
H. S. COWELL, A. M., Pd. D., Principal.

MASS., Boston, Huntington Chambers.
Emerson College of Oratory
Largest School of Oratory, Belles-lettres and Pedagogy in America. Summer Session. 37th year opens Sept. 24th. Address
HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS, Dean.

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, 42 St. Botolph St.
American School FOR PHYSICAL EDUCATION
Two years' thorough training in essentials of Educational Gymnastics and Manual Therapy. Personalities studied. Increasing demand for our graduates.
DR. MARY R. MULLINER, Director.

MASSACHUSETTS, Cambridge.
The Sargent School For Physical Education. Established 1881. Largest teachers' department for physical education in the world. General and special courses prepare for healthy womanhood. Address for booklet,
DR. D. A. SARGENT.

MASSACHUSETTS, Norton (30 miles from Boston).
Wheaton College for Women Only small, separate college for women in Massachusetts. 4-year course, A.B. degree. Also 2-year diploma course without degree. Faculty of men and women. 20 buildings. 100 acres. Endowment. Catalog.
REV. SAMUEL V. COLE, D.D., LL.D., President.

Powder Point School for Boys

Duxbury, Mass. 38 miles from Boston

Through wise guidance your boy's personality and character are brought out. His initiative is developed because he thinks out questions for himself. He will respond because he is not fitting into a ready-made plan.

His teachers are his counsellors and his courses in study and athletics are governed by one idea—the effect on his future life.

Upper and lower schools. Thorough preparation for college and business.

Illustrated catalog
RALPH K. BEARCE, A. M., Headmaster
82 King Caesar Road

DETROIT CONSERVATORY of MUSIC

Established 1874
Francis L. York, M. A., Pres.
Elizabeth Johnson, Vice-Pres.
Finest Conservatory in the West

Offers courses in Piano, Voice, Violin, Organ, Theory, Public School Music and Drawing, Oral Interpretation, etc. Work based on best modern and educational principles. Numerous Lectures, Concerts and Recitals throughout the year.
Branch Studios. Excellent Dormitory Accommodations. Teachers' certificates, diplomas and degrees conferred. Many free advantages. We own our own building located in center of most cultural environment.
Forty-fourth season begins Sept. 10, 1917.
For detailed information address
James H. Bell, Sec., Box 9, 1013 Woodward Ave. Detroit, Mich.

PINE MANOR

A School for Home Efficiency

A TWO-YEAR course for the graduates of Dana Hall and other secondary schools. Higher cultural studies with emphasis on all subjects pertaining to the management of the home. Country life and sports. Fourteen miles from Boston. Catalog on application.

MISS HELEN TEMPLE COOKE
Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass.

MASSACHUSETTS, West Bridgewater.
Howard Seminary For Girls. 25 miles from Boston. College preparatory and general courses. Household Economics. Art. Music, vocal and instrumental. Interior decorating. School, dormitory, fine gymnasium. Horseback riding, tennis, golf, hockey, basketball. Upper and lower school. 50 pupils. Live teachers. $600-$700. MR. & MRS. C. P. KENDALL, Prins.

MASSACHUSETTS, Worcester, 158 Institute Road.
Worcester Domestic Science School
One and two-year Normal and Home-making courses. Trains for teachers of cookery, sewing, matrons, dietitians, housekeepers. Graduates occupy good positions. Opens Sept. 18th, 1917. Address MRS. F. A. WETHERBEE.

Dummer Academy

South Byfield Massachusetts

155th year. 35 miles from Boston. 330 acres. A boys' boarding and day school, small (50 boys) and democratic. Your son—not the class—the unit. Preparation for college and technical schools. Gymnasium. Athletic field. Tennis courts. New board track. New Golf Course. Hockey pond. Salt-water sports.

Moody House. New building designed for needs of boys from 9 to 14. Only 12 boys admitted. Lessons, play and home life carefully planned, correlated and supervised in healthful, comfortable surroundings. For catalog and other information address

CHARLES S. INGHAM, Ph. D., Headmaster, South Byfield, Mass.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES IN MISSOURI, NEW HAMPSHIRE, NEW JERSEY, NEW MEXICO, NEW YORK, NORTH CAROLINA AND PENNSYLVANIA

AT the foot of Ragged Mountain. 40 acres. 8 modern buildings. Gymnasium. Separate playgrounds for boys and girls. 10 acres devoted to outdoor sports. Play and study supervised. Food from the school farm. Pure spring water. College entrance certificate. Prepares for technical schools. Practical arts. Each pupil has advantage of personal friendship of trained, sympathetic teachers. Your boy or girl educated, not merely instructed, in a wholesome environment at moderate expense. Address

FRANCIS T. CLAYTON, A. M., Head Master, Andover, N. H.

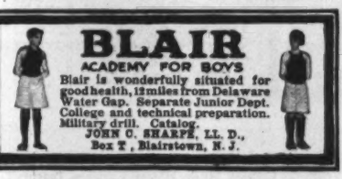
NEW HAMPSHIRE, New London.

Colby Academy In the New Hampshire Hills. Co-educational. College certificate. General courses. Agriculture. Domestic Arts. Music. $150,000 in new buildings. Scientific equipment unsurpassed. Gymnasium. Athletics. Military training.
JUSTIN O. WELLMAN, A.B., Headmaster.

MISSOURI, St. Louis.

Forest Park College

57th year. Junior College, Preparatory and Grammar School. Certificate privileges. Music, Violin, Expression, Art, Bible School, Home Economics. Year $325.
President, ANNA S. CAIRNS.



BLAIR
ACADEMY FOR BOYS

Blair is wonderfully situated for good health, 12 miles from Delaware Water Gap. Separate Junior Dept. College and technical preparation. Military drill. Catalog.
JOHN C. SHARPE, LL. D.,
Box T, Blairstown, N. J.

BORDENTOWN
MILITARY INSTITUTE
BORDENTOWN, N. J.

PURPOSE: The individual development of a boy's character and scholarship for the work of the world in college, scientific school or business.

FACULTY: A large, sympathetic and efficient body of instructors. 32 years' experience.

INSTRUCTION: Small classes, individual attention. Each boy is taught *how* to study.

LOCATION: Healthful location on the Delaware River, seven miles from Trenton, on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

SCHOOL LIFE: High standard of social and moral student life. Supervised athletics, wholesome food, carefully regulated daily program of work and recreation and drill produce sound bodies, capable minds and cheerful dispositions.

For catalogue address { Rev. T. H. LANDON, A.M., D.D., Principal
Col. T. D. LANDON, Commandant

NEW JERSEY, Englewood, Box 605.

Dwight School For Girls. College preparatory and special courses. Domestic Arts and Science. Certificates accepted by leading colleges. Limited number of pupils. Spacious grounds. Suburban to New York. Gymnasium. Tennis, riding. Address MISS CREIGHTON and MISS FARRAR, Prins.

KINGSLEY
School for Boys

College Preparatory. Location of unusual healthfulness, 22 miles from New York City, in the New Jersey Hills. Boys are taught how to study. New school building with completely equipped laboratories and recreation room. Large athletic field. Separate residence for younger boys with teaching and personal care adapted to their needs. Military drill. For illustrated catalog address Box F,

J. R. CAMPBELL, M. A., Essex Fells, N. J.

NEW JERSEY, New Brunswick, Box 134.

The Rutgers Preparatory School For Boys. 132nd year. Healthful countryside location. College preparatory, music, athletics, under men teachers. Military training. Discipline, scholarship, spirit on high plane. Younger boys in separate school. $650. Send for catalogue.
W. P. KELLY, Headmaster.

The PENNINGTON SCHOOL

The dominant aim is the development of character during the formative years.

An unusually strong faculty gives close personal attention to each boy. Sound learning and an active, athletic, outdoor life are the result. Each young man graduate is well built in character and manliness.

Situated in the foothills of the Watchung Mts.—convenient to New York and Philadelphia. Preparation for college and technical schools. Business Courses. Military drill and Rifle Practice under competent officers. Patriotism demands that our young men be prepared for what is to come after the war. Rates moderate.

Send for Catalog

Frank MacDaniel, D. D.
Headmaster
Box 20, Pennington, N. J.

The Peddie Boy is educated—not merely instructed

The endowment of Peddie Institute enables it to offer, at moderate rates, all the advantages and equipment of the more expensive schools. The achievements of Peddie graduates in scholarship and athletics at their colleges are significant of the value of its training. All colleges admitting on certificate accept Peddie Institute graduates without examination.

Physical culture and athletic training. 60-acre campus, lake, swimming pool, diamond, gridiron and gymnasium provide exceptional facilities. **Military Training in harmony with the Peddie Idea—all the essentials without frills.** Peddie is 9 miles from Princeton. Lower school for boys from 11 to 14 years. 52nd year opens September 26, 1917. For booklets and catalog, address

ROGER W. SWETLAND, LL.D., Headmaster
Box 9-G, Hightstown, N. J.

FREEHOLD SEMI-MILITARY SCHOOL

For Sixty Select Young Boys

A school with a personal touch. Enough military training to inculcate habits of obedience, promptness, orderliness and self-reliance. Study and play carefully supervised. One teacher to nine boys. Complete equipment, buildings remodeled and refurnished. Athletic field. All sports. Healthful, convenient location. Catalog.

Major CHARLES M. DUNCAN,
Box 89, Freehold, N. J.

NEW JERSEY, Orange.

Miss Beard's School for Girls

A country school, 13 miles from New York. College preparatory, special courses. Music, Art, Domestic Arts and Science. Supervised physical work in gymnasium and field. Catalog on request. Address MISS LUCIE C. BEARD.

WENONAH MILITARY ACADEMY

Your boy at Wenonah will be a man in the making—a storehouse of fine possibilities. He will be individually studied. He will be taught *how* to study—*how* to learn. There will be a drawing-out of intellectual, moral and physical qualities. The boy responds because the Military System brings out all that is good and manly.

Wenonah is healthfully situated in a solely residential town, 12 miles from Philadelphia—with the usual Academic, Classical, Special and Business Courses. A catalog for the parent and a view book of athletic and military life for the boy will be mailed upon request.

Dr. Charles H. Lorence, President
Major Clayton A. Snyder, Superintendent
Box 407, Wenonah, N. J.

NEW MEXICO, Roswell, Box H.

New Mexico Military Institute
A state-owned school, located in a high, dry climate. For information, address
COLONEL JAS. WILLSON, Superintendent.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Franklin H. Sargent, Pres.

The Standard Institution of Dramatic Education for 34 years.

Connected with Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies.

Detailed Catalog from the Secretary

Room 146 Carnegie Hall, New York

NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY

Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

THE STORY of this famous school is told in the illustrated catalogue, which will be sent upon application to the Ass stant Commandant.

War Department Honor School

CAVALRY, INFANTRY, CADET BAND
(*SPECIAL RATES TO MUSICIANS*)

Ithaca Conservatory of Music

Offers a complete musical education and unique advantages for those who look forward to concert or educational work. Graduates are eligible to teach in the New York State Public Schools without State certificate and the Conservatory maintains several companies in the Lyceum field. All instruments. Singing, languages, painting, dramatic art. Physical education. Commodious buildings, concert hall and dormitories. Summer School, 5 courses. Terms moderate. Catalog. Address—The Registrar, 12 DeWitt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.

In the Highlands Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Boarding School for Girls. 4 modern buildings, 32 acres. Academic, Finishing and two-year Collegiate Courses. Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science, Social training. No entrance examinations. 2 hours from New York City. Out-of-door life; sports; riding. Address for illustrated booklets, *mentioning this magazine.*
Frederic Martin Townsend, Director

OHIO, Glendale.

Glendale College
For Women. Suburban to Cincinnati. Catalogues and particulars sent upon application.

Manlius Schools

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL, Manlius, offers the most successful application of the Military principle to preparation for college or business. War Dept. Honor School for 13 consecutive years; no other school having equal record.

VERBECK HALL, a separate school for boys, 8 to 14 years, fitting for St. John's or other preparatory schools.

Gen'l WM. VERBECK, Box 9H, Manlius, N. Y.

PEEKSKILL ACADEMY

Founded 1833 85th Year Military since 1887

Junior School, 8 to 13, separate building. Upper School prepares for College and Business. New buildings. Address

J. C. Bucher, A.M., or C. A. Robinson, Ph.D., Prins.
Peekskill-on-the-Hudson, New York

Russell Sage College of Practical Arts

Founded by Mrs. Russell Sage in connection with Emma Willard School

Designed for the vocational and professional training of women. Secretarial Work, Household Economics and Industrial Arts. Special students admitted. B. S. Degree. Address Secretary.

Russell Sage College of Practical Arts, Troy, N. Y.

Institute of Musical Art of the City of New York

FRANK DAMROSCH, Director

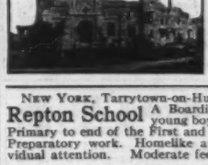
A well-endowed school. Complete Courses in all branches of Musical Art. Preparatory, Regular and Post-graduate Departments. *Session*—October 15th, 1917, to June 1st, 1918. Prospectus and further information furnished on application to THE SECRETARY, 120 Claremont Avenue

---

NEW YORK, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, Box 912.

Irving School for Boys in the beautiful, historic "Irving" country. 81st year. 26 years under present Head Master. New site and buildings 1904. Prepares for all colleges and technical schools. Individual instruction. Athletic field. Swimming Pool. Gymnasium.
J. M. FURMAN, A.M., Headmaster.

Miss C. E. Mason's Suburban School for Girls. "The Castle."



Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Only 40 minutes from N. Y. City. Upper School for girls 13 to 19; Lower School for girls 7 to 13. All departments, including graduating and special courses. Vocational. Special courses in Art, Music, Literature, Languages. Certificate admits to leading colleges. Illustrated catalog.
Miss C. E. Mason, LL.M., Lock Box 708

NEW YORK, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, Box C-24.

Repton School A Boarding and Day School for young boys. Course of study from Primary to end of the First and Second years of College Preparatory work. Homelike atmosphere. Strict individual attention. Moderate fees—No extras. Address
HEADMASTER.

1793 1917

PRESIDENT WILSON speaks of Bingham Military School, Asheville, North Carolina, as follows:

THE WHITE HOUSE, Washington, June 29, 1916

It gives me great pleasure to express my admiration for Bingham School. All that I have known of it, directly or indirectly, has made me have the greatest confidence in it.
(Signed) WOODROW WILSON

150 Bingham Alumni Served in the Spanish-American War, and every one of them was given rank from **Lieutenant Colonel down**, because they had **TRAINING**, while the **untrained** pupils of non-Military Schools who volunteered, **went in**, and **came out, PRIVATES** as a rule. Therefore **get training.**

ADDRESS COL. R. BINGHAM, SUPT., ROUTE 4, ASHEVILLE, N. C.

NEW YORK, Poughkeepsie, Box 806.

Putnam Hall Vassar Preparatory School. Certificate privilege for all leading colleges. Special two year course for High School graduates. Music, Art and Domestic Science. Tennis, Horseback riding, Sleeping Porches. Separate house for younger children. Address ELLEN C. BARTLETT, A.B., Principal.

Penn Hall School for Girls

AIM—Full Development of True Womanhood

COURSES OF STUDY	AMUSEMENTS
College Preparatory	Horseback Riding
Modern Language	Basketball
Domestic Science	Hockey, Tennis
Music, Art	Boating, Fencing
	Corrective Gymnastics

New Gymnasium and Swimming Pool

Certificate privileges. Rooms with private bath. May each year spent at Atlantic City. Work continues without interruption. Rates $600. For catalogue and view book address
FRANK S. MAGILL, A. M., Principal, Box J
Chambersburg, Pa.

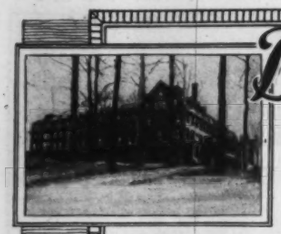
Miss Marshall's School

A GENERAL and college-preparatory school for girls, combining the charm of beautiful suburban surroundings with the educational advantages of Philadelphia, 20 minutes away. Campus of 4 acres, lake on school grounds, all seasonable outdoor and indoor athletics. Teacher for every 6 girls, insuring rapid progress. Art, Music, Expression, Domestic Science. Catalog and book of views on request.

Main Building

Miss E. S. Marshall, Principal,
Oak Lane, Phila., Penna.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES IN PENNSYLVANIA, RHODE ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA, TENNESSEE, VERMONT AND VIRGINIA



Twenty-three minutes from Philadelphia

Beechwood Incorporated

An established school for young women. Faculty built by five years of selection. Many graduates occupying positions of responsibility.

OUR aim is to discover and develop each pupil's aptitude for some definite life work, and true culture through academic and social training. College Departments. Music, Arts and Crafts, Art, Oratory. Domestic Arts and Sciences. Secretaryship, Normal Gymnastics, Normal Kindergarten, Swimming Pool, Athletic Field Gymnasium. Rooms with private baths. Moderate terms. For catalog address

M. H. REASER, Ph.D., President, Box 401, Jenkintown, Pa.

Bethlehem

Preparatory School

Bethlehem, Pa. 1600 boys prepared for leading universities in 39 years. Unanimous endorsement of our work by principal universities. Scholarships to various colleges. Modern buildings. Finely-equipped Gymnasium, Swimming Pool and extensive Athletic grounds. Reasonable rates. Separate Junior School. Catalog.

JOHN L. TUGGEY, M.A., Headmaster

DEVON MANOR

A SCHOOL for girls situated in the historic vicinity of Valley Forge, on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Here a carefully chosen faculty trains the American girl for her big, practical future. The curriculum offers a wide range of subjects besides the usual college-preparatory and junior-college courses—such as Social Service, Secretaryship, Household Arts and Sciences, Journalism, Music, Art, Arts and Crafts, Expression, Kindergarten.

5 buildings, 16 acres. All outdoor sports, outdoor class-rooms. Resident physician, nurse, dietitian. For booklet address

DEVON MANOR, Box 897, Devon, Pa.
Francis R. Lowell, President Edith Samson, Principal

A Distinctive School

In Nashville—the South's great center of education and culture. Nashville College girls are known for grace, tact and skill no less than for accomplishment in class room and studio. Unusual provisions are made for the student's health, comfort and recreation. Highest standards maintained in all departments—Academic (four years high school and two years college), Music, Art, Expression, Home Economics, and Physical Culture. Special training in Red Cross and Emergency Aid. Only 100 students accepted. Thoroughly modern equipment, gymnasium; beautiful grounds for out-of-door sports. For catalogue and full information write

Richard G. Cox, A. M., President

Nashville College
For Young Women

A Junior College and Conservatory BOX E NASHVILLE, TENN.

New Dormitories Fire-Proof Sprinkler System

Trained for Leadership in Peace or in War

PENNSYLVANIA Military College Men COMMAND

In the U. S. Army; in the National Guard of many States; and hold important rank in the Officers' Reserve Corps, U. S. A. Collegiate courses in Civil Engineering, Chemistry, Economics and Finance. 56th year. Crack Cavalry, Infantry and Artillery. U. S. Cavalry Captain detailed from Active List by Government.

PREPARATORY AND JUNIOR SCHOOLS

Col. Charles E. Hyatt, Commandant, Box 506, Chester, Pa.

"The West Point of the Keystone State"

Miss Cowles' School For Girls

Highland Hall, Hollidaysburg, Pa.

THOROUGH training for neatness, self-reliance and love of refinement of speech and manners. Small classes—individual attention. Prepares for Bryn Mawr, Wellesley, Smith, Mt. Holyoke and Vassar. Certificate privileges. Strong general course, Music, Art, Domestic Science. Healthful location in Alleghany Mts. Five acres. Modern stone buildings. Sleeping porch. Gymnasium. Send for catalog and view book.

Emma Milton Cowles, A. B., Head of School

RHODE ISLAND, East Greenwich.

East Greenwich Academy

Last year's graduates in nine colleges. Free scholarship for best Boy Scout. Gymnasium. Athletics. Military drill under Army Officer. Separate department for girls. Endowment permits rate of $350-$450. Address SAMUEL W. IRWIN, S.T.B., Prin.

VERMONT, Barre, Box 12.

Goddard Seminary

The largest private school in Vermont. College Preparatory Courses. Music. Domestic Science. Teacher Training. Commercial Course. Modern equipment. Large endowment. 4 buildings. Gymnasium. Athletic Field. $250 a year. No extras. ORLANDO K. HOLLISTER, Litt.D., Prin.

Porter Military Academy

A NATIONAL SCHOOL Founded 1867

Military science taught by U. S. Army officer. College Preparatory, Business and Music. Gymnasium and Swimming Pool. 206 boys enrolled from 18 states and 4 foreign countries last year. Unusually liberal terms. All sports. Out of doors the year round. A broader preparation than the public school can give. Catalog. **Rev. Walter Mitchell, D. D., Rector, Box C, Charleston, S. C.**

VIRGINIA COLLEGE

FOR WOMEN ROANOKE, VA.

One of the leading schools in the South. Modern buildings. Extensive Campus. Located in the valley of Virginia, famed for health and beauty of scenery. Elective, Preparatory and College Courses, Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, under the direction of European and American instructors. Supervised athletics. Students from 32 states. For catalog M, address

Mattie P. Harris President

Mrs. Gertrude Harris Boatwright, Vice-President

PERKIOMEN SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Instruction in small groups—personal care. Development of character and training for efficient service in life. Prepares for colleges, technical schools. Separate Junior Department—complete equipment. Gymnasium and twenty-acre athletic field. Military Drill. Carnegie Library. Moderate rates. Catalog.

Oscar S. Kriebel, D.D., Prin., Box 104, Pennsburg, Pa.

Mercersburg Academy

Mercersburg, Pa.

Aim of the School—A thorough physical, mental and moral training for college or business. **Spirit**—A manly tone of self-reliance, under Christian masters. Personal attention to each boy. **Location**—On the western slope of the famous Cumberland Valley, one of the most beautiful and healthful spots of America. **Equipment**—Modern and complete. Magnificent new Gymnasium. Write for catalogue and "The Spirit of Mercersburg." Address Box 109.

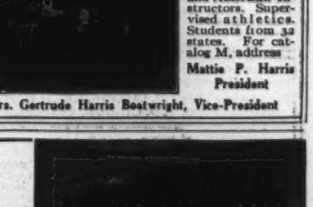
WILLIAM MANN IRVINE, LL. D., Headmaster.

The School of EXALTED IDEALS

Students from all over the United States. Teaches resourcefulness, leadership. All athletics. Extensive grounds. In mountains of East Tennessee. Beautiful and healthful location. Brick buildings, all conveniences. Prepares for universities, Government academies, business. Flat rate $490 covers all expenses. Special rates to bandmen. Average age of cadets, 17. For beautiful catalog address Box 70.

Captain B. M. BACHMAN, Registrar
Col. CHAS. N. HULVEY, Commandant

SWEETWATER, TENNESSEE



Tennessee Military Institute

Franklin and Marshall Academy

Lancaster, Pa. Founded 1787

Prepares boys for leading colleges and technical schools. 41 graduates last year and every one admitted to college. Also well-ordered Academic Courses. Beautiful, elevated grounds. Commodious buildings, modern equipment. Good library. Gymnasium. All athletics. Terms $425. Personal inspection invited. Catalog. Address, Box 402.

Thaddeus C. Heim, A.M. and Edwin M. Hartman, A.M. Principals

PENNSYLVANIA, Philadelphia, 3600 Walnut St.

Miss Hart's Training School

For Kindergartners. Junior, Senior, Graduate and Normal Trainers' Courses. Practice Kindergartens. Students' residence. For particulars address

MISS ADELAIDE T. ILLMAN.

PENNSYLVANIA, Pittsburgh, Mt. Oliver.

Byron W. Kings School of Oratory

Elocution and Speech Arts. New Building and Dormitory. Courses for Teachers, Lecturers, Lyceum and Chautauqua Work. Speech defects, stammering, loss of voice, sore throat treated. One of the largest schools of speech arts in America. Limited correspondence work. Special Text Books. Send for prospectus.

Swarthmore Preparatory School

A well established school of limited numbers. Modern, well equipped buildings, recreation and refined surroundings. Junior School for younger boys. Booklets, "The Vision of Swarthmore" and "A Mother's Letter and What Came of It," will interest every parent who has a son to educate. Catalog. **A. H. TOMLINSON, Headmaster, Dept. 106, Swarthmore, Pa. (11 M. Phila.)**

Bishopthorpe Manor

A SCHOOL for girls in preparation for college or for life. Certificate privileges. Two-year cultural course for High School graduates. Music, Art, Domestic Arts and Sciences, Arts and Crafts, Expression, Outdoor sports. Junior Department. Address

CLAUDE N. WYANT, Principal Box 233, South Bethlehem, Pa.

New Gymnasium and Swimming Pool

VIRGINIA, Chatham.

Chatham Boys School

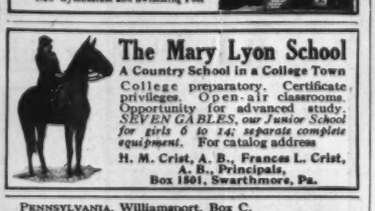
"Making men and not Money." All advantages. Lower rate than that offered by any other boys' school in Virginia. Catalog.

T. RYLAND SANFORD, President.

VIRGINIA, Chatham, Box 2.

The Chatham Episcopal Institute

For Girls. College Preparatory, Music, Art, Domestic Science, Expression. Certificate privileges. Athletics. Gymnasium. Catalogue and views. MRS. ELIZABETH MAY WILLIS, B.P., Prin., REV. C. O. PRUDEN, Rector.



The Mary Lyon School

A Country School in a College Town

College preparatory. Certificate privileges. Open-air classrooms. Opportunity for advanced study. *SEVEN GABLES, our Junior School for girls 6 to 14; separate complete equipment.* For catalog address

H. M. Crist, A. B., Frances L. Crist, A. B., Principals, Box 1501, Swarthmore, Pa.

RANDOLPH-MACON ACADEMY

FOR BOYS Bedford, Va.

Offers prompt and thorough preparation for college, scientific school or business life. The liberal endowment of the Randolph-Macon System, of which this school is a branch, permits of unusually low terms. $300 covers all charges for the school year. No extras. Randolph-Macon boys succeed—526 graduates of this school have received full college degrees, or entered professions in the past 20 years. For catalogue and further information, address

E. SUMTER SMITH, Principal

Staunton Military Academy

An Ideal Home School for Manly Boys

375 Boys from 45 States last session. Largest Private Academy in the East. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government, Academies or business. 1,600 feet above sea-level; pure, dry, bracing mountain air of the famous Shenandoah Valley. Pure mineral spring waters. Military training develops obedience, health and manly carriage. Fine, shady lawns, gymnasium, swimming pool and athletic park. Daily drills. Boys from homes of refinement only desired. Personal, individual instruction by our **tutorial system. Academy fifty-seven years old.** New $300,000 barracks, full equipment, absolutely fireproof. Charges, $400. Handsome catalogue free. Address

Colonel WM. G. KABLE, Ph. D., Principal, Staunton, Va.

PENNSYLVANIA, Kingston.

Wyoming Seminary

Co-educational. Where young people get a proper vision of the highest purposes in life. Exceptional teachers in every department. College Preparation, Business, Music, Art, Oratory, Domestic Science. Gymnasium and Athletic Field. 73rd year. Endowed—low rates. Catalog.

L. L. SPRAGUE, D.D., Pres.

PENNSYLVANIA, Williamsport, Box C.

Dickinson Seminary

College Preparatory. Certificate privileges. Strong courses in Business, Piano, Voice, Violin, Art, Crafts, Expression, Home Economics, Swimming pool. Two gymnasiums. Co-educational. Separate dormitories. Rates $400. Catalog free. BENJAMIN C. CONNER, D.D., Pres.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES IN VIRGINIA, WEST VIRGINIA AND WISCONSIN

Southern Seminary

For Girls and Young Women. 50th Year
Students may enter at any time

Location: The school is located in the famous Valley of Virginia, near Natural Bridge, in a section noted for its natural scenery and fine winter climate. It is reached by two railroads. An elevation of 1000 feet insures pure, bracing mountain air. Tennis, basketball, boating, riding and driving. **Notable health record.** Not a serious case of illness in years.
The School: $100,000 equipment. Courses of one and two years for high school graduates. Art, Expression, Domestic Science and Secretarial Courses. Special advantages in Music, including Pipe Organ.
Home Life in Modern School: For years the Seminary has been a school of marked individuality, consisting in its giving the girl home and friends, freedom of association with faculty and students, personal attention to her whole life, to health, manners and character, as well as to mind, the whole aim being to make her a true woman. Bishop Vincent, founder of Chautauqua, said: "If the people of the North knew what Southern Seminary has, you would have double as many students. *I do not know a school to which I had rather send a girl.*" Booklet.

SOUTHERN SEMINARY
Box 985, Buena Vista, Va.

St. John's Military Academy

EPISCOPAL THE AMERICAN RUGBY

CHARACTER

has been defined as the *sum* of all one's experiences. How necessary, then, that in the formative period of boyhood those experiences should be such as to make for a forceful, trustworthy and efficient manhood.

ST. JOHN'S is a place where a lad's daily experiences are of that kind. It is a place where a boy *must* be "on time" a dozen times a day; where he learns to take pride in doing *what* he is told, *when* he is told; where he is required to be neat in appearance, orderly in his habits and courteous in his demeanor.

It is a place where character, clean and dependable, is in the making. For full particulars, address

St. John's Military Academy
Box 4-J, Delafield, Waukesha Co., Wisconsin

Fishburne Military School

WAYNESBORO, VA.

38th year will open in its new $60,000 fireproof building. Complete modern equipment, splendid campus, beautiful location near Blue Ridge Mountains. Altitude 1300 feet. A home-like school with high standards of scholarship and morals. Classes are kept small so each boy may receive individual attention — one teacher to each 10 cadets. Annual Spring encampment. Rate $275. Catalog.
Maj. MORGAN H. HUDGINS, Principal, Box 402.

VIRGINIA, Petersburg, 207 College Place.
Southern College Junior College and Finishing courses. Girls and Women. 55th year. $400. No Extras. Social Training. 2-year College Courses, Preparatory and Finishing Courses. Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, Tennis, Basketball, Gymnasium. Students from many states. ARTHUR KYLE DAVIS, A.M.

VIRGINIA, Winchester.
Fort Loudoun Seminary
In beautiful Shenandoah Valley. Literary and Business Courses. Music, Art, Languages. Athletics. Opens September 20th. Terms $350. Address
MISS KATHERINE R. GLASS, President.

VIRGINIA, Woodstock, Box 4.
The Massanutten Academy Preparatory School for boys with Military Training. Healthful location, beautiful Shenandoah Valley. 100 miles from Washington. Prepares for college and business. Music, athletics. New $25,000 Dining Hall and dormitory. Limited to 100 boys. $350. Address HOWARD J. BENCHOFF, A. M., Headmaster.

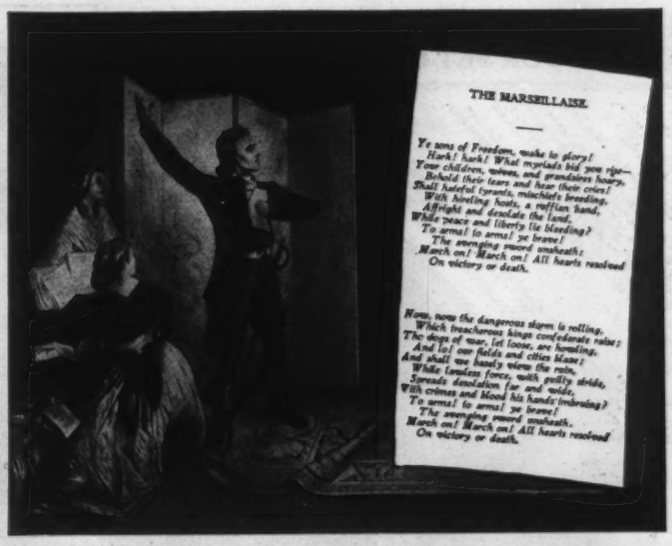
WEST VIRGINIA, Lewisburg, Box 13.
Greenbrier A PRESBYTERIAL MILITARY SCHOOL. An up-to-date military boarding school for 100 boys. Instructors—all college graduates. Bracing mountain climate, 2300 ft. altitude. On Main Line, C. & O. R. R. Brick buildings, athletic field. Terms $300. Catalog address Col. H. B. MOORE, A.M., Prin.

WEST VIRGINIA, Berkeley Springs, Box B.
OldDominion Semi-MilitaryAcademy
At the renowned health resort. Prepares for University and business. Boys from 31 states and countries. Rate $260. Upper and Lower School in separate buildings. Catalog. E. E. NEFF, Ph. D., Principal.

MAY G. LINEHAN
Manager School Service Department

SCHOOLS
for instance

EVERY year in thousands and thousands of homes the school question comes up for discussion. McCLURE'S is the answer —in McCLURE homes. For a quarter of a century in McCLURE'S the school advertising has been considered a school directory. The volume of school advertising carried during that period has thoroughly demonstrated McCLURE'S efficiency. In recent years emphasis has been placed upon the assistance the School Department could give in the right selection of schools. Personal and unprejudiced advice through this department has added to the intimacy of the magazine in McCLURE homes. Recognition comes when the job is well done. Thousands of letters each year prove the strength of the School Department in McCLURE'S.


THE MARSEILLAISE
Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! What myriads bid you rise—
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief's breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath;
March on! March on! All hearts resolved
On victory or death.
Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath.
March on! March on! All hearts resolved
On victory or death.

HOW THE REIGN OF TERROR BROUGHT FORTH THE STIRRING BATTLE-HYMN OF FRANCE

Read it in

DUMAS

Free Inspection of 38 Volumes

These events take place in France, during the Reign of Terror.

Their beloved land is in peril, but the French, around a banquet table, are drinking defiance to their foe.

The banqueters want something to sing—a song with a patriotic appeal, fraternal in spirit, but threatening to invaders.

Rouget de l'Isle, officer, poet, musician, cries, "I will write the song!"

He leaves the room and returns in a half-hour. His head is tossed back. His forehead is covered with sweat.

"Listen!" he cries.

An electric thrill ran through the audience. The Marseillaise had been born. When he stops, the chorus is repeated as a single cry from every throat:—

"March on! March on!
All hearts resolved on victory or death."

When you read these stirring passages in Dumas' "La Comtesse de Charny"—when you come to know all of the noble figures in world history and world romance depicted by Dumas—you will turn to the France of today with a new understanding of the heroes of Verdun and the Marne, because the gallantry and chivalry of the French of today have their roots in the France contained in these thirty-eight precious volumes.

And, while you see the virtues of France, you will also see, depicted with a relentless pen, those vices and scandals which ever accompany the good and noble in the history of France.

You see the ill-famed Madame Pompadour succeeded in her régime of shame and scandal by a girl of the streets, who becomes in a night the uncrowned empress of France, and begins, under the name Comtesse Du Barry, a career that is the most remarkable and shameful in history.

You see Marie Antoinette, the daughter of the Caesars, disdaining the lowly-born courtesan, yet traveling with her the same road to the guillotine.

You see men "who plunge into rebellion from mere caprice and with a smile on their lips" under the leadership of beautiful women who, like Madame de Longueville, used their charms as a means of seducing their opponents.

All these things and hundreds of others equally as fascinating are contained in the thirty-eight volumes of Alexandre Dumas which we desire to send for your free inspection.

SAVE ½!

We will put the 38 volumes on your table. We will let you thoroughly examine them before we talk of payment.

Then we will let you pay for them in your own way, averaging just 5 cents a day, at a total cost so low as to astound you. Our price to you will not be $100.00 or more, as you would have to pay subscription publishers for the same set in a different binding — not $30.00 a set, as retailers would charge you for the very same edition — but just **$1.50 down and $1.50 a month for 12 months.** A cash buyer may deduct $1.00. (If you prefer your set bound in handsome ½ leather, you pay $1.50 down and $2.00 a month for 14 months.)

The one way to find out the value of these books is to fill in and mail the coupon. You run no risk. Every cent of expense is borne by us.

SEND THE COUPON AT ONCE!

Cut Off—Fill In—Mail Now! You Run No Risk

McCLURE BOOK CO.
76 Fifth Ave.
New York

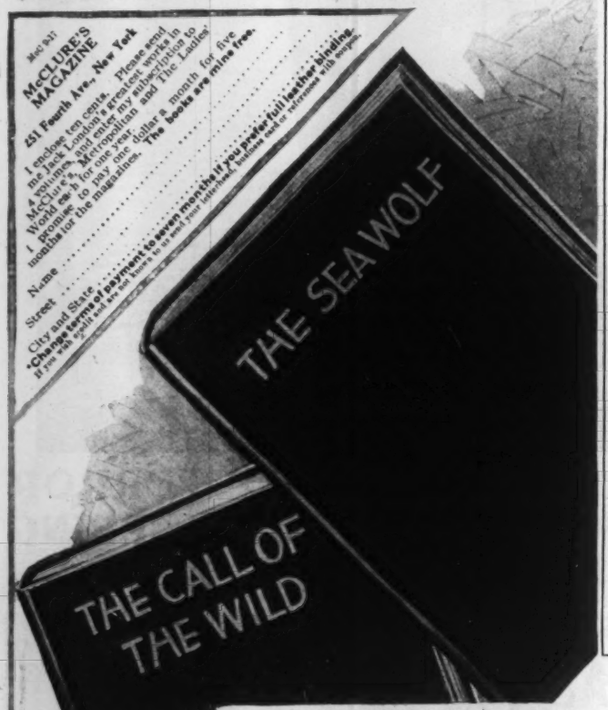
I accept your offer. send me on approval, all charges prepaid, The *Historical Romances of Alexandre Dumas* in 38 volumes, bound in Cloth. If satisfactory I will send you $1.50,* and $1.50 a month for 12 months. If not satisfactory, I will send the set back to you within ten days at your expense. I incur no obligation in mailing this coupon.

Name .....
Bus. Address ..... Occupation .....
Ship Books to .....
City and State .....

*If you prefer a set bound in ½ leather, change terms of payments to $1.50 down and $2 a month for 14 months. Attach business letterhead to coupon, or write two references in space below. McC.9-17

McCLURE BOOK CO.
76 Fifth Ave.
New York City

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 10c FOR YOUR SET OF JACK LONDON



While love drew them together, the evil-plotting Sea-Wolf searched them out!

THE GREATEST WORKS OF JACK LONDON FREE!!

"For we're booming down on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
We're sagging south on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new."

WOLF LARSEN, "The Sea-Wolf," is singing. Ahead of him on the trail are men to be kicked and pounded and broken; women to insult and toy with; a hell ship to command; a world to prey upon. He has shot four of his men. He has killed another man with a blow of his fist. He has lured certain couples of Kura Island to his ship; he has manipulated so that the husbands had been left astern while he sails away with their wives; scores of such deeds Wolf Larsen has to his credit; scores more lie ahead of him to perform—therefore, like the devil he is, he sings .....

Reader, you want red-blooded heroes, heroines. You want the ozone of the North blowing through the stories you read. You are tired of namby-pamby plots—you want excitement; desperate adventures.

These free books give you what you want. By a great stroke of good fortune McClure's has managed to secure the very cream of Jack London's works. We have put them into a uniform edition, handsomely bound, and we now offer them to you *for nothing* if you accept the offer made below.

You who secured Morgan Robertson's works in this way from McClure's must put Jack London beside him in your library. McClure's searched a long time to find a companion-author to Robertson. Now we have found him. Jack London was a self-made man; a sailor before the mast, a companion of tramps, an adventurer into out-of-the-way corners of the world. He is dead now—no more novels will come from his master pen—but he lives eternally in these stories because he put his life into them.

Love, Nature, Adventure, Thrills Are in These FREE Books

"The Call of the Wild"

This big and human record of the Newfoundland dog's return to the wild is a narrative that grips both young people and their elders—many critics think it London's finest work—certainly it is the finest dog story in literature, and without a rival in its picturing of the frozen North. The home that does not possess the story of Buck's change from a civilized canine to the leadership of the pack wolves of Alaska is lacking indeed. With this offer, we put it in everyone's reach.

"The Sea-Wolf"

This novel created a veritable sensation when it appeared in The Century Magazine. Wolf Larsen is a new type of pirate. A monster in brawn and brain, devoid of conscience, he turns his ship into a hell. "The Sea-Wolf" is a big, breezy sea yarn, superbly written, and spun through it is a gripping love story, in which a beautiful girl is rescued from Wolf Larsen by the young man who, through long months of contact with the brute, has become his match.

"Love of Life"

This tale of the struggles and sufferings of a starving gold miner clinging to life with unconquerable tenacity is paralleled today by the experience of wounded soldiers crawling back to their lines after being left for dead at the enemy's trench. It resembles Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage" in its stark realism and virility. "Love of Life" presents a never-to-be-forgotten picture of the starving man trailed by a starving wolf—always waiting for the time when the man will become too weak to resist his attack. (In this volume is included the second part of "The Sea-Wolf.")

"Martin Eden"

Martin Eden, a common sailor by training, is driven forward by his love for a society girl until he achieves fame and success as an author. The story shows the heart-breaking struggles of the poor man trying to rise in literature; and the falseness of the social recognition which he at last wins against tremendous odds. It is the story of a soul that had to break because it could not bend. Most interesting of all—it is mostly London's own story, told in fiction form. Read this book and you'll see why Ruth wanted to encircle Martin's neck with her slim, aristocratic hands.

HERE IS OUR OFFER

Have You Ever Read a More Liberal One?

We will send to you, if you sign and mail us the attached coupon, the greatest works of Jack London, in 4 volumes, bound in handsome red cloth and gold stamped.

You send 10c as an advance payment on your magazine subscriptions. You will receive at once the first copies of McClure's, Metropolitan and The Ladies' World. You then send $1.00 a month for five months and that's all. The three magazines come to you for 12 months, and what you pay on these easy terms is less than what you would pay for them on the newsstands, notwithstanding that the set of Jack London comes to you *free and postpaid*.

If you prefer to pay cash send only $4.75 with order. For the 4 books in beautiful full red leather binding, send $6.75.

(Canadian and Foreign postage extra. Magazines may be sent to different addresses if desired. If you are at present a subscriber to either magazine your subscription will be extended.)

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS DEMAND JACK LONDON

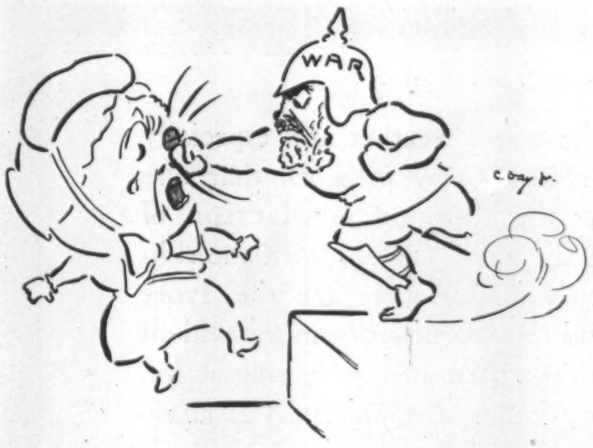
Emmett McCarthy, a petty officer of the New York Naval Marines, writes:—"'The Sea-Wolf' puts Jack London in the class of Stevenson, Kipling and Robertson as a writer of sea stories. His 'The Call of the Wild' is the best dog story I have ever read."

A Plattsburgh student-officer writes us:—"Jack London has much the same point of view as we soldiers have. When a chap gets out in the rough country and matches his wits and his strength against other men, he forgets the sentimentalizing of the society novel. He wants to read of red-blooded men doing men's work and fighting in the open against men who know how to hit hard. We Americans are up against the biggest fight we have ever had and we'll have to get the Jack London point of view:—it's a waste of strength to hit unless you hit hard."

You who want to "keep up" with what your soldier or sailor boy is reading—get Jack London. You who want to send good, clean, virile literature to some boy in the Army and Navy, here is your chance. The books and magazines can be sent to separate addresses if you like. Just send instructions with coupon.

Mail Coupon at Top of Page for Your Free Books—DO IT NOW!

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, McClure Building, New York City



The End of the World?

NO. It's not. She is being pretty cruelly battered, but she will survive. This madness, this thing we call War, that attacks her at times, has terrible powers, but it hasn't the power to last.

While it's here, there are some compensations. We are stirred to our depths, we are all more alive, more sincere. There was never such a time for true friendships, and for all that's most real.

The Metropolitan Magazine is fighting its part in this war. Read its searching editorials that keep just ahead of the times, its news of conditions abroad by the keen William Hard, its articles by Roosevelt that ring out across the whole land, its spirited, truth-dealing fiction, its words of the future,—that new and more vigorous age that is already dawning.

It's the kind of a magazine American homes need in war-time.

In the September Metropolitan—Just Out

Snakebite (a complete novelette) by ROBERT HICHENS

An Editorial Message by THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Adventures and Letters of RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

My Conversion to Spiritualism by SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

I've Come to Stay (3 part serial) by MARY HEATON VORSE

The Perils of Writing for the Movies by W. J. ABBOTT

AT ALL GOOD NEWSSTANDS—AUGUST 8th

VOGUE

suggests:

that before you spend a penny on your new clothes, before you even plan your wardrobe, you consult its great series of Autumn and Winter Fashion Numbers. They follow now, one after the other, beginning with the

©Vogue

MILLINERY NUMBER

Dated September 1st

In the next few months, you will not only be selecting new hats, but will be paying out hundreds of dollars for suits, gowns and accessories. Dissatisfaction means double expense and this year, waste and profligate expenditure must be guarded against.

$2 Invested in Vogue

a tiny fraction of your loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown

Will Save You $200

Why take chances this year, when, by ordering Vogue in advance, by investing $2—a tiny fraction of your loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown, you can insure the correctness of your entire Fall and Winter wardrobe.

Here are your 10 numbers

(Eleven if you act promptly)

Autumn Millinery Sept 1
All the new models in smart hats, veils and coiffures.

Forecast of Autumn Fashions Sept. 15
The most authentic forecast of the Fall and Winter mode.

Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes Oct. 15
First aid to the fashionable woman of not ultimate means.

Vanity Number Nov. 15
Graceful touches that make the smart woman smart.

Holiday Number Dec. 15
More gifts and practical ideas for holiday entertaining.

Motor and Southern Number Jan. 15
The new wardrobe for the Southern Season and new fashions in motors.

Paris Openings Oct. 1
The complete story of the Paris openings establishing the Mode.

Winter Fashions Nov. 1
Showing the Mode in its Winter culmination.

Christmas Gifts Dec. 1
Vogue's solution of the Christmas Gift Problem—new ideas.

Lingerie Number Jan. 1
Fine linen for household and personal use.

Forecast of Spring Fashions Feb. 1
First authentic Spring styles, fully illustrated.

Distinction in dress is more a matter of information than of expenditure. Take advantage of Vogue's special offer. Mail the coupon attached, use these eleven issues wisely and your entire Fall and Winter clothes problem is solved.

Accept Vogue's Special Offer

Now Vogue makes a special offer—10 issues for $2 (yearly subscription price $5). If you mail the coupon attached *now*, your subscription will start with the big Autumn Millinery Number, now ready, making eleven issues in all.

These are the all-important issues which unfold the Fall and Winter mode. Thousands of models will be shown from which you can select—and by the use of which, your gowns will, this season, be more attractive than ever before.

But, mail the coupon promptly, as the complimentary copy of the Autumn Millinery number must come out of a small reserve supply.

VOGUE, 19 West 44th Street, New York City

Send me ten numbers of Vogue beginning with the Forecast of Autumn Fashions Number. It is understood that, if this reaches you in time, you will include a copy of the Millinery Number, making eleven in all. I enclose $2 herewith. (OR) I will remit $2 on receipt of bill. Canadian $2.50.

Name.....
(Please write very plainly)
Street.....
City.....
State.....
McC 9-17

IVORY SOAP

IVORY

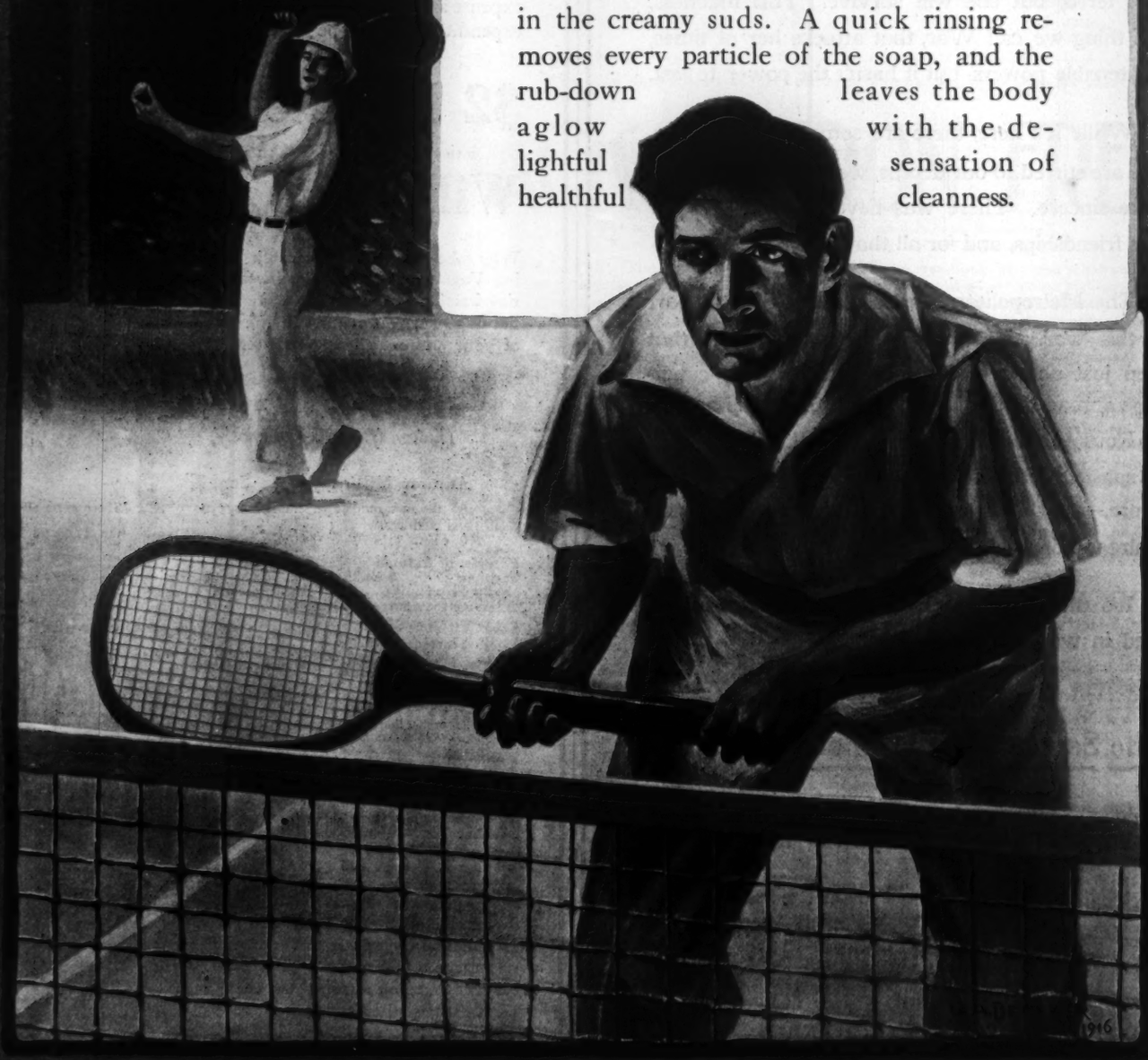
IT FLOATS

99 44/100 % PURE

COPYRIGHT 1917 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI

IT is in the warm weather and especially after strenuous play or work that one best realizes the all-round satisfaction of an Ivory Soap bath. Then, with the skin hot and chafed, not only are the Ivory mildness and the Ivory purity more evident but the cooling, cleansing, refreshing action of the Ivory lather is appreciated as at no other time.

Bubbling, copious, lively, the Ivory lather carries the refreshing water into every pore. Dirt, perspiration, heat and fatigue vanish in the creamy suds. A quick rinsing removes every particle of the soap, and the rub-down leaves the body aglow with the delightful sensation of healthful cleanness.



Volume XLIX
Number 5

McCLURE'S

SEPTEMBER
1917

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

Photograph by Moffett, Chicago

My Own Story—*by* David Warfield

The Great American Actor Tells of His Early Struggles and Final Success

Illustrated with Photographs from Mr. Warfield's Private Collection

Part I—In San Francisco

Warfield was fourteen when he got a job as program boy

IT is hard enough anyway to tell the story of your life, and when you get past middle age it is harder than ever. So far as I am concerned, my mind is apt to dwell on the future, and the impressions of my childhood and youth are so overlaid with impressions that came later that most of them are very dim. Things that used to seem the most important things in the world turned out to be not so important after all — I suppose that is just as true with everybody else as it has been with me — and they have slipped out of my memory as new values took their places.

It seems to me as I look back that there was never any time in my life when I was not intensely interested in the theatre and everything connected with it. Behind the scenes, the front of the house — the actors and scene-shifters and the men in the box-office — everything and everybody about the theatre fascinated me, even when I was only a small boy. Ever since I was fourteen years old there have been only two weeks when I was not connected with a theatre in some capacity or other. Those two weeks made up my one venture into the business world, and they were spent guarding the outside of a drygoods store, to prevent the articles on display from being stolen. So there is very little in my life to write about that is not connected with my profession.

I was born in San Francisco on November 28, 1866. I do not remember very much about my early childhood and school-days. I went to the public school, and I know I had the reputation of being the bad boy of my class, but that means only that I liked mischief and pranks. I got a lot of fun out of upsetting things — anything I could reach that could be tipped over I tipped over, with a pretext or without one. It made my schoolmates laugh. I found I could make them laugh still more by asking the teacher absurd questions, and if I could manage to upset her by making her forget her dignity and laugh, too, I thought I had scored a triumph.

In fact, I got to be looked on as the "funny man" of the crowd among my boy friends. It brought punishments upon me and stern methods of discipline — once I was even transferred to another school with the object of quieting me down. But my record as a joker went ahead of me, and I found a reputation in the new school that just had to be lived up to, so the disciplining did not accomplish much.

All this was really only those instincts waking up in me that later made me an actor. When I was only a small boy I found I could imitate people's mannerisms — their ways of walking and carrying themselves, and especially their ways of speaking. If they spoke in any kind of a dialect, all the better — I would imitate that, and the boys thought I was a wonderful comedian, just

Copyright, 1917, by The McClure Publications, Inc. All rights reserved.

as I've found people usually look on the drummer as the comedian of an orchestra. It made me popular. But they never make Presidents of "funny" men!

I think I must have been a fairly good reciter as a schoolboy. At least I can remember that my young friends thought I was pretty good. I take no particular credit for this, for nearly all the boys are interesting in some way. It is only grown-up people who can be dull. All of us boys had to "speak pieces" on Friday afternoons. The recitations were the good old elocutionary standbys that everybody knows—"The Charge of the Light Brigade," "Marco Bozzaris" ("At midnight, in his guarded tent") and some of Longfellow's poems, for instance. They had a recitation competition for a silver medal in one school I went to, and I was determined to get that medal. But there was not a chance — I was never even asked to enter the contest. There was one boy who always got the medal — Henry George, Jr., who years later was a Congressman from New York. We called him the teacher's pet — we thought no one ever had a chance when he was around. To the rest of us he was a little villain.

As Simon Levi in "The Auctioneer"

At home I used to practise these recitations over and over by myself. I threw myself into them with all my force and all my imagination, and I felt them as I now feel the characters that I play. I had to do this quietly, so as not to disturb the family — my father, mother and three other children. I had no reason to think they would take my elocutionary efforts seriously, and I was afraid of ridicule. I was the oldest child, and the only member of our family who ever went on the stage.

As soon as I found out what going to the theatre was like I went whenever I got a chance. I would rush up into the gallery and drink in the performance. Even then I somehow felt that I should go on the stage. When I was fourteen years old I got a job as program boy in the Standard Theatre, and my gallery days were over. A year or two after, the head usher at the Bush Street Theatre (he was Wally Wallace, father of Edna Wallace Hopper) offered me a position as an usher, provided I could show people to their seats without falling all over myself. I took it — it brought me that much nearer the stage!

I saw some fine acting in those days. Of course I had free entrance to all the theatres in town, and I saw everything I could in them as well as the plays in the theatre where I worked, of which Al Hayman was the resident manager. The California Stock Company contained, among others, such excellent players as Robert and Bella Bateman, Louis Morrison, James O'Neill, Jeffries Lewis, and Tom Keene, who later became a famous Shakespearian actor.

The greatest actor I saw — and he remains the greatest actor I have ever seen — was Edwin Booth. I was too young to understand Shakespeare, but his wonderful acting made it clear to me. When I saw him for the first time I felt as if I were seeing a vision, somebody not human who had come down from the clouds. I have never known anything like it since, and no actor I have ever seen has been able to take away from me my first impression of Edwin Booth. He was a wonderful, God-gifted man, with a voice like music. I saw him in every performance that he gave in San Francisco.

All this time I was constantly thinking about the future and what I should finally arrive at. Working in the theatre made me want all the more to go on the stage; but I worried a good deal about it, though I bragged a bit, pretending that it would be all plain sailing and something would turn up to make me an actor. It did not matter much to me how good, bad or indifferent an actor I became, so long as I was an actor.

This caused my mother much distress. To her, actors were vagabonds, and she pictured me to herself going through life wearing patched trousers. She could imagine nothing worse in the world for her son. She worried and fretted continually over it. My father, who died soon after, simply refused to take my ambition seriously. In a good-natured but sarcastic way he would call me "Edwin Booth." And Booth's father — a great actor himself — when Booth was a boy, predicted that his son would never make an actor!

In "The Auctioneer" Warfield was able at last to portray the real Jew instead of the overdrawn, grotesque and impossible type usually shown on the stage

This opposition at home taught me one thing, and I want to say right here that if I had a boy he could try being what he wanted to be without my trying to dissuade him, even if he picked out being a street-car conductor or a locomotive engineer. He might turn out in the end to be a great transportation king! I had my lesson when I was a boy — I wanted to be an actor, though there may not have been any particular manifestation of talent in me to justify it. But it was my ambition, and my experience has convinced me that any normal ambition that a child has should be encouraged, instead of opposed, by his parents.

In those days there were several amateur acting organizations in San Francisco. The chief one among them was headed by William A. Brady and Andrew Laurence. Frank Murasky and Frank Dunne — both of them now judges in the Supreme Court of California — were also in it. They were all poor boys like myself then, though all of them were older than I. Thomas A. Wise was one of the amateurs, too — just as good and kindly as he is today, a bright spot on the stage! But Brady and Laurence were considered the great amateurs of the time, and I longed to get into one of their plays. They were friendly enough, in a patronizing sort of way, until they found that out. Then — out with me! A kid like me presuming to think he could get into their organization! It was very tragic to me.

"Billy" Brady was always a business man, and though he had a lot of talent in those days as an amateur, it never supplanted his shrewd business instinct. I remember once when he was to act the part of an Indian in a play called "The Octoroon." He had to trap the villain, and then fight a duel with him with knives. Brady had been promised five dollars for his performance, but had not been paid. When the time came for him to make his entrance for the big scene he refused to go on till he was given his money. He held the scene up till he got it, then fought the duel with ten silver half dollars clutched in one hand and the bowie knife in the other.

Frank Bacon was one of my friends during this period. He was a youthful photographer at Nava when I first knew him, and later he worked around the theatre. He, too, wanted to be an actor, and we began at about the same time. He still has the program of my first appearance on the stage.

I knew David Belasco at this time, but he did not know me — or if he did I was not aware of it. I lived on the same block — Clara Street — three or four doors away from his house. I knew Mrs. Belasco very well — I used to run errands for her sometimes. I hadn't yet outgrown some of my schoolboy pranks, and I used to put out the lights in the gas lamps on the street, and ring the door bells. Belasco's father caught me doing this. Once when he was coming along the street I grabbed from his hand a big red apple he was carrying and ran away with it. Altogether, the old fellow was sure I was cut out for a bad end — he used to tell my mother so, very solemnly.

David Belasco was then stage manager of the Baldwin Theatre, built by "Lucky" Baldwin. I can distinctly remember him running to the theatre every night at half-past seven. He seemed to me at that time a tall, thin boy, always in a hurry. The Baldwin was one of the important theatres, with a very fine stock company. Even then, when he had almost no facilities to work with, Belasco contrived the most ingenious methods of creating wonderful color and lighting effects. He was a very young man, but he had already begun to show his remarkable gift for stagecraft. It was the impression he made on me as a boy, back in San Francisco, that caused me to go with him when the chance came to me years after in New York.

As himself in 1892

All this time I was longing more and more to get on the stage myself. I knew I had it in me if I could only find a chance. The more acting I saw the more my own ambition grew. Oddly enough, it was the bad acting I saw that stirred me most. "If that is acting," I would think to myself, "what couldn't *I* do!"

Finally my chance came. An actor — whose name I have forgotten — had heard me tell dialect stories, and one day he said to me: "You ought to go on the stage!"

"I want to! But how?" I asked him.

Just a little while after he became manager and leading man for a young woman who was determined to "star," and he offered me a place in the repertory company he was forming to play with her on a tour of the smaller California towns.

The first play was to be "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," and my part was *Melter Moss*, a Jew. Anyone who remembers the play will see how ridiculous it was for a boy like me, without any experience at all, to fill a

rôle like that. The only equipment I had was my dialect, but the manager seemed to think that was enough, and it never occurred to me then that I needed anything else. Of course my performance turned out to be awful.

We opened at Napa, forty miles from San Francisco, after only three or four rehearsals. There were a few people in addition to the "deadheads" on the opening night, but we expected a rush on the second night — we counted on the inhabitants having heard of us by then. Well, they had — Tuesday was even worse than Monday, and when the Wednesday matinée came not even "deadheads" showed up to watch us. The star looked out at the empty seats and decided to close at the end of the week.

At last I had been on the stage, but I cannot say that I had really played a part. All I can say is that the rest of the company was not much better.

I remember two funny things that happened on that trip. I had no trunk when I was engaged, and when the time came to start for Napa I had gathered together my little wardrobe but had no place to put it. One of the actors, however, told me I could share his trunk. I went up to his home with my things carefully bundled together, and while I was putting them in the trunk I saw in the bottom of it a complete set of tools. I thought they were burglar's tools, and asked him what they were intended for.

"You know," he said, "I'm really a plumber, and I always take my tools along in case the show goes bust. Then I can always get a job at my own trade and not have to walk home."

Yet it never occurred to me to be dubious about that tour!

I knew absolutely nothing about the business of make-up, and of course I had to have a false nose for the character of *Melter Moss*. I knew false noses were made with putty, but never having heard of theatrical putty, I went to a glazier's and bought some of the ordinary kind. I made up for the performance with it, after a lot of trouble, and borrowed some grease paint from one of the actors. Then I put on my beard. The string of it stuck out, but that was the least of my worries. As soon as the stage began to get warm in the course of the first act my nose began to slip. I kept trying to push it back into place, but the putty kept melting and touching it only smeared up my face. Altogether my first professional appearance was like nothing in the world so much as a child playing at acting in a cellar.

We got back to San Francisco, and a little while after I had a chance with another repertoire company. It was about as good as the first one — as the audiences immediately proved. The backer's money soon gave out and I was back again in the Bush Street Theatre, saying "Coupons, please."

But I had not lost hope. I had a feeling that if I knew my lines I could act. But it was a year before I tried again, and then I made up my mind to try by myself.

"The Wigwam" was a cheap vaudeville house in San Francisco. Seats in this temple of rough-and-tumble entertainment sold at from ten to thirty cents — smoking permitted, as well as beer. One night I persuaded the manager to give me a try-out with a specialty I had worked up.

It was an exhibition, without any question at all. It was too vivid for me ever to forget it. I was to give a five-minute entertainment of German, Irish and Italian dialect stories, with imitations of Bernhardt, Irving and Salvini. Bernhardt I had never seen, but that did not bother me — I created a burlesque of her in "Camille." I also burlesqued Salvini, whom I had never seen either.

I grew more and more nervous as my turn approached. I felt that I was staking my whole future on this performance. As I waited in the wings I found myself wishing the man ahead of me would keep on forever, but he finally made a triumphant exit and the orchestra started the music for my entrance. I cleared my throat, threw back my shoulders, got up my nerve, weak as it was, and tried to walk out briskly like an old hand.

I put on a smile and tried to speak, but there was something the matter with my voice. I began a story, but the thread of it got lost — my Italian was speaking German and my Irishman was trying to talk with an Italian accent. People in the audience began to look at each other and grin.

"Try a song!" someone shouted, and there were other suggestions from the audience — less pleasant ones. I began my story all over again.

I had good material to work with if I could get it over — I knew that. But I didn't know how to get it over. I didn't even know how to make myself heard. There was a lot of noise in the theatre at best, and as I struggled on with my story it increased to an uproar.

Warfield gloried in the various phases of human emotion he was able to introduce in the rôle of Simon Levi in "The Auctioneer"

The stage manager beckoned to me from the wings. The curtain was coming down, but not soon enough for the audience. I heard a hissing as if ten thousand steam pipes had suddenly burst. I bowed, tried to smile, and walked off — a failure. The manager, disgusted, told me to wash up and go home.

After that I began to be afraid I would never be able to do anything on the stage. And if I couldn't be an actor, what could I be? All my thoughts and desires had been pointed toward that thing alone. My friends used to say to me, "You see, you're *all right* — but you're all right for the street, not for the stage." It worried me tremendously.

I had never thought of leaving San Francisco. I loved the place then as I do now — it was a glorious city to me. I always want to play there now, just as a man who has committed a crime wants to hurry straight to his home town again. It is a yearning no one can wholly overcome — it is so strong among human impulses that the police have learned to count on it, knowing that sooner or later a criminal is bound to show up at his old home, and there they wait to catch him. I am always happy when I am nearing San Francisco again, I am always unhappy when I leave it. I belong there.

But I was now nearly twenty-three years old, and very uncertain about my future. There were times when I was convinced I was not fit for anything in the world. My mind was wholly wrapped up in the theatre. I knew nothing at all about any other trade or profession. I was not fitted to settle down in business, and I began to see myself spending the rest of my life as a door-keeper in some theatre.

But fortunately I had too much imagination and too much enthusiasm to let this gloomy depression keep a hold on me for very long. I began to feel that I could still accomplish something as an actor — if I could get away. I made up my mind to leave San Francisco, for I thought I had proved to myself that I could not get on there.

If I had not made such an absolute failure at the Wigwam, I probably would have gone on doing that sort of thing, earning a living at it and staying there forever. I often think that failure was the luckiest thing that could have happened to me. It decided me to break away from the conditions and people who were discouraging me. And I made a resolution to myself, not from my heart but in a spirit of youthful bravado mixed with disappointment, that I would never return to San Francisco unless I could return as a star. And, just as it might happen in a story, that is the way I did return. I did not go back to San Francisco till thirteen years later, when I was playing in "The Auctioneer." My mother had never seen me act till then, and she sat through the first act of the play amazed, unable to realize it all. She could see only a great big house where the people almost hung on the rafters. She did not really enjoy the play till she had seen it about six times.

My mother strenuously opposed my going away at first. But she had begun to get over the idea that there was any particular danger of my turning out a ne'er-do-well, and when she found that no persuasion or objection would change my mind, she consented.

Now that I had quite decided, I planned to get up a little benefit for myself. I hired a hall, engaged a few amateurs and a small band, and arranged an entertainment after my own ideas. I managed to make some sixty-odd dollars from this benefit, and my mother, who could little afford it, gave me fifty dollars more. Out of this I bought a ticket to New York. I put every thought of failure out of my mind, and left San Francisco. [*Continued on page 42*]

Is This Why You Drink?

An Anonymous Confession: The First of a Brilliant New Series on Booze

Illustration by C. B. Falls

DO you know why you drink?

Ninety-nine men out of a hundred, if they are drinkers and if they stick to the truth, will tell you that they do not know. It took me eight years to find out why I did. And, because I secured that knowledge, I am now in a position to say a whole lot about why the other fellow drinks. But the information is so foreign to the average man's ideas and yet so true and so founded on scientific facts, that, in trying to impart it to others, I find that I am beginning, to my mind, the most difficult, the most involved, and at the same time the most fascinating piece of work that could be attempted within the space limitations of an article for a magazine.

First of all, let me explain that what I have to say is of the most direct interest to the hard drinker, the man who goes on sprees, indulges in periodic debauches — and does it without regard for his health, his finances, the feelings of his friends or the affections of his family. I make this preliminary statement because I am going to deal with this outstanding and undeniable fact: the men who are excessive drinkers do not, in their hearts, want to continue drinking; cannot stop drinking; and can find neither within themselves nor from their general practitioners of medicine the real explanation of their helplessness.

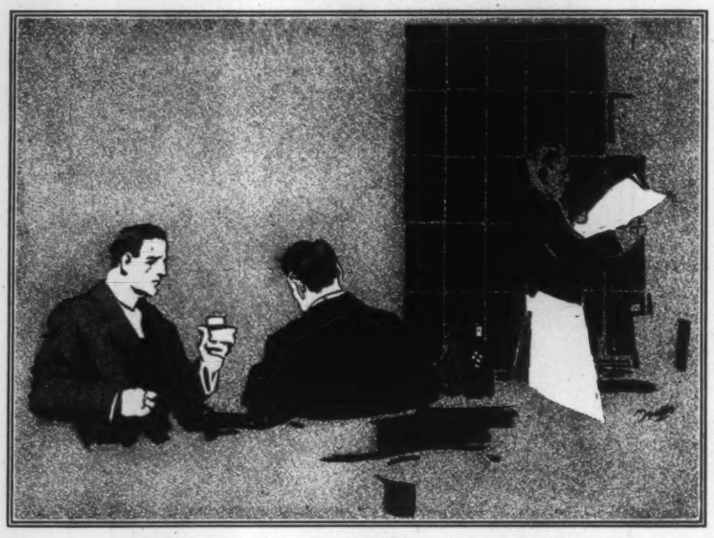
This is no sermon. Nobody ever hated a sermon, drunk or sober, more than I do. You will find in what I have to say no claim that I did not enjoy my drinking while I was at it. I did enjoy it. The trouble about the enjoyment found in alcohol is that it is too costly to morals, physique, financial standing and reputation. Consequently, this article reads more like an excursion into fairyland than it does like a disquisition on rum. In fact, in finding out why I was helpless before the craving for whisky and in discovering how to overcome that helplessness, I did traverse a veritable fairyland.

You shall see.

To the real drinkers, although they may never have heard of what I am going to tell, my story will come with the force of irresistible truth. I know, because for eight years I drank hard and could not stop. I drank, not for love of the taste of whisky, but for its effect.

I did it because the jolts of the alcohol to my brain made me lighter of tongue, readier of wit, free from responsibility, alien to worry. At pretty regular periods I drank flagrantly, arrogantly, without regard to the advice or opinion of anybody else in the world. During the first three years of it I earned and spent thirty-three thousand dollars. During the fifth year of it I got away with eighteen thousand. The return I thought I was getting was the effect that alcohol had upon me.

Nobody ever enjoyed a spree more than I did. Under the influence of alcohol, I thought every man was witty and every woman beautiful. The stuff, so far as I was concerned, made the world over, put a new perfume into the rose, silvered the moon anew and made the sunlight a magic gold that somehow seemed to enter me and become a part of me. There was nothing I might not accomplish if I set out to do it! The only limits to what I might do or might become were the limits of my imagination — and my imagination, I may mention, is an extremely elastic thing even when I am sober.



I drank, not for the love of whisky, but for its effect

And there were times when the states of mind to which I attained as a result of whisky-drinking reminded me of this verse in Richard Le Gallienne's Rubaiyat:

"Wine is the tender friend of suicides;
You drown so softly in its gentle tides.
You know not you are dying — Yet you die —
And Love with rose-leaves all the ruin hides."

All this I did, as I have said, because I enjoyed it. But the time came when I asked myself:

"Why do these sprees, which always end in tremendous physical suffering, attract me? Why do I take pleasure in them? Why am I willing to pay for them this exorbitant price of money, physical suffering and public disapproval?"

I could find absolutely no adequate reply to the question. Accordingly, I set out to learn it from others. Physicians knew nothing whatever about it. Their answer was "nervousness." In all the libraries of the temperance and prohibition organizations there was nothing to indicate why I, an otherwise sensible and industrious man, should inevitably, at certain periods, embark upon a debauch.

One day, in a casual conversation, somebody mentioned the name of a distinguished alienist, an authority on insanity, a prolific worker in psychology and all mental and nervous disturbances. He was my man! I took the train and went to his home.

His practise was so enormous that it took me three days to get to him. I told him my story, which was brief enough — that I was a hard drinker, that I wanted to quit it, that I had tried many of the so-called "cures" and that, as I talked to him, I was as helpless before the drinking impulse as I had ever been.

"There are many thousands of others like you," he told me. "You are a neurotic. I can straighten you out and set you on your feet if you will give me the required time and will live here in this city."

"How much time will it take?" I asked.

"It generally requires from six months to a year," he informed me.

"What is the treatment?" was my next query.

What do you think his answer was?

It was: "Conversation!"

That was all. He repeated it — conversation, a talk of an hour a day between him and me. The thing seemed absolutely absurd. At the beginning, I had no faith in it whatever. But I was desperate, and I agreed to go through with it.

The first two or three days were taken up with my telling him the whole story of my life. I was then forty years of age and a bachelor. Sometimes he would ask me a question about my opinion of this thing or that, but for the most part the time was taken up with my narrative of all the things that had happened to me, so far as I could remember, from earliest childhood to that hour. I was struck by the difficulty with which events and personages in my life were recalled, but I stumbled through the tale as best I could.

On the third or fourth day the doctor got down to real business.

"This treatment," he said, "is, of course, known as psycho-analysis. It is the psychology discovered and put into practise by Dr. Sigmund Freud, the eminent Vienna physician. It consists of the most thorough analysis of your past experiences and emotional life through the proper interpretation of your dreams."

"But I never have dreams!" I exclaimed.

"On the contrary," he assured me, everybody dreams every night, and you will find that, once you have made up your mind to remember what you dream, you will bring me lots of stories from dreamland. You see, the trouble is that we are in the habit of forgetting our dreams. And one great reason why we do this is that there is wrapped up in them so much that we have forgotten or tried vigorously to forget because the material was unpleasant, disagreeable.

"Through your dreams we shall find out what events, what influences upon your emotional life, and so on, have built up within you this apparently irresistible desire for drink. Your dreams will tell you, as we go along, the things in which you have neglected your physical and moral health, the manner in which you have succeeded or failed in living up to your ideals, and the shocks which have come to you in connection with the people who are, or were, nearest and dearest to you. From all this information, we shall discover what distortion in your mind or character has led you to drunkenness."

He went on to say that, once he had explained these peculiar phases of my character, the impulse to drink would be entirely under my control. It all sounded like Greek to me, but I determined to give him a chance at me. Hospitals, sanatoriums, and widely advertised cures had not hit the mark. Perhaps he could.

He did. And it may be as well for me to mention here that, as a result of what I learned of the technique of psycho-analysis, I since have analyzed with success five tortured persons — two men and three women — all of whom, when they came to me, admitted their fears that they were far on their way to lunatic asylums. Four of these people, the three women and one of the men, were excessive drinkers, and the other man suffered

---

WILLIAM A. WHITE, President of the American Psycho-analytic Association, says: "I have known the writer of this article for a long time, and for the past few years he has been an interested and earnest student of psycho-analysis. Most of the incidents in this story are within my personal knowledge, and are true except for minor deviations made desirable for literary effect. I am more than glad to see psycho-analysis appearing in the popular literature treated by serious persons who wish thus to bring to the attention of those who are ill a means by which they may hope for help."

from terrific attacks of depression, anxiety and constantly haunting thoughts of suicide.

The morning after I saw the physician, to my intense surprise, I remembered having had a dream during the night. This was it, as I told it to him that afternoon:

I was at work on a law case in my apartment late at night. A man, dark-skinned, something like a Hindu, was acting as my secretary and handing me reference books. But I was disturbed because the transom of the front door of the apartment was open. Finally, the dark-skinned man went out through the transom, closing it after him.

"What line of thought does all that suggest to you?" the doctor asked.

"Nothing," I replied, "except that I am a lawyer, and that the dream is ridiculous. I never had a dark-skinned man as my secretary, and I never work in my apartment at night. It merely seems a jumbled mass of incongruities."

It must be remembered that I was taking this treatment seriously. I wanted to stop drinking, and, if this sort of thing could stop it, I was ready for it. I did not believe — but I hoped.

"Let me explain here just a few things," the doctor said in his winning voice. "The dream, like any other dream, seems absurd, ridiculous. It is ridiculous to the waking mind because the Hindu secretary never would have gone through the transom in real life. But a dream as it is told has only what we call its 'manifest content' — that is, the story of the dream as you saw it. However, in the manufacture of a dream there is the 'latent content,' the real ideas which, emerging like troubled ghosts from your unconscious mind, undergo grotesque changes and form a story which will not awake you."

He continued by saying that the ideas which troubled me, which came up in my dreams and which were responsible for my drunkenness, were those which I had tried to repress, to put out of my mind at various times in my life, either because they were impossible of fulfilment or because they were so disagreeable or so horrible that I had not been able to entertain them long enough to deal with them, to reason with them, and put them away from me forever.

"Your telling me what the things in your dream stories remind you of," he said, "will bring up these old wishes and thoughts, and, since we are talking in calm, every-day manner, you will see that they were wrong, or unimportant, or distorted by some sort of fear, and when you have seen that and adjusted them to your real judgment, they will trouble you no more. That is, in psycho-analysis, while we find what has wounded your soul and made you follow a twisted path, we also give you the opportunity to re-educate yourself and to deal properly with our stubborn, every-day world of facts."

And then he made a statement that stuck in my mind:

"You will no longer be a moral coward. Every drunkard is a moral coward, because, in getting drunk he runs away from the workaday world with all its problems and burdens and enters into the world of phantasies, a world where the imagination makes things seem the way you want them to be. Drunkenness is flight, a running away from reality."

I vehemently denied that then. I admit it now.

"How about the closed transom?" he asked. "Why should that have disturbed you? What idea does that bring up? And, in answering these questions, I want to use what we call 'free association.' Give me the first thing that comes into your mind. Don't edit it over to yourself and try to decide whether or not it is important. That is for me to decide. Anything that comes into your mind has more or less value, and I, not you, must be the sole critic of it."

"Well," I replied, "I always have the transom of my office door shut, and I keep the door shut, even in summer when, if it were warm, I could get a good breeze through the room."

That, by a series of questions and answers, brought out the fact that I liked to keep to myself, was not communicative when I was sober, did not seek other people's society — in other words, that I was "shut up within myself."

"Every neurotic is," the doctor told me. "Neurotics pretend to depend entirely upon themselves. That is one reason why they do too much thinking about themselves. After a while, the mind begins to whirl like a mill-wheel, and produces no results. See the contradiction in your behaviour. When you are sober, you have the habits of a hermit. When you are drunk, you seek out the whole town to be your friends and companions."

That was the first time, in all my life, I had thought of the thing in that light.

"How about the Hindu, the dark-skinned man?" was his next question.

That, within a few seconds, brought up a painful memory regarding my mother, an event that had happened when I was five years old.

The man going out through the transom brought up another train of ideas of which I was ashamed to speak and of which I did speak only after tremendous effort. It cannot be recorded here.

The long and the short of that dream was that its analysis by the doctor showed me the folly of attempting to live within myself, that I was selfish and that I had become morbid many years before. It was an education in itself.

"Your drinking," he said, "is the manifestation of your desire to be among your fellows, to achieve sociability, to forget yourself. It is the proof that you are not all-sufficient to yourself. Nobody can be that.

"This dream, you see, has served to bring out in some degree a phase of your character hitherto unsuspected by yourself — your selfishness and morbidity. Each dream will drag up from your unconscious into your conscious mind some idea or event that has warped you and made you a weakling."

Not all this talk was pleasant to hear. But it was the truth. I could recognize that much, and, as I did so, I agreed with him. I had passed the limits of false pride. I was baring my soul to his scrutiny, and I was going to make a good job of it. In fact, the painful memory about my mother showed how her reception of a childish statement I had [*Continued on page 35*]

Sophie's Great Moment

by Emery Pottle

Pictures by May Wilson Preston

SOPHIA KIPPLE is, to my mind, no name that any young female, into whatever estate it has pleased God to call her, would be likely to fancy, much less a young female who proposes to have dealings with divine fire. Sophia Kipple's feelings about her name were much the same as mine. But while she continued to dwell in her natal town of Wisconsin — of which I shall say little save that it was designated by one of those incredible and disconcerting sounds which issue from the throat of the person in a Chicago railway-station who announces trains about to start — while she dwelt there, I say, she found it inconvenient to alter her appellation. It is, as I need not point out, a futile aspiration for one in a small town to set her heart, for example, on *Maree* when her name is no more nor less than Mary. Her intimates called her Soph, and considered her very plain — *homely* was the word they used. When she reproved unmannerly children, which she was very likely to do, they waited till she was a safe distance away and then screamed at her, "Red-head!"

"Oh, my poor Ernie!" was Mrs. Fenner's only comment as she was rolled in triumph past Sophie

About the time she was twenty-one she went to Oshkosh and took some lessons in elocution. While there she wrote her name Sophie. After that, I am told, there was hardly ever any local entertainment in the church or the opera house in which Sophia did not take a prominent part. She preferred tragic selections — there was one about a murder and the wind in the pines howling Bes — sah — Bes — sah — Bes — sah (the victim's name), which invariably gave everyone the creeps. But she could be quite funny, too, in a rather wistful way. People said she had a good deal of talent, and that it was a pity that she looked as she did. Sophia herself, though she enjoyed her elocutionary superiority, was discontented with life and fretful and low-spirited. She remarked openly that there was no "culcher" in the place, that she was wasting her youth, and what could you expect? — thus frightening off two young men who had heretofore regarded her with an amorous but honorable eye.

Sophia's brother Jim was a dentist. He had studied in New York and had subsequently established himself in a remote part of Harlem where, contrary to one's suspicions, there seemed to be a field for his, humorously speaking, toothsome trade. His wife had been a manicure, though she pretended she hadn't and quite deceived her new circle of friends. Sophia in her first visit to them learned more from her sister-in-law in a week than she had been able to cull in her entire lifetime from books of etiquette and fashion papers. Her sister-in-law's name was Estelle.

The two went several times to the matinée, and once they saw a misunderstood lady play "A Doll's House." Sophia, a prey to wild and unguessed emotions, fairly reeled from the theatre. Estelle said it was probably very fine, but for her part she hated those nasty Eyebson things and she'd rather see Marie Dressler. This, you must remember, was ten years ago. Undoubtedly that afternoon was a portentous turning-point in Sophia's path. She decided, going home in the Elevated, that she would become an actress. She said so passionately to Estelle.

"My *dear!*" shivered Estelle. "Mercy! You don't know the life they have to lead. Why, I used to—well, I knew a lady once who was on the stage and the things she told *me!* And for an unmarried girl—well, dearie, I wouldn't dare tell you the way those managers carry on —"

"I don't *care!*" cried Sophia, vehemently. "A nice

woman can be a nice woman anywhere. If a girl's mind is *pure*, why — why, she can do anything!"

"Well, I s'pose she can," assented Estelle conciliatingly. "Still — that lady I knew — poor thing, she had an awful time, and she always felt that before God, so to speak, she was married — but — well, I don't know — everybody has to do the best they can, I expect, but I bet you Jim'll feel awful if you go on the stage."

After a few brief spiritually-impassioned weeks they became engaged

"I guess he won't worry much when he sees what I intend to become," said Sophia, proudly.

"If I was you, dearie," Estelle responded, somewhat inconsequently, "I'd henna my hair a little. It'd make it a lovely shade."

"Stuck-up-thing," was the inelegant characterization of Sophia's friends when she returned to them after the illumination of her soul in New York. She avoided them pointedly, and when compelled to mingle in their boisterous company, assumed an air so *tony* — to use their own embittered word — and at the same time so compassionately patronizing that they were fain to curse her. Her widowed father, who was a respectable harness-maker, confided to Orville Haines, the druggist, that if Soph didn't let up on her didoes, he'd spank 'er, by God! He didn't hold at all with them actresses, he asserted, and it made him nervous as a cat to have his daughter carrying on around the house the way she did with her pieces. Why, you couldn't as much as ask for a dish of dand'-line greens without she sort of humped herself all up together and got off some of those actressy speeches. The truth of the matter was, of course, that Sophia, having acquired the works of Mr. Ibsen, had plunged so passionately deep into those turgid rivers that when she came up, as it were, for a breathing space, she was still too waterlogged to sense the needs of the home. And no wonder.

Sophia was at this time about twenty-nine, though she gave Mr. Ernest Fenner to understand that she counted only a few more months than he. He was twenty-two and a very superior young man indeed. He came from the East, freshly from Harvard, and had been engaged to teach his native tongue in the High School. He disliked his calling intensely, he confided to Sophia the first evening he was introduced to her at a church lawn-party, and — begging your pardon, Miss Kipple — Oh, don't mind *me*, Mr. Fenner! I thoroughly sympathize, believe me — he said some very caustic things of the West in general and of his repellent milieu in particular, which made her giggle immoderately. He came to call at once and stayed until half-past eleven. That night they left no stone in their inmost souls unturned. The upshot of it was, most agreeably, that Fate, or, as some say, Kismet — or is it Some Higher Power? — had evidently fashioned their aspirations out of the same impalpable starry dust. Mr. Fenner even suggested, mysteriously, that very likely in another incarnation they were — well, stranger things had happened. It appeared that the young man had taken a course in Dramatic Art in his University and burned with a consuming fire to write plays.

After a few brief spiritually-impassioned weeks they became engaged. Their amorous intercourse was conducted on a very high plane. Mr. Fenner was not one to confound grosser joys with the subtler delights of the soul. In any case marriage was out of the question until they had done something about their Careers.

At the end of the school year the authorities of that educational font unanimously begged Ernest not to come back. It appeared from what Sophia's father told Orville Haines afterward that at this request the young man *sassed* the Board right to their face. Old Kipple held Ernest in profound contempt. But this he strove to conceal because he was very anxious to marry Sophia off. "Good an' welcome to 'er," as he remarked to the druggist.

Ernest, in consequence, returned to his home in New Jersey to cheer his lonely mother and to begin his life-work. The lovers behaved as bravely as possible at parting, though Sophia, owing to her naturally histrionic temperament, could not resist at the last moment doing a nice bit of Juliet - on - the - Balcony, to which young Fenner, profoundly moved, responded in kind. There was a good deal of talk, too, about the Burden of Life and Destiny. Ernest, departing, felt exactly like a young man in a book as he gazed wildly back and beheld his Sophia, distraught, cast herself at desperate full length on the couch, sobbing incoherent farewells.

In the Autumn Sophie — she was now Sophie — went to New York to embark on a course in the Imperial Dramatic School. She had wrenched the necessary money out of her penurious old father only after harrowing and unseemly conduct. Old Kipple, going into the subject with Orville Haines on his return from the station, thus passionately reviewed the case for his friend.

"She's gone, Orville, an', by heaven, I don't care if she never comes back! The hull summer long she's kep' up her tantrums till I like to become a lunatic. I ask you, how can a man relish his vittles with his only daughter a-screamin' an' a-bawlin' an' worse'n all a-laughin' like a hyena right under his nose! She knew I hated her darn pieces an' she done 'em just to pester me. They was one she called 'Had a Gobbler,' though they wa'n't no gobbler nor no sense in it neither. Just as I'd set down after supper to read the paper, like as not she'd begin that. Orville, once she tore up the *Star* right in front of me an' put it in the stove, an' I hadn't read a word in it! Giggles an' says she was a-actin' when I give 'er what for. *Actin'!* Tearin' up newspapers ain't actin'! An' anyway, 'twant no piece for a nice girl. By heaven, I don't care if she never comes back!"

"Wimmin's wimmin," Orville commented with morose sympathy. "You ought to live a while with Miss Haines's tumor, Hiram."

Of Sophie's struggles and of her indomitable efforts, of her embitterments and of her stimulating triumphs in the admirable institution she had chosen as, if one may so put it, a cross-cut to the chaste white peaks of dramatic fame, I should like nothing better than to speak fulsomely. But I suppose it is more advisable to get on as rapidly as may be to the kernel of this history — if indeed it shall prove to have one. I must mention, however, that at the school she early fell in with a gaunt, long-legged girl with a bad skin, name Cornelia Jordan (she accented the last syllable very forcibly). There at once ensued an ardent friendship between the two.

Cornelia believed she resembled the Duse to a startling degree and behaved accordingly. She knew a good deal about Botticelli and the Pre-Raphaelites, all of which knowledge she instilled into Sophie, purely with a view to felicitous sartorial effects. The results were singularly striking, though Jim Kipple — somewhat coarsely, it seems to me — declared that if his sister only had a hand-organ to climb on, you wouldn't believe she wasn't one. Even Estelle refused to go downtown shopping with her; and after the first time they had tea at the Waldorf — well! Sophie, having cut her hair off at the neck and richly enhanced its tones with henna, then violently frizzed it till it stood out about her lean sharp little face like — here I quote Cornelia — like a halo around a saint. She also painted her lips scarlet and wore a green velveteen gown all in one piece, cut out square at the neck, front and back. Her head-gear consisted of a very small green velvet cap embellished by a slanted quill no shorter than fifteen good inches. And at the school, acting under the advice of Miss Jordan, she called herself Cappèlle. She tried to get Estelle to persuade Jim to change his name, too; but he swore so when it was but delicately hinted to him that Estelle, greatly chagrined, dared not press the matter further.

Ernest, I must confess, and not unnaturally, was somewhat disconcerted when he first saw his transformed Sophie. He did not come to New York often owing to the fact that his mother insisted on being cheered at the most inopportune moments, and also because she kept him very close as to money. So when he beheld his chosen one at the station wafting kisses with her free hand, and with the other clasping a huge bunch of violets, slightly faded, to her breast, he was, as you might say, struck all of a heap, and for an instant meditated on simulating a swoon in order to avoid complications.

His mother, at the last moment, had, quite unexpectedly, announced her intention of accompanying him to the tryst. "I've got to see her sooner or later," she remarked, patiently, in the bereaved voice she was wont

"I knew a lady once who was on the stage and the things she told me!"

to use when it was a question of sickness, or death, or her Blessed Redeemer, "and I suppose it may as well be now." Ernest's mother was not a lady one could easily dissuade. Only what are called the Acts of God had, so far as anyone knew, ever deflected her from her purposes.

"It couldn't be that those — those *minxes* are carrying on like that to attract your attention, Ernest," she sighed, pursing her lips tightly. "What dreadful creatures there are in this city, to be sure! Don't look at them, dear."

The long-legged girl who had a singular talent for yodeling now yodeled. Lightly and musically, but still a yodel. Ernest, ordinarily as wool, now became as crimson. "*La — la — la — e — o!*" cried Cornelia. And "Ca — a — a — — rrrr — o!" from Sophie — a romantic Italian word she had filched from the peanut-vender at her corner.

Ernest's now inevitable gesture of blithe recognition was that of one weakly waving away a cup of poison.

"Ernie, you don't know them, do you?" whimpered Mrs. Fenner, horror-stricken.

Ernest's tongue clove to his mouth.

"My son," moaned his mother, refusing to proceed, "'tisn't *that* girl, is it? *That* Sophie? Oh, what would your poor father say if he were alive? It isn't the red-headed one, is it?"

Ernest waggled his head in anguish.

"I'd sooner see you dead," she gurgled and, bursting into a flood of tears, sat down on a truck.

Sophie and Cornelia pressed their faces to the iron grating which separated them from the object of their desire. They continued to make innocent noises of greeting.

"It's mother," said Ernest, hoarsely. "She doesn't feel very well."

"Yes, I do, Ernie," wept Mrs. Fenner. "It's only that I —"

"The journey's upset her."

Sophie beat playfully at the palings. "Little mother!" she cried, girlishly. "Little mother! I'm your Sophie!"

Mrs. Fenner shuddered as one in prey to violent nausea. "I think I'm going to be sick, Ernie," she murmured, hopelessly.

Her unpleasant premonition was almost immediately realized; but even so I cannot feel that Ernest, distraught as he was, was justified in hysterically accusing his parent of doing it on purpose.

By this time a small but intensely interested crowd had gathered. Their attention was almost equally divided between Sophie and Cornelia, and Ernest and his mother. Sophie in great abandon now demanded to be let through the gate that she might give succor to the convulsed sufferer. On seeing this move, Mrs. Fenner, who had momentarily dominated her disturbance, remarked with Christian resignation that if that red-headed girl came near her she'd probably have another attack.

Ernest entirely yet pardonably lost his head. "Go away, Sophie!" he cried, desperately. "For goodness' sake, go away!"

When, as it were, the dagger had pierced to her heart and Sophie knew herself repulsed, a most harrowing scene ensued. She cast herself into Cornelia's arms and gave way to such Imperial Dramatic School hysterics as any actress might have been proud of.

I have only lightly sketched in this incident the emotions of Ernest, but it seems to me that most nice young men who know what filial piety means and who have also suffered the pangs of love, will understand just the dark-brown turbulences taking place in Ernest's interior. However, I believe that Sophie, being a defenseless woman, would have got the bulk of the onlookers' sympathy, had it not been for her costume. As it was, an old gentleman laughably dressed as a bishop said quite openly that she reminded him of a beautiful medieval youth. And it is not for me to say that she didn't.

Ernest, strangling with some difficulty a passionate desire to strike his mother dead at his feet, seized her by the arm and made as if to lead her away. "Mother, come on! You can't sit here! Everybody is looking at us as if we were fools!"

Mrs. Fenner bafflingly relaxed her members. "I guess I'll stay right here till the train goes back, Ernie. You go with that red-headed girl, if you want to. Boys that call their mother a fool will always get their just punishment."

"I *didn't* call you a fool! Come on, Mother!"

"I guess I'll stay right here, Ernie."

By the aid of a compassionate baggage-man Mrs. Fenner, still sitting firmly on the truck, was subsequently rolled in triumph past Sophie. Her only comment in passing was, "Oh, my poor Ernie!" Ernest followed the truck as one in great agony of spirit attends upon a funeral car. Sophie, in a paroxysm of amorous abasement, seemed about to cast herself prone before the cortège; she was, after a struggle, restrained by Cornelia who, forgetting for the moment that she resembled the Duse, put out her tongue and made a face at the old lady.

Mrs. Fenner, who appeared to be enjoying the ride considerably, remarked, as if to the baggage-man, in a meek but penetrating voice, that it was a pity for girls so plain as that pimply one there to make it any worse.

The young ladies, shaken to the depths and feeling, say what you please, that life is just exactly as it is acted by the best actresses, went home and cried over their tea.

The next day Sophie got a poignant telegram from Ernest which, though incontestably true, did nothing at all toward allaying her anguish. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness," it said. She and Cornelia speculated a long time on its probable import. The latter insisted that it was a veiled allusion to his relations with that old cat of a mother; Sophie, Ibsenish in her outlook, foresaw the worst. She was, as it turned out, only too justified.

I myself would never have believed it of that young man. Up to that time I thought him the soul of honor and as chaste and chivalrous as the best of America's sons. Even now I cannot but feel with Sophie that he was not entirely bad. He was weak, no doubt, and easily influenced. I do not wish to judge harshly. And when I think of his mother on the baggage-truck. . . .

The unpleasant truth is that after the telegram Ernest never communicated again with his promised bride. It was as if he were dead; Sophie's piteous prayers and entreaties on scented lavender note-paper were never answered or else coldly returned unopened. I am sorry to say that she was deeply enamoured of Ernest Fenner, and if by chance this account falls under his eye, he will then know how near he came to breaking a heart already too tender.

It was, and every young female who has found herself in a like disintegrating situation will vouch for such a solace, her Career which saved Sophie and restored her mind to — even if a battered — lucidity. And as she wistfully said afterward to Cornelia, "Duse dear, it

[*Continued on page 56*]

The Fighters and the Haters

by Ernest Poole

[*Of the Vigilantes*]

IF you believe that on this war depends the strength of democracy in the world for generations to come; if you want to see America go in hard with all her resources; if you want to do your utmost yourself and get others to do the same — look about you for the quiet men. They are the ones who will help you most, for they will be the real Fighters here. In the training camps and out with the fleet and on our destroyers over the sea, it will be easy to find such men, for they will be the predominant type. But if you are to be one of those who render service in this war in the thousand and one activities which are so vitally needed here, both to back up the men at the front and to make this struggle in very truth count for democracy everywhere, then it will not be so easy to find the men and women whom you need, the ones who are willing to work day and night. For they will not be so conspicuous as the Self-advertisers and Haters who will arise on every hand.

To hear such folk inveigh against Germany, you might think they were the fighters here. But in Europe it has not been so. I remember a woman in London who was like many now in New York. She told me in a voice quivering with bitterness that even when the war was over she wanted nothing but evil to come to every man and woman and child in the German empire. Meanwhile, so far as I could find, she was doing nothing for the war. She took it out in talking. In London there were not many like her, for the English are not good Haters. But in Berlin there were thousands. I remember, one evening in Beethoven Saal, looking down from the low gallery upon a throng of well-dressed people listening to an actor who was reciting the "Hymn of Hate." The little man was hysterical; he tore his rage to tatters; his hatred of the people of England was to endure to the end of time. And those people rose and cheered him until the great hall seemed to rock with the noise. I was told by one of them that night:

"We Germans now all feel like that. You will hear the 'Hymn of Hate' sung by the boys in the trenches all along the Western front."

But I went to the boys in the trenches and found them big stolid German youths, standing out there in the drenching rain and quietly fighting for Germany. They had no time for hating. And from all the correspondents I know I have heard it is the same in the French and English trenches. They are too busy killing Germans to hate them. And so it is, all over Europe. As you leave Berlin or Vienna, London, Paris, Petrograd, Rome, and travel toward the battle-lines, the shrill, hysterical cries of the Haters die away; and you come upon the Fighters, the quiet men who are working hard at the business of war, enduring privations, exhausting toil, and suffering and disease and death, and taking it all as a matter of course. They fill in their leisure hours with jolly little songs and games. Fighters have no time to hate.

And so over here as we enter the struggle, if you engage in any one of the numberless tasks that are needed to back up our allies abroad and later our own armies in France, you will have no time for hatred. You will need all your strength and all your time, you will give yourself heart and soul to this cause, you will do your share in that hard, clear laborious thinking and planning and working without which this war will be of little or no avail to mankind.

Shall it be a useless slaughter or a great blood sacrifice, out of which shall emerge a world more brotherly and tolerant, more liberal to everyone, more safe for democracy? How avoid waste and blunders? How make the strength of America tell to the very utmost to bring the war to such an end as will mean a real victory for our principles? How rid ourselves of the shams and lies that are bound to creep in? How clear up our minds all over the land, East and West and North and South, and unite on a few great purposes, simple, honest and sincere? What peace terms are we to ask?

To such thinking hatred is no ally but an inveterate enemy. The Haters are interested in revenge and all the resulting bitterness that can lead to other wars and fill this world for generations with distrust and wholesale death. The Haters do not especially care to see a new Germany on the earth, with its Kaiser and its Junkers and its Militarists deposed, its menace destroyed and its good retained. The Haters, as one of them said to me, want "the whole damned German nation wiped right off the planet!"

There was once a big American whose attitude toward an enemy land was expressed in these words: "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan — to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

The Haters have little use for such talk. They have something different to say. They will say it so loudly and insistently that you will grow used to the din of their voices and will come in time to treat such noise like the shrill wrangling notes of sparrows. And you will go steadily on with your work, which is to wage such a war to the end as will destroy root and branch all autocracy everywhere, all arrogant pretensions to world domination by German Kultur, all ruthless oppression of the weak, and will end in a peace that shall at least be another milestone passed in the long weary march of humanity up the great road of progress which leads to the brotherhood of mankind.

"Forgive me," he begged, really contrite. "It was only that I'm worried — angry, too. I can't abide that Hammond"

Let's See What Happens Next!—

Illustrations by

ONCE more had come the time of year when, in the country, all the trees, secretly a-fear, put on their gaudiest dress to ward off decay; when the high blue city skies shine brilliantly sad with their hauntings of impermanence; when with each fluttering leaf we hear the ghostly drip of last year's rain; and when, in the merriest moment, a silence calls on the heart — and echoes of remembered years.

Something in the exaggerated brilliance caused Aldinger, that October afternoon, suddenly to turn from the crowded Avenue. But the big, beautiful restaurant's comparative gloom held no repose. The room was like some vague sea evenly jeweled with lights, over which flowed incessant waves of voices and laughter and, intermittently, the fevered wailing of an unseen Hawaiian orchestra.

But Aldinger, at his table in a corner, in his maze of spirit was not conscious of details in the subdued babel. He ordered something from habit. Then he sat, not drinking it, and so very still that his neighbors, remote from his mood, must have wondered at his presence there.

He himself was wondering at the perturbation within him. What curious things weather, and the color of an Autumn day, could do to one! This weird music stirred some reminiscent chord, yet it wasn't like any music of his recollections. And the hot-house roses troubled him with hazy scents other than their own. The waiter shifted something on the table; even the waiter reminded him of some other waiter his memory could not place.

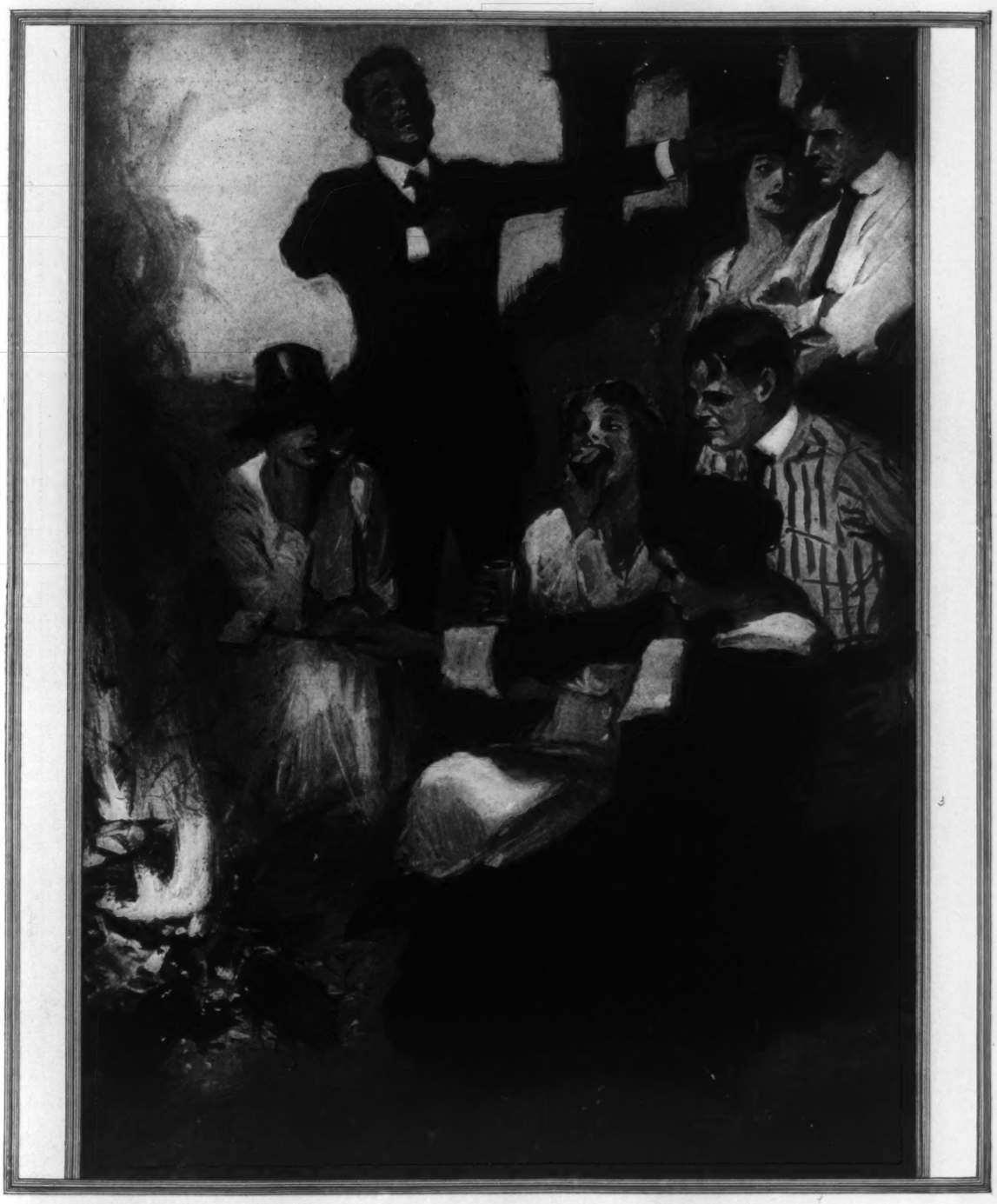
He gazed at the lamp before him, not seeing it, seeing beyond it into the past. Days of youth — Aldinger was but thirty-three, but that age can seem terribly old — when he hadn't known whether he was happy or unhappy. And the long busy days of work "in the field:" hot, white days grading an Arizona railroad; and dark, sweating days on the La Plata job; and placid Kansas days when his heart had all but broken for love of a certain woman. Days — days — days! Recurrent hope and despair, dream and awakening, toil and surcease — and to what end!

Presently he was aware that the waiter was bothering again. He raised his eyes; the man was holding out a tray with a folded paper on it. Aldinger took the note, brushed the mental fog from his eyes, and read:

Since you evidently don't care for that glass of whatever-it-is, Benny, I wonder whether you'd care to come over and have something with us. NELL (MILLER) BLAKELY.

Aldinger stared a moment at the puzzling name; then he lifted his eyes, scanned the tables before him, and slowly turned his head till, there, two tables away, he saw Nell.

Nell! The name that once he had thought graven on his heart! He recognized her at once, although in



Hammond really had a good voice and he sang some wild gipsyish things that went well in that setting

An Autumn Love Story *by* Dana Gatlin

C. F. Underwood

ten years she had changed from a girl to a woman. When he reached her, she was smiling.

"Don't you remember me?"

"Nell — or should I say Miss — Mrs. — ?" he began, irresolutely.

She blushed slightly. "I'm Mrs. Blakely — but please call me Nell. Let me introduce my friends."

The three men rose to acknowledge the introduction; there were two other women, very pretty and chic. One of the faces he had seen in newspapers, two of the names were well known; and Aldinger wondered how Nell, the Nell he had known, came in such smart, worldly company. But, most of all, he was wondering at Nell herself. There was something about her, a certain poise, sophistication — or was it, perhaps, her fashionable dress? How she had changed! Yet how she had remained unchanged! — that same drooping pose of the head, the smooth reddish hair and profile like a cameo, and those eyes bluer than the cornflowers of one unforgetable Spring!

"From the way you were sitting there, you're still a dreamer, Benny!" She still had that trick of gazing straight into one's eyes. He replied:

"I knew you as soon as I saw you. But the strange name ——"

"I was married a long time ago," she said. "About two years after you went away."

"I'm very curious," he said. "All you've been doing, all that's happened since I lost sight of you."

But then their moment's tête-à-tête was interrupted by one of the chic women, a woman with a languid voice and darting bright eyes. Nell evidently considered it an invitation to explain the newcomer.

"Mr. Aldinger and I were friends years ago," she said, "before he became famous."

"How interesting," drawled the bright-eyed woman. "Tell us how to become famous, Mr. Aldinger."

The others were looking at him with polite curiosity. But Benny was bored with their nonchalance, their vapid talk. They were stimulated by their highballs and cocktails, and he was cold, stone sober. If only he could have had Nell alone; *she*, in those far-away days, always had understood one's mood. And then he *was* curious about her. But there was no further chance for confidences, and at last he made a move to go.

"Ring me up tomorrow," invited Nell. She explained she was in town only for a few days' shopping, and was then returning for another month in the country.

Benny promised to telephone; but he didn't keep the promise. The next day he was too busy. The day after that he looked up her hotel number, but before he called it he went into a study. His youth came and stood before him like a ghost, a golden, troublous, agitated time, with its dreams and its errors. And there passed before him those days of his first Spring in New York, magical days when he looked in the eyes of his landlady's niece — and found them deep as night. Well, youth must [*Continued on page 46*]

Wild Apples—*by the author of* "The Straight Road"

Illustration by C. E. Chambers

Chapter IV—Outside

[*For the story up to this point see page 70*]

NEXT morning Julian slept late and soundly in his tent. It was after eleven o'clock when at last he opened his eyes. He felt great. The fifty feet of garden hose lying out in the open would give him a splendid warmed shower. He jumped up, got into his swimming trunks, then stuck his head through the tent curtains for a survey.

Nobody about. It was a radiant morning. He didn't remember when he had seen everything look so fine. The house over yonder with its rosebush covering the whole side, spreading a roof of blossoms over the arbor where Uncle Ben had built a rough table and served the meals — for the first time, he liked the house. It was like a fat, foolish old brown slave woman, a pink Merry Widow hat pulled on sidewise, smirking back at you and trying to please.

The next minute he was out, with two fingers in his mouth, whistling shrilly for Estancio. Estan appeared on the instant; he had plainly been waiting around to hose Julian off — and get his tip. The sun-warmed water was like a great caress. Wow, but the cold that came after it stung and braced! Whistling softly, taking his time, he dried himself off in the tent and proceeded to dress. Twice while he was getting into his clothes in this leisurely fashion Uncle Ben hallooed to him; and when he finally walked over to the arbor he found that the meal which waited there was his breakfast, and Dye's lunch.

"Thatch and Calkins gone?" he asked.

"Yep. Whaddye think?" pouring coffee. "Trains run week-days and Sundays, whether Jule McCulloch sleeps till noon or not." Julian's knife and fork stopped suddenly. Sunday morning.

"Uncle Ben," he said, "D' you know I intended to get down to the Mission for services."

"Huh?" the old man blinked at him humorously. "Sounds serious. Consarned about your soul?"

Julian shook his head.

"You was pounding your ear a mile a minute when the folks commenced to go by here for the Mission this mornin'," Dye said. "There's but one thing on earth that could get a boy of your age up for early mass — an' she ain't a Catholic."

"She —"

Julian pulled up short. Of course he wouldn't have minded, for himself, what he said; but that poor little thing, living in a kind of working girls' home, it was different with her.

"No harm done," Dye was cheerful. "Knowed it was a she." He stopped tantalizingly. Julian was conscious of a hot face and an inquiring eye, when he would very much have preferred to look cool and noncommittal. Not that he was ashamed of the girl. His mother was strong on class; Paula Pollard was always talking about "our set." For himself he didn't care a whoop. People were people; and Lynnie Willis had a lot more sense and was a lot more interesting than any of Paula's crowd.

"What do you mean?" he asked at last.

"Mean? Say — ain't you fierce! Must be hard hit. Well, lemme give you a tip, Jule; you won't have much chasin' to do. Set still an' wait. She'll come after you." Again Julian found nothing to say but the repeated, "What do you mean?"

"Oh, I'm not criticizin' anybody," old Ben had the air of wanting to let him down easy. "I find it's all the style these days for the girls to go after the boys. Used to be t'other way about when I done my courtin'."

"Are you speaking of anybody in particular — or just in a general way?" Julian finally put it. He felt he must know.

"Particular. Needn't bother to get up for early mass. She's already been telephonin' here for you."

"And you didn't wake me?"

She had telephoned to him — already — this morning? He could hardly believe it. Yet though Uncle Ben sat and laughed about it teasingly, he seemed to be telling the truth.

"You tie your eyebrows in a hard knot when you're mad, don't you, Jule?" he grinned. "She never asked me to wake you up nor nothin' like that. I was goin' to tell you pretty soon. It's an invitation— for this afternoon."

He paused so long that Julian had time to think. It certainly could not be Lynnie.

"Where —?" he was beginning when old Ben broke in: "Over at their ranch. About half the valley makes it headquarters when she's up here."

"Look here, Uncle Ben, who telephoned to me?" Julian demanded.

"No use lettin' on you don't know."

"I suppose it was Paula Pollard."

"O. K., son. That's who. Better dress up and go over. Be back here at six an' I'll give you some supper — or dinner — as you say. Go along."

"I believe I will." Julian was not aware of having spoken aloud till old Ben, chuckling, called after him:

"I believe you will, too. An' wear some o' them white clothes. Wear 'em, Jule. They're the neatest things you've got."

What a lot of bother he'd let himself in for by not making sure, before he left Lynnie, when and how he could see her again. This going to the Pollard ranch — he'd meant to keep free from the bunch here in Siloam this summer. Even now, he might as well run down past "Restlands" first. No success. His Sunday afternoon at Paula's bored him, as he had known it would. When he left he trailed down past "Restlands" again, and again failed to see her anywhere about.

Well, he had been stupid not to make a definite arrangement with her. He spent Sunday evening at a stereopticon lecture on the Holy Land given in the schoolhouse. Some of the girls from "Restlands" were there, but Lynnie was not among them. When the thing was over it was still a dead mystery to him how it was he had been placed between the Hannon twins and had to talk polite stuff to Mrs. Hannon.

It seemed they were all for a basketball game on an indoor court over at Liveoak, Monday evening. He somehow got an impression that about everybody from Siloam would be there. So he went.

No one over from Siloam but the usual bunch. Paula, the Hannons, the Ashbys and Bench Prentiss, they all kept crabbing because Zoe Haslett and Bench's two guests were up at the big hotel at a better affair. Julian had to sit with them down there on the ground in front and continually dodge the ball. He didn't try to be agreeable. Toward the end of the game, when it was almost time to go, Paula, who had sulked at him rather specially all evening, leaned over and said with sudden civility:

"Aunt Dale's raised enough money to send down the first bunch of girls to 'Restlands.'"

"Yes?"

"I promised to go over and help out with a kind of little party for them." She raised her eyebrows and looked at him. "Tomorrow night. I know boys hate that sort of thing. Jim and Joe are pretending to have a date at San Pablo. If I thought you'd go with us ——"

"Certainly — I'll be glad to help."

"Well, thank you! It's a relief to have you take it that way." Paula seemed quite surprised at her own success. "Your mother gave them a piano this year, you know, and we've got nobody to play it. I'm glad you don't mind going." She didn't ask him to take her and Zoe over, though for a minute he was afraid she might.

Driving home that night, crossing in on the Liveoak road, alone in his car, he turned down past "Restlands." All shut up and dark. Well — it was after eleven o'clock. He went on down until he could see the Mission and hear the surf. He had thought to go out on the Highway a bit, but he only made the loop and swung back into the valley road. Coming up to "Restlands" again he drove very slowly, looking across to the old adobe. There was Lynnie's window. He might go over and whistle softly under it and just tell her he was going to be there for the party. In the dark he reached out and laid his hand on the seat where Lynnie had sat beside him. Funny about folks. Why should it make such a difference to have her there — or not there? Most of the time she hadn't been saying anything in particular. Queer how much he wanted to see her again.

Next evening after dinner, restless and impatient, Julian drove the Go-devil up on Old Bitter. Just to kill the time he got out and sat a while looking down, seeing everything in the valley spread out before him, smiling a bit patronizingly as he remembered the Julian McCulloch who had lain there last Friday evening. This was a peach of a lookout. He'd bring Lynnie up here sometime. Nobody else in Siloam he gave a hang for; but he was willing to share his lookout with her. She had sand, too; you'd never hear a whimper out of her about being afraid. Arms under head, he relaxed himself to a vague vision of the evening ahead of him: roomful of girls in party dress, music, (well, that would be the phonograph) and himself dancing with Lynnie. He'd bet she was a good dancer. . . .

When next he looked to the valley, there was Paula's machine out in the side yard at the Pollard ranch, tiny figures coming from the house and swarming into it. The old bus lumbered through the gate and started along the road to "Restlands." He hadn't thought it was as late as that! He got into the Go-devil and hardly knew how he made the coast down the mountainside. At that the old machine had beaten him to it, for when he turned in at the lane the "Restlands" building was all lit up and the big machine stood empty in its side yard.

It surprised him a little to find his heart beating so hard as he went up the steps. He could see Paula and Zoe Haslett inside, with Elinor Hannon. Quite a lot of others, too; but they all made a blur to his eye; so he knew Lynnie was not among them. A big, square-looking woman — Mrs. Jordan — opened the door to him, and led the way into the living-room. Zoe and Paula and the Hannons welcomed him loudly. Still no Lynnie. A row of girls sat along the side of the room as though they had been glued to their chairs; they must be the ones Miss Pollard had sent down.

"I'm so glad you did come, Jule," Paula recalled him to himself. "We want to dance, and if you hadn't come we'd have had to use the phonograph. If you don't mind playing for us? — one or two dances?"

"Oh, certainly." He went to the piano and sat there, eyes in the back of his head to watch for Lynnie's coming, everything that didn't concern her sounding in a sort of jumble to his ears, whatever seemed as though it might lead to her ringing out preternaturally clear. All the time he was laughing to himself over the situation. Wouldn't they all stare if they knew what

The Like o' Him

by **Theodosia Garrison**

YOUNG men a-plenty have passed the door,
Broad in the shoulder and strong of limb,
But never my two eyes saw before
The like o' him.

The drummers and fifers woke the town,
The lads were leanin' from roofs and trees,
And the girls came swarmin' up and down,
The like o' bees.

I stood by the hedge to watch them pass,
Laughin' and lookin' the way they came,
The sunshine glintin' on steel and brass,
The like o' flame.

And himself looked down as I looked up,—
'Twas first he went in the marchin' line,
And the light of his eyes might fill a cup
The like o' wine.

A proper lot are soldierin' men,—
Plenty I've seen of them, tall and trim;
But Faith, I'll not be seein' again
The like o' him!

He's fit for ladies in silken gowns,
And well I know, if he turns to see,
There's fifty girls in as many towns
The like o' me.

Ah, well! the hedges are comin' green—
I'm walkin' out with Terry and Tim,
Walkin'—and wishin' I'd never seen
The like o' him.

"Dulcie — have you made up your mind — about what I asked you?" urged De Vega

had brought him here tonight — whom it was that he was waiting, listening, looking for!

A one-step. His fingers flew over the keys mechanically. Some of the girls had already begun to dance; others were rolling up rugs and shaving a candle for the floor. He had the haziest idea of who was speaking or what was said, till all at once Zoe Haslett's voice sounded out clearly.

"Where's that pretty little girl we saw the day we went down to the beach?"

A thrill went through Julian. Good thing his back was to the room, the thought timed itself to the one-step. It was Paula who answered coldly:

"Oh — Lynnie Willis. Why, I supposed she was here."

"Where is she, Mrs. Jordan?" Zoe persisted. Julian liked her for it!

"In the kitchen. We've had an awful lot of work today, Miss Haslett. Lynn's tired. She said she didn't want to clean up and come in."

Julian began to be angry. This was what he had imagined an hour ago up on old Bitter —— the party, the music — himself dancing with Lynnie! Was he going to miss her — right here in the house? Why was she out in a dirty old dress, working, while the others were getting ready for a dance? Was she trying to duck the thing because Paula got it up? Of course she was after the way Paula had treated her. And she didn't know he was here. Then a heavy stupid-looking girl at the end of the row earned his gratitude by volunteering:

"I'll go call her oncet, Mis' Jordan — shall I?"

"Yes. Tell her the young ladies want her to come in. She must be done her dishes."

Julian went on playing. The girl clumped across and into the kitchen. In a few moments the door opened again. From the side of his eye he got a glimpse of the little thing standing timidly in it, her hands and arms rolled in her apron.

He'd never thought of anything like this. She just stood there, and it seemed that out of her still little figure there came a power that enveloped him, swamped him. Strange how he could see her so well, hardly turning his head. A kitchen drudge — that's what they made her. Why, she spoiled the looks of everyone else in the room! That wonderful color was changing in her cheek, her lip was a little bitten. She laughed faintly and looked all around the room. "Please excuse me tonight," she said. Then all at once her delicate face flushed rosily. Aha! She hadn't known he was there when she refused to come in; and now she was sorry. Nobody urged her. He couldn't. She finally turned and went very slowly. Rage burned in Julian.

"Give us another one-step, Jule," Zoe called. He began again to play. Heavens — he didn't know what it was he was playing! Paula and Zoe each asked one of the "Restlands" girls to dance. They kept stopping him because he played too fast. Half way through Benchy came in. Julian had the most confused consciousness of the crowd there in the room dancing, talking; would Lynnie come back after all, now she knew he was here?

Suddenly he was aware of Paula leaning around the end of the piano, smiling into his face, whispering:

"It was awfully mean of me to make you come here tonight. Don't look so perfectly miserable. I'll make them wind the phonograph, and then you can dance."

"Thank you. I am tired — of playing." He got to his feet, and while she stood there waiting for him to ask her to dance, muttered something about, "Excuse me — back in a minute," and bolted out.

He let the door slap to behind him, skirted the house and glanced up at the window over the flat shed roof. There was a dim light, and the curtain swayed out and in. He picked up a very small pebble and threw it. Almost instantly the light went out, and Lynnie's voice said softly above there, with a little wavering note in it:

"Who is that?"

"Me. Come down a minute."

THE answer was a momentary obscuring of the white curtain, the brushing sound of someone moving over the shed roof; then Lynnie dropped down beside him a little breathless.

Just to make sure she was there he put out a hand, touched her — and forgot all about asking her to come in and dance. What he did was to laugh unsteadily, "You've got me studying the almanac."

"What?"

"The dark of the moon. I wanted to ask you for another ride. Where have you been keeping yourself? I couldn't get sight of you."

She laughed, too, at that, very low, in the dark.

"Right here. I've hardly been off the place — we were so busy in the house. We had to get all cleaned up for the girls. Every bit of the bedding that was left here had to be washed. We washed a carpet, too."

"A carpet! I didn't know they did such things," Julian said, helplessly. "Or anyhow, I thought they had a man for it. Are you too tired to walk a little way? We'll go in the machine, if you are."

"The machine? Oh, I'd be afraid. Somebody'd hear us."

"No, no — too much noise in there."

They stood a moment, listening to the phonograph, the sound of shuffling feet, and raised voices.

"Well," doubtfully, "we might just go over and sit in the car, but don't let's start it up."

The Go-devil was close beside the old machine, both having made the turn and faced back toward the lane, Julian's on the outside, further from the house, and sheltered from view by the larger car. For three days it had looked as though he never was going to get to see Lynnie again. Even tonight, it had been a close call. As they climbed into the roadster, "I don't know how many times I've trailed past here in this machine," he said. "Twice Sunday — and I never got a glimpse of you."

"I saw you," said Lynnie, settling herself beside him.

"Where were you?"

"On the hill back of the house, between here and Bruckner's — getting wild flowers."

"You were? Why didn't you Hoo-hoo? And there I went down to the schoolhouse looking for you, and got let in for a lecture on — I don't know what the deuce it was on."

"Looking — for *me*?"

"Sure, you. Who else? I wanted to see when you'd go riding with me again. Don't you want to go?"

"Oh — yes." There couldn't be any doubt about it.

"Well, then, the next time you see me passing you'll call to me?"

"Yes — if there isn't anybody with you."

"There wasn't anybody with me Sunday."

"No, but there were some folks passing at the same time — Tony De Vega and his mother and the two little children. Did you know you almost ran into them?"

"Yes. No — I didn't know that was his name. A Portuguese going along the road wouldn't keep you from calling to me, would it?"

"Why — no — I didn't mind Tony so very much," she hesitated. "I just never thought of calling to you — from so far. I did run down the hill, closer. I thought maybe you might come back. But you didn't. That must have been when you were on your way home to supper."

It was pleasant out here in the half-dark of the side yard. There were no shades at the windows, light through the cheesecloth curtains showed up the old machine and left them in welcome shadow. Yammering of the phonograph, squeals of the Hannon twins, Bench Prentiss being funny, scrambling and stamping about of feet in there — it sounded a lot better from a distance. He had, right here beside him, all that he cared for.

"Only," he spoke out of the middle of his thoughts, "I'd like to have you get a dance — if you care about it. You told me you loved to dance."

"I do."

"Then I'd love to dance with you."

For the first time in all his nineteen years, he wanted to take a girl in his arms. Of course — he glanced sidewise at her, found her looking at him, and glanced away quickly — of course, not without the dance. They'd get a chance to go somewhere again together. He'd dance with her — and then — But how would he get his chance unless they had some way of communicating? Look at the last three days, what a time he'd had! [*Continued on page 60*]

Capitalizing Imagination

Put It Into Your Business, Whatever It Is, and See What Happens

by Fred C. Kelly

"Birmingham Contrasts," by Edward Mott Woolley, which was promised for this month, was omitted, at the last moment, as important changes were necessary in the text. It will positively appear in October. We regret the delay; and we regret also that it was too late to remove the announcement from the present cover

ONE of the largest hotels in the world was opened four or five years ago, and the manager appreciated that merely to provide excellent service would not be sufficient inducement to attract the guest in the habit of going to some other hotel which also offered excellent service. All other things being equal, a man would rather go to the hotel where habit has made him feel most at home — where everything looks familiar. The only trouble with perfect service is that it attracts no attention. When a man is satisfied with a thing he gives little thought to it one way or the other — just as a man never appreciates what a good Little Mary he has when it is working perfectly. Similarly, he accepts an immaculate hotel room and good food as a matter of course, and the service makes no impression on him; but a lack of clean towels or failure to receive a telephone message cuts a little notch in his memory. So, decided this wise manager, the only way to impress on a guest that he is being well looked after is to give him super-service; that is, excellent service rendered in such a way that it will stir a man's imagination.

For instance, a guest at this particular hotel orders food brought to his room. When the tray comes it probably has on it not only the food but a rosebud in a little vase. No matter whether he cares for flowers or not, the guest recognizes that it was thoughtful and clever of the management to send him that nice little rosebud. He thinks that is good service. Then it suddenly flashes upon him: "Why, the service here is *all* good — remarkably good!" He remembers little items of high-grade service which he had previously accepted as a mere matter of routine. You see, his imagination has been awakened.

Similarly, in a string of successful hotels in certain of the Great Lake cities, the management places a newspaper at the door of each guest-room in the morning. The cost of the papers to the hotel is trifling, but each guest is saved calling on the telephone for the paper to be sent to him, and he is saved also the strain on his temper of having to give a bellboy ten cents for bringing him a paper worth only one cent. He feels so kindly toward the management for putting that paper at his door that he doubtless might be willing to overlook some item of inferior service if, by chance, any should occur.

When a guest remains a week or longer at the big hotel which this manager controls, he finds in his room a bouquet of flowers or a box of candy. This little present doesn't amount to much in itself but serves to make the guest feel as if he had become an old and valued friend — as if he were now one of the inner circle. When he comes to the big town again he has a sort of homey feeling toward the place where the manager sent flowers to his room. Such courtesies cost little, but they are the mortar between the bricks in the solid wall of good-will.

This manager has his clerks instructed to send flowers to the room of any couple who are on their honeymoon. If in doubt — but an experienced hotel clerk rarely guesses wrong on such a matter — he sends the flowers anyhow. Naturally there is nothing in the whole big

wide world so noteworthy to a honeymoon couple as their recent marriage. To have a hotel manager recognize the importance of the event by sending flowers, convinces them that he must be an extraordinarily wise and capable hotel man, and that they have come to the right place. So far as they are concerned, they trust that their children and their children's children will stop at that same hotel.

It has long been a question with hotel managers whether it is better to have an extra covering rolled up at the foot of the bed, or to have the guest call for it when he wants it. The advantage of sending in the extra coverlet only when it is asked for is that the guest knows then that it is clean. But the trouble is that when a man goes to bed in a warm room he does not think he will need any more covering. Along about 1.20 A.M. he begins to feel cold. But a trait of human nature is that a sleepy man would rather lie in bed cold, with his knees drawn up against his ribs, for four or five hours, than to arouse himself sufficiently to get up and telephone for another blanket. The next day he goes about sleepy and grouchy in consequence of having been cold in the night — and he feels a grievance toward the hotel. One hotel manager I know of gets around this whole difficulty by the use of a little imagination. He has the extra blanket rolled up at the foot of the bed in readiness for use, but to show that it is freshly laundered, he has pasted around it a little blue paper laundry band, such as come around shirts.

This same manager worked out another ingenious little scheme for the convenience of guests. Let us suppose that a guest has arranged for somebody to call on him at his hotel at three o'clock. A few minutes before three, however, he is obliged to leave the hotel on an important errand. Before going, he calls the telephone operator and says simply: "If anybody inquires for me I'll be back in half an hour."

The telephone operator then places a little red plug in the number of that room on the switchboard. In a little while the guest's friend calls on the phone. When the operator goes to connect with the man's room she finds the little red plug there to indicate that there is a so-called service message about that room. This message proves to be that the guest will be back in half an hour. If, instead of telephoning, the caller went to the information desk in the main lobby, he would receive the same message there, for it would have been telautographed down from upstairs. Likewise, if he happened to know the man's room number and took the elevator right to his floor, he would receive the same message from the floor clerk. And if he chanced to walk unannounced to the room itself he would find a piece of paper stuck on the door bearing the message that his friend would return in half an hour.

The ingenious proprietor also thought of an absurdly simple idea — so very simple that it was strange someone had not thought of it before. He arranged for one floor to be given over entirely to women guests, so that a woman traveling alone could go to that floor immediately on her arrival and register without having to make her way among a lot of men to the main desk downstairs. If she wishes to go to the theatre in the evening, but dislikes to go alone, all she has to do is mention the fact to the matron in charge and she is paired with another guest of her own sort who happens to be in the same situation. This matron is not just an ordinary woman, but a person who draws a big salary because of her rare tact and knowledge of people, acquired from years of social experience. She knows instinctively just which guests to send out together, with the certainty that they will be congenial.

Here is still another way in which capital was made of this manager's knowledge of every-day human psychology. In each room he has a little pad of paper on which is printed a request that guests jot down any criticisms of the service. That seems like a simple, inconsequential item of hotel management, but here is what happens: A guest has a real or an imaginary grievance. He goes to the little pad and writes it down. Having written it, he finds that most of the feeling of dissatisfaction is out of his system. Frequently he tears up the slip of paper, because the complaint looks trivial in black and white, and writes down instead

"You used your imagination, but not quite enough!"

something in the way of praise for the service — something that he would never have thought of except for the little complaint-pad being there on his table. If the dissatisfaction is justified, the trouble is remedied — which not only gains the favor of the one making the complaint but of other guests who might come and be annoyed later on over the same thing.

All this about hotels recalls a little episode at a small hostelry on lower Fifth avenue. A number of young women employes from a near-by business institution were in the habit of dropping in there for luncheon. It never occurred to them that their modest trade would attract the attention of the manager. But one day he graciously asked them if it would be agreeable for him to give them a little dinner as a slight token of his appreciation of their continued patronage. The cost of the dinner was comparatively little to the management, but those young women will probably talk about it and send friends to that hotel as long as they live. On the other hand, the type of guest who is in the habit of buying expensive dinners would probably think little of having a dinner given for him. He would be more accustomed to such things. The hotel manager was clever enough to know this. His dinner to those working girls was better business than giving a dinner to as many multi-millionaires.

The late George C. Boldt, when conducting his first hotel, the Bellevue, in Philadelphia, once went the limit in humoring the whims of a guest. A woman, a semi-invalid, wished to spend a week or two in a certain room at his hotel, and yet she said that she felt the need of a change of scene. She liked that particular room because of its convenience, but she was tired of everything in it — the pattern of the wall-paper, the fixtures, furniture — everything. Boldt asked her to delay her coming for twelve hours. In that time he told one of his men to have the room repapered, repainted and newly carpeted, besides providing new lighting fixtures, curtains, furniture and pictures. Later on that woman's family played an important part in making Boldt famous.

Just a short time ago I overheard a hotel proprietor calling a recent guest over the long-distance telephone to tell him of a message that had come after his departure. And the hotel man did not even order the charges reversed. I asked the man if it was not unusual for a hotel to extend such a favor at its own expense.

"Perhaps it is," he replied, "but wouldn't you do it for a man who had been a guest in your home? Then why shouldn't we do it all the more readily for a guest who pays us money?"

The story is told of a western railroad general manager who dropped in at one of the eating-houses provided for the construction gangs on his road, and noticed that the men were served with brown sugar. He asked the man in charge of the eating-place why they didn't have ordinary granulated sugar.

"Because this is cheaper," was the reply.

"Let's see if it is," suggested the general manager. He took a teaspoon and picked up all the brown sugar the spoon would hold. It made a little mountain of sugar. Then he tried the same thing with granulated sugar and the spoon would not hold half as much.

"You see," pointed out the general manager, "if every man uses an average of two spoonfuls in his coffee, granulated sugar is the cheaper. We must apply a little imagination when we can."

The father of former Senator Jonathan Bourne was a shipper at New Bedford, Mass. He possessed Yankee thrift, and was businesslike right down to the fractions. One day somebody left an anchor lying on Bourne's dock. An employe noticed this, and following the general policy laid down by Bourne, he made out a bill for dock rent. For the little while the anchor was there and the small space it occupied, the rent amounted to just one cent. He mailed the anchor owner this bill. Bourne heard of the episode and made this comment:

"You used your imagination, but not quite enough. To have thought of making out the bill, even though it was small, was good business. But to have mailed a bill for only one cent, when it took a two-cent stamp to send it — that was bad business."

One of the most successful big moving-picture theatres in New York — located in the Times Square section — is operated by a man who has imagination, and who consequently revolutionized picture shows. He was the first moving-picture theatre man to realize the possibilities of music in that type of show house.

"It isn't only that high-grade music pleased the audience," says this man. "It is reflected in the conduct of every employe about the place. Of course every one of them is drilled in courtesy, but I don't believe one of them could do an inconsiderate act after listening to our music. Sometimes I myself come in all wrought up over something that has gone wrong and I feel like clashing with everybody I meet. Then the orchestra strikes up and I unconsciously catch the sense of harmony. In a moment I am at peace with the world. Moreover, when people hear the kind of music we provide here, they are likely to feel that they are about to see something out of the ordinary. If we have a picture that is not quite satisfactory, I work all the harder on the music, and I know from investigation that when the music is exceptionally good the audience thinks the picture is better than it really is."

It is a part of human nature to pay special heed to that which bears the stamp of success. You start out in New York to attend a theatre. There are plenty of good shows, but you find that only one theatre is sold out. So you immediately lose interest in all the others and set your heart on going to the one where seats can be obtained only by paying a premium to a haughty speculator. It may not be a very good show, after all, but you think it is, else why would so many persons have clamored to get in? On the other hand, you drop in at an excellent performance where the theatre is only half filled and it is difficult to get much pleasure out of the entertainment because you keep looking at the empty seats and thinking that the show must be extremely poor or those seats would have been occupied.

A certain restaurant proprietor had enough imagination to take note of this human trait and utilize it in his business. He knew that his restaurant could not draw as large a trade on some days of the week as on others, and that some seasons of the year would be comparatively dull. And he knew, also, that if customers saw a lot of empty tables, they would begin to wonder what was wrong with his food. So he always has just enough tables barely to accommodate his trade for any particular day. Thus he throws an atmosphere of success about his [*Continued on page 68*]

The War Beautiful

How Can This Be? Read These Powerful Arguments. They Will Make You Think

by Cleveland Moffett

Part I

GOD allowed this war, we must believe, so as to make men better (not only Germans, but all men); so as to make this world a fairer and happier place for men and women to live in. Not to believe this is almost to despair of divine love and doubt the existence of any understandable purpose in the creation of human life.

The war beautiful!

In the eyes of posterity this war will be beautiful for Great Reasons, just as in our eyes the French Revolution is beautiful, just as our Revolutionary War and our Civil War are beautiful for many reasons. In the softening distance of time, the horrors of wars for justice and humanity fade away and we see only the triumphant steps forward that the race has taken at these tortured moments. What but war could have brought about the abolition of slavery in America? What but war could have accomplished the overthrow of Czarism in Russia, which means more to the Russian people in potential happiness and welfare than the whole war has cost them?

But the ghastly toll of dead and wounded! *Seven million killed in three years!* Twenty million wounded! How can war be beautiful when it inflicts such pain, such bereavement, such waste of life?

Wait! Let us not forget the lives wasted in peace. Needlessly wasted! By tuberculosis and preventable diseases! By alcohol! By poverty! By prostitution! Millions of lives wasted every year! In our slums, our mines, our factories, our child-labor hells! Suppose, through the griefs and miseries of this war, the world resolves to change these unjust and destructive conditions, resolves to guard, as it never has guarded, its most precious asset, *human life*, and to protect, as it never has protected, the creators of human life, the women, the mothers, *and their young?*

Such changes in the social order *must* come about in all lands as a result of a war that has shocked the universal conscience to its profoundest depths and stirred all men to a readiness for Great Deeds of Equity.

Consider the effects of war upon the alcohol evil, greatest curse and heaviest burden that the human race has had to bear. Russia is stamping out this evil as a result of war necessities, France and England are stamping it out, America has begun to stamp it out and will finish the work, we may be sure. Why? Because warrior men realize that they can neither work nor fight efficiently and at the same time poison themselves with alcohol, and *war demands efficiency!*

It may well be that future generations will look back upon this second decade of the twentieth century as the most blessed period in human history, since then it was, *as a result of war*, that men emancipated themselves from the most degrading and ruinous form of slavery that ever came on earth, *alcoholic slavery!*

I know a clergyman who had the courage recently to stop short in the midst of an impassioned appeal for prohibition and said:

"My friends, it is acts we must have in these days, not words, and I call upon every man and woman before me, who agrees that alcohol is a curse to this nation, to stand up."

Up on their feet came the entire congregation. Then the minister proceeded:

"Now I ask every one of you to promise that you will renounce all forms of alcoholic drinking until the end of this war. Those who are willing to take this pledge please remain standing."

The consequence was that *all but two* among several hundred solemnly took the pledge! And most of them will keep it. Why? Because the national conscience is now so deeply stirred that they will have strength to keep it, the almost hypnotic strength that comes from a profound and universal spiritual impulse.

Why should not every clergyman in the United States make a similar test of the new war-zeal for right living that is spreading over this land? Is there a greater, a more patriotic, service that our clergymen can render, than to use their influence in crushing out the devilish activities of American saloons and distilleries?

But ——

There is one thing to remember. If we take away the saloon and the distillery from millions of drunkards and near-drunkards, we must replace them with something more satisfying than cold words about economic waste. What is that *something?* Is it a *spiritual* something? Is it a *physical* something? I will try to answer this question in another article and will refer to a psychological phase of the drink problem that is not usually considered.

The other day in New York City I came upon a desperately sad phase of this alcohol evil — I mean drunkenness among young women. I met a girl of about twenty, quite a pretty girl with a certain innocent candor in her eyes, joined to a reckless bravado, who stopped as she passed me and asked for some money. I realized that she had been drinking; but her appearance was so miserable that I gave her ten cents, and a moment later I saw her enter a saloon for more drink. As I stood there, trying to decide what was a man's duty in such a case, the girl came out again and staggered down the street. Almost immediately two evil-looking rowdies followed her and in the next block joined her, one walking on either side, and when they came to another saloon they all went in at the *Family Entrance!* What a name!

"But she was a bad girl," it will be objected. "She was a drinking girl. She deserves no sympathy."

Alas! How easy is the cynic's rôle! That is what the New York police were saying about Ruth Cruger a few months ago, before her mutilated body was found in that shameful cellar pit, thanks to the courage of one woman — not a cynic — who had faith in the fundamental goodness of her sex.

There are thousands of American girls like this one that I met; they were meant to be wives and mothers; their services as wives and mothers are needed by this nation. Who dares to say that any one of them was a deliberate transgressor? Perhaps the girl I met was a stranger in New York. Perhaps she had been tempted to drink without realizing the harm that would result. Perhaps she was at heart a good girl, but poor and discouraged. There must have been a time when she took her *first* drink, when she entered her *first* saloon, and no one was there to warn her, to save her. Is it not a damnable condition of things that the greatest city in the United States has this elaborate street-corner machinery for changing innocent girls into prostitutes by drugging them, or half-drugging them, with alcohol!

Suppose all that is changed after this war? *And it is going to be changed!*

We are being taught a much-needed lesson in obedience.

War is like religion in this, that it teaches obedience, it requires implicit and immediate obedience.

I stood at Union Square, New York City, one day in June, and watched an awkward squad of newly enlisted U. S. Marines drilling under the shadow of a great wooden battleship that rears its guns and turrets strangely above the lawns and waving trees.

"On the right — into line — Hup! Forward! Column left — Hup!"

And so on, hour after hour, while East Side crowds, slouching, tobacco-chewing, with straw hats on the backs of their heads, watched these lads in blue and white maneuver about briskly at the drill-master's sharp command.

Obedience! How we hate it! Just as the Canadians and the Australians hated it! But we *must* learn to obey, to bend our wills before higher wills, our purposes and interests before higher purposes and interests. Everything depends on this, whether in battle or in life. I have heard it whispered that the ill-fated Gallipoli expedition was at one moment so very near to success that a little more *strict obedience* on the part of a certain general would have turned the scales the other way!

War is developing in America a new spirit of patriotism. Thus far, our love of country has been in the nature of a vague and beautiful abstraction, something that has not *cost* us anything and has never been much thought about. I suppose we have loved America selfishly, thinking more of what we were getting than of what we were giving.

But now ——

Well, here is a little story, told by Emery Pottle, that rather sets one thinking. Pottle was an ambulance driver back of the trenches, during one of the recent battles in France, when a soldier, wounded in the charge, was brought in. He was a young peasant, with a fine eager face, like one of our own boys; his two arms had been shot off, and he was in frightful pain.

The ambulance driver looked at the mutilated man and said kindly:

"I'm sorry, my lad; I'm very sorry."

The boy nodded.

"It's all right, sir. I offered France my life and she's only taken my arms."

Substitute an American boy in this story and see what new poignancy the recital takes on. What a difference it makes when it is *our* boy's arms that are gone! It is hard for us to visualize future things so that they seem real in the present. We observe an approaching storm and take umbrellas, but we cannot feel the sensations of the storm until it is actually on us. So it is with this war and the patriotism that is latent in our hearts — *it will blaze presently!*

Also war is bringing out astonishingly the latent goodness that is in us, the latent courage, the latent unselfishness, qualities possibly not suspected even by ourselves, for we are all better than we know.

Who does not call to mind some young American ne'er-do-well who has suddenly blossomed into a hero, driving an ambulance at Verdun, flying gloriously for the Allies over the German lines, winning commendatory mention by his commanding general for bravery under fire.

"What!" the family gasp. "Military honors for *him?* That black sheep! That spendthrift!"

Yes, even so, for war is a great revealer of things as they are, of men as they are.

Take the case of that young Englishman, second lieutenant in the Loyal North Lancashires, who, before the war, was a wayward pleasure-seeker — no particular standards of right and wrong — no particular excellencies of any sort. On the contrary! Nor did he enlist in a spirit of lofty patriotism, but simply because there was a big scrap on and he wanted to be in it. He neither knew nor cared what the war was about, and for months in the training camp he never took the trouble to look at a newspaper.

One ghastly night in France (1915) when the charge was ordered, this young fellow went over the parapet ahead of his men, as English officers do (German officers follow their charging soldiers to shoot the waverers), and almost immediately his right arm was shattered by a piece of shrapnel. [*Continued on page 69*]

Understanding

by

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

THE snowdrops and the crocuses
Bloomed in the olden way;
The stately tulips followed on —
The pansies had their day;
The roses came — and yet the year
Brought neither June nor May.

And now the tiger lilies lift
Their freckled faces high;
And now the sun is blazing down
From out a cloudless sky.
And yet it is not Summer time
Though Summer days drag by.
His dog looks up the lonely lane —
He knows the reason why.

A King in Babylon

The Great Mystery Novel

by Burton E. Stevenson

Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

Mlle. Roland was superb when the eunuchs dragged her into the king's presence

NEITHER Jimmy nor Mlle. Roland was present at dinner that evening. They were sleeping peacefully on, and Davis, who had taken a look at both of them, advised that they be not disturbed.

"I am something of a doctor, you know," he said, as we sat down to table; "got to be, out here in the desert — and my advice is to let them have their sleep out. They have been exhausted by the day's work — they need sleep more than food. They can eat when they wake up. Besides, to wake a person who is sleeping as soundly as they are is always a shock. And they've had shocks enough."

"Jimmy didn't have any shocks," objected Creel. "He just stood around sneering."

"We burn up more nerve force sometimes holding ourselves in than letting ourselves go," Davis pointed out. "From what you told me, I judge Mlle. Roland let herself go pretty completely."

"She just cut loose," said Creel. "It was gorgeous! She almost overpowered Digby and Mustafa, when they tried to chuck her into the tomb. Digby nearly had apoplexy — and I had to plaster Mustafa's arm with a ten-dollar bill, after it was all over."

"Yes, he was over here," said Ma Creel, "and I dabbed some iodine on it and dressed it for him. I was just going to ask you what happened to him. He wouldn't tell me, but it looked like a bite — a deep bite right through his forearm."

"It was a bite!" I blurted out; and then I could have bitten my tongue, for Creel looked at me like a thundercloud.

"A bite!" echoed Ma Creel, and they all stared at me — except old Digby. He just hung his head and went on with his meal. "But I didn't know there were wild animals out here," and she cast a frightened glance into the darkness about us. "And nothing but a tent —— "

"There aren't any wild animals," said Creel impatiently. "For goodness' sake, don't start anything else, Mary!"

"Then what was it?" Ma Creel demanded. "It was deep, I tell you — savage — clear in! Billy —— "

But I wouldn't have answered if I had been on the rack.

"Perhaps it was a camel," said Davis, quietly, at last. "Camels get vicious sometimes."

"No, it wasn't a camel," broke in Mollie, sharply. "It was too small for a camel."

"No doubt it was a goat," said Ma Creel, scornfully.

"It was the Princess bit him," explained Creel, unable to endure the ordeal any longer. "Just as he and Digby were thrusting her into the tomb, she lost control, somehow — flew off — forgot it was only make-believe, and defended herself in the only way that remained to her. And then Mustafa lost control, too, and picked her up and jammed her through the hole as though she were a bale of goods. It's lucky she wasn't hurt! And then the natives lost control, and went whooping over us and tore down the wall! By George, it was a strenuous afternoon — eh, Digby?"

We all started to laugh at old Digby—somehow it seemed to ease our nerves a bit— and then, when he looked up, I saw two ugly red streaks across his left cheek-bone.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Creel. "Did she get you, too?"

"She tried to claw my eye out," answered Digby, intensely.

"Nonsense!" said Creel, impatiently.

"Of course, I may be mistaken," said Digby; "but I would much sooner handle a wildcat!"

We all laughed again, but there was a sort of painful undercurrent in the laughter. A girl who bit men savagely in the arm and tried to claw their eyes out wasn't exactly pleasant to think about.

"I'm glad you didn't lose an eye," said Creel finally; "but it will make a great scene. I am sorry you didn't see it, professor."

"So am I," agreed Davis. "Will you have some more tomorrow?"

"Yes — but nothing so exciting. I am going to rush this thing through as fast as I can, before something serious happens to my principals."

"Don't push them too hard," said Davis. "They both seem to be very highly strung and extraordinarily susceptible to suggestion. They lose control, as you call it; and every time they do that makes it easier to do it again — it becomes a sort of habit."

"Doctor Jekyl and Mr. Hyde," I ventured.

"Exactly," Davis assented. "You'll remember that after a time, Jekyl kept slipping into Hyde in spite of himself. These two haven't got that far yet — they will probably wake up all right in the morning; but they are evidently set on hair-triggers, as it were. A touch sets them off. So you will have to nurse them along."

"I'm going to," said Creel; "but I've got to complete the picture — don't forget that."

"Will you need the natives tomorrow?" Davis asked.

"Yes. We'll do the slave-market," he added, turning to me; "and then we'll show the girl being captured by the slavers and brought across the desert. I want to get as much of that caravan stuff as possible — that's what we came to Egypt for. Then we'll take a few love scenes in the tent and beneath the palms. We'll get as many feet as we can!"

"I hope you can spare me five or six of the natives," said Davis. "I would like to get the coffin over to the tent, where I can keep my eye on it."

"Of course," agreed Creel, instantly. "Take as many as you need. Only I'll have to have Mustafa to keep those fellows in order and tell them what to do."

"Oh, I don't need Mustafa," said Davis; and so it was settled.

Davis hurried away after dinner to write up his notes, and Creel sat down to moil over his scenario with a disturb-me-if-you-dare look which there was no mistaking. Drawn by an irresistible fascination, I went in and took another look at Jimmy. He was lying exactly as before, breathing long and deep. There was something abnormal about it: I had seen him asleep many times, and he had never breathed like that — nor lay on his back with his hands behind his head and his ankles crossed. It was a strained, unnatural attitude. . . .

As I tore myself away and came out of the tent, I found Mollie waiting for me — at least, I should have supposed she was waiting, if she hadn't seemed so surprised when she saw me.

"I thought you were off by yourself somewhere smoking your pipe," she said.

"I've been taking a look at Jimmy," I explained. "He is still asleep."

"So is that — that vampire!" she whispered. And then, after a moment, "Would you like to see her?"

"Do you think it would be all right?"

"Of course it would be all right. Uncle Warrie and Mr. Davis have both seen her. I *want* you to see her. Come along," and she caught my hand and ran, rather than walked, to the women's tent.

A night-lamp was burning just inside the entrance, and she caught this up, and swept aside a canvas flap, and motioned me through.

But I held back.

"You go first," I said. "See if everything's all right."

"Of course everything's all right. Can't you hear her?"

Yes, I could hear her — that deep, regular breathing might have been an echo of

As we topped the rise and looked down upon the camp, we saw the chanter, squatted on his haunches, and around him the sleeping fellahin

Jimmy's. I slipped through, and Mollie let the flap fall behind us. Then she drew me to the bed, and held the light so that the sleeper's face was clearly revealed.

She was lying on her back, her hands clasped behind her head, her ankles crossed — and I noted, with a curious little thrill, that her left ankle was over her right, just as Jimmy's was. Her eyes were closed, and her long, curved lashes swept the lower lids. Her breast rose and fell convulsively with those long, deep, regular breaths. But for them, she might have been dead, so motionless she was and pale, save for that

"Then Jimmy is, too — he is breathing just the same way."

"I know — I went in to see him."

"You did?"

"Yes — I wanted this thing settled — I can't stand it any longer."

"I thought for a while," I said slowly, "that perhaps Mlle. Roland was a dope fiend, and that that was the cause of her spells of listlessness and languor. Perhaps she is drugged now — perhaps those wild actions of hers this afternoon were the result of a drug; and now she is sleeping off the effects."

matter-of-fact way, that it really was he, and that the woman he had murdered was walled up at the far end of the tomb; and that she had never died, but had just waited and waited, for four thousand years. . . . It sounds ridiculous, I know; but when Jimmy was telling it, the cold chills kept running up my spine and over my scalp, and I would have sworn it was all true, and that when Davis opens that wall —— "

"He mustn't open it!" breathed Mollie. "You mustn't let him open it!"

"Creel tried to talk him out of it, but he just laughed at him — called it superstition, ignorant fear. He half-

Silently we crossed the sand back to the oasis. As we neared it, the weird chant from the native camp floated back to our ears

livid mark across her cheek. Mollie indicated it with an inquiring finger.

"Did she really fall?" she whispered.

"Yes," I said; "but that wasn't what made the bruise. Mustafa struck her."

I saw the lamp quiver in Mollie's hand.

"How horrible!" she whispered. "How horrible! But she bit him — you should have seen that bite — deep, like a wild beast's —— "

"Come along," I urged. "We mustn't wake her," and I pulled her toward the door, took the lamp from her hand, and set it down on the little table outside. "Now come and sit beside me while I smoke that pipe," I added. "I want to talk to you."

She made no objection, and together we walked out to the edge of the palms, where we could look off across the desert, and sat down side by side.

"There wasn't any danger of waking her," said Mollie, suddenly, as I was filling my pipe. "I made a lot of noise a while ago, just to see, and she never stirred. I don't believe she is asleep at all."

"Not asleep?"

"No; she doesn't breathe like that when she's asleep — nobody does. She's in a trance."

"But how about Jimmy?" Mollie objected. "He isn't a dope fiend — we know that — and his condition is exactly the same."

"Well, what is it, then?" I demanded.

For a moment Mollie was silent, staring out across the sand, then she turned to me impulsively.

"Do you know what I think, Billy?" she said. "I think their spirits are off somewhere together — over at the tomb, perhaps —— "

Her voice trailed off as though she were afraid to finish, and we sat in silence, looking out toward the ruins, behind which the moon was rising. How beautiful the desert was — and yet how dismal — how threatening! Perhaps Mollie was right — why shouldn't she be right? I could imagine them walking side by side through some dream-world ——

"Mollie," I said, in a low tone, "the most astonishing thing happened over there this afternoon. Davis, you know, took the lid off that stone coffin, and inside was a wooden mummy-case, with a face painted at one end of it; and when that lid was raised, and we looked in, I would have sworn for a minute that it was Jimmy Allen staring up at us. It was just for a flash — and then the face changed, and the likeness was gone. And then Jimmy came in and looked at it, and told us in the most

believes in it himself, I think, but he won't let himself be frightened. He has nerve — I'll say that for him — and he has a theory that every time we yield to unreasoning fear, we are setting the race back toward savagery."

"He's welcome to his theories," said Mollie; "but he mustn't be allowed to open that wall!"

"How can we prevent it? After all, when one thinks of it, it *does* seem foolish —— "

"If he opens that wall," gasped Mollie, her hand clutching my arm, "something awful will happen — something *awful* — I feel it!"

I caught the hand and held it — and she didn't draw it away. After all, I reflected, I could stand a ghost or two — I could even welcome them! — if they drove Mollie into my arms!

"Davis just laughs at it," I said, comfortingly, "and he's probably right. He says Jimmy has moiled around over this picture so long, that it has become a sort of mania — he had a kind of heat-stroke, you know, a few days ago, and that may have helped. In fact, Jimmy sat right here beside me last night and told me he was getting things all mixed up — that he couldn't tell what was real from what was only imaginary; his outside and inside worlds had run together, as it were —— "

"You don't mean

[*Continued on page 52*]

"Vengeance Is Mine!"

by Frederick Stuart Greene

Illustration by F. E. Schoonover

IT was past midnight; a dim light burned in Michael Toomey's one-room shack. Danny, his motherless boy, lay sleeping in their narrow bed.

Toomey, seated at a pine table, struck his knotted forehead with open palm. After another minute of frowning thought he crossed the room silently, opened the door and peered cautiously out. A waning August moon hung sickly yellow an hour high in the West, lighting faintly the lowland that stretched from his shack to the bank of the river. Above the shimmering water loomed the nearly completed bridge, standing clear, huge, against the murky sky. Toomey scowled and looked away. To his right ran a straggling line of tar-paper shanties, the temporary homes of his fellow-workmen. From these no sounds came, no lights showed. It was all in the day's work to the toil-driven men, that the main span of the great cantilever bridge had that day been closed.

In the contractor's house on the hill, bright lights gleamed. Across the stillness came the shouts of boisterous laughter, jarring the calm of the summer night. Toomey's face glowed with fanatic anger as he listened to the noisy celebration.

"Aye! Laugh while ye may!" He shook his clenched fist towards the lights. "I'll learn ye to hire scabs, keepin' bread out of the mouths of dacint Union men! It's not your dirty money that makes Mike Toomey bemean himself, working 'longside of haythen slaves!" He spat on the ground and closed the door, his eyes flashing a zealot's hatred.

Toomey strode to a corner of the room and, opening a battered trunk, took out a box of polished wood. With the point of a small crowbar, such as bridge-workers use, he pried a board from the shanty floor and gently, one by one, lifted through the opening twelve greasy, waxy sticks.

"Careful now, Mike Toomey, thim's sivinty-five per cint," he muttered. They lay in a row before him like thick, yellow candles.

Rising from his knees, he went awkwardly on the toes of his heavy boots to the bed and drew a coil of wire from under the mattress. The child awoke, fright showing in his startled eyes.

"Whist, lad!" Toomey's voice had lost its harshness. "It's only me. Was ye afeared?"

The child put both arms about his father's neck.

"Till I knew it was you — but then," he drew back and looked into the man's rough face, unfaltering trust in his eyes, "'tis well I know you'll never harm me, Daddy."

Toomey unclasped the small hands and laying the boy quickly back ran a hard finger between the band of his collarless shirt and the working muscles of his throat.

"Sleep now, Danny"— his voice was unsteady — "I'll watch over ye." He waited at the bedside, his hand on Danny's, until the boy slept again. When at last he rose the child lay breathing quietly, his thin arms spread wide.

"Kathleen," Toomey whispered, looking up to the bare rafters of his shack, "it's like Mary's Blessed Son he is, our little Danny." He crossed himself.

Toomey stood for some moments looking at his boy; then, hanging the coil of wire over his shoulder, he took up the battery box and the dynamite and went from the shanty.

He moved, careful as a prowling animal, through the rank weeds that grew shoulder-high about his shack. Around the bridge foundation at the river edge, the ground was rough and bare. Toomey left the battery within the line of growing weeds and paying out the wire, walked slowly to the farther side of the pier.

The moon had dropped below the edge of the world, leaving a black night behind. Blacker still, rising far towards the sky, the bridge tower stood, a massive H in the darkness.

Climbing to the top of the pier, Toomey knelt and laid the sticks of dynamite between the diagonal lattice braces that joined the heavy column plates. He pushed a sharpened piece of wood into one of the waxy cartridges, placed an exploder in the hole it had left and connected the wires.

Toomey rose and rapidly reviewed his plan. This column he knew would be torn from its foundation, and the tower fall in a direction away from where he would be standing, in safety, at the battery. The falling column would drag down the land truss clear back to the concrete abutment; half, at least, of the river span would follow and sink, a tangled mass of twisted steel, to the river bottom. After the crash he would mingle with the excited crowd rushing to the wreck, and forever after be the secret hero of his Union.

As Toomey climbed down from the pier he remembered the dock-builders; the ragged outline of their shanties showed faintly in the shadow under the bridge.

"They'll be smashed!" He shrugged his big shoulders. "Swedes, not of the faith! To Hell wid' 'em!"

Crouching, Toomey hurried across the stretch of bare ground to the weeds. After he had found the battery he seized the handle and drew up the friction rod ready for the shot. Then he paused for a last look about him. High above, near the center of the bridge, a light gleamed.

[*Continued on page 38*]

"I've more than half a mind to quit, myself," Miss Trimble commented, gloomily

Divided Spoils

Another of the Popular Bigelow & Judkins Stories

by

Frank Goewey Jones

Illustrations
by **T. K. Hanna**

THE fat junior partner jolted down the aisle of Bigelow & Judkins's general office on his belated way to lunch. The moment before he emerged from his sanctum and started toward the street door, the comfortable gossip of noon-time leisure was buzzing from the two girls seated at the mail table. When their employer loomed from his private office, their unconstrained hum of talk was instantly stilled. It was as if bees droning in summer warmth just outside an icehouse had been numbed by a gush of frost from within. The chilled pair did not begin to thaw until the front door closed.

"Ugh-h-h!" Miss Neilson, the pretty mail clerk, shivered. "He makes me think of a frozen catfish!"

Miss Trimble, who had charge of the correspondence, files, giggled at her chum's description.

"I never could tell before exactly what he did remind me of; but that's it, Genevieve," she ratified Miss Neilson's classification. "Only at home we always used to call 'em bullheads."

"They're the same thing. Catfish and bullheads both have those clammy, wicked eyes, and mean mouths, and black, ugly faces — just like Judkins. And they raise up stickers that prong right into you whenever you get near 'em; the same as you feel he does if you come in his office without being sent for."

Miss Trimble emphatically bobbed her head.

"Honest," her friend railed on, "I wouldn't ever've believed before I started to work here that I could downright *despise* a person like I do him!" The mail clerk fairly luxuriated in the expression of her utter hatred. "If it wasn't for leaving you, I'd be actually glad tomorrow's my last day here; just because then I won't have to see Judkins any more. The very sight of him sort of poisons me."

The sympathetic filing clerk crooked her arm round the supple, gracefully slender waist of her chum.

"You're lucky, Genevieve," Miss Trimble commented, gloomily, "in one way, that the old bullhead wouldn't give you your raise. I've got more than half a mind to quit, myself. It's been bad enough working for the grouch ever since Bigelow went to New York. And with you gone, I don't know what I will do."

Miss Neilson responded by squeezing her friend affectionately.

"It's just lovely of you to not want me to go," she sniveled, emotionally. "I believe I'd back out, as late as this even, if I hadn't told Judkins I'd take that other job I've been offered, unless he'd give me ten dollars a week."

"They won't pay you only eight to start at Summerfield's!" Miss Trimble argued desperately to preserve her endangered chumship.

"I know," the mail clerk conceded. She squeezed her friend again to show her appreciation of the loyal yearning. "But I wouldn't for anything let Judkins know I was bluffing. I won't give him the satisfaction of finding out I only'll get the same in my new position that I do here. Besides, maybe I'll have a chance at Summerfield's to make more after I get used to their work."

The chums were united not only in affection, but by a common grievance. They severally had been wronged alike by Judkins when he employed them. He had told each novitiate then that the firm paid "up to ten dollars a week" for the job into which she was being coaxed with "six to start." The theoretical maximum, dangled as a prize of merit before the fascinated eyes of the mail clerk and of the filing clerk, had never become an actuality.

Miss Trimble now echoed the rancorous sentiments of one who had been outraged.

"A person could work her head off in this dump all her life; but she'd never pry more than eight dollars a week out of the firm. I never heard of such a tightwad as Judkins."

"Ain't it the truth!" vociferated Miss Neilson. "Look at me! Here I've been on the mail table over two years. In all that time, I don't remember being called down for a mistake yet. But the fat skinflint lets me go, rather than pay me two dollars more a week! And with the firm just coining money, too!

"But that isn't the worst of it!" the mail clerk shrilled her bitterest complaint. "I haven't ever had a bit of credit from Judkins for doing my work right. I don't believe he's even noticed the letters always go out correct, enclosures and everything. I've tried my level best to make a perfect record, so's I'd be entitled to the ten dollars I was as good as promised when I was first hired. But Judkins just stalled me off this time, exactly the same as he has before. He couldn't say one word against my work. He only grunted the old dodge that he guessed I was improving, and if I'd keep on like I was

doing, after a while he'd see!" Miss Neilson repeated with scathing contempt her employer's stock evasion.

"It would serve him right if we'd both threaten to quit on him," answered the filing clerk, darkly pondering a sympathetic strike in her chum's behalf. "But he'd let the two of us go, probably, rather than give in."

"It's lovely of you to stick by me so, Elinor," Miss Neilson choked out her gratitude. "But I'd hate to see you in bad, when it wouldn't do me any good. All I want is to get even with Judkins before I leave!" she snorted.

"Are you going to?" The filing clerk gasped her admiration for her intrepid chum. "What'll you do, Genevieve?"

"I don't know yet just *what*," Miss Neilson answered, with a vagueness that implied much more than any specification could have expressed. "But I'll think up something before tomorrow."

It was nearly one o'clock when the mail clerk announced her vengeful purpose. All the rest of the afternoon, she attended to her routine duties only mechanically. Her wits were groping for a plan of retaliation. Had she been bent only on wreaking spite in the course of the remaining few hours of her employment by Bigelow & Judkins, she might have glutted her desire to exasperate the junior partner by some such act of malice as mixing the outgoing correspondence. But Miss Neilson had made a computation of the total of her grievance. The sum was too large to be satisfied by the exaction of merely petty retributive annoyances.

"I—I never made a mistake with a letter before!" she quavered. "But—but I—didn't——"

With that will-o'-the-wisp, unattainable ten-dollars-a-week maximum as a lure, Judkins had enticed her twenty-four months and a half fatuously to perform all her duties perfectly. As a consequence, the dupe hated the deceiver now. She had the revengeful feeling of a treadmill donkey that had strained toilsomely to munch a titbit of fodder tied to a stick on its head, but which always had dangled tantalizingly just out of reach. There is no enmity so vindictive as the malice bred of the realization that one has been deluded into hard labor for a fool's wages.

Miss Neilson brooded over the wrongs that had been done her. By his false pretenses that perfection and indefatigability at the mail table would be recompensed "up to ten dollars a week," Judkins had induced her to be content with "six to start" when she was employed. At the end of her first half year, with great difficulty, she had extracted a raise to seven. Again, six months later, she had wrenched another hundred pennies a week from the junior partner, which he had yielded as if each one were a drop of his heart's blood. But when the mail clerk attacked him a third time for an increased stipend, after working eighteen months for the firm, he was obdurate.

Miss Neilson calculated with mathematical exactness that throughout the fourth half year of her employment, when she received only eight dollars a week, she had been robbed of one-ninth of her rightful wages as actually as if the junior partner had filched a bill from her pay envelope every Saturday. Since now she had also a fortnight's start on a third year with Bigelow & Judkins, and should be getting the theoretical maximum of ten dollars, she computed that by arithmetical progression of petty larceny she at present was being victimized to the precise amount of two dollars a week.

It was a considerable satisfaction to Miss Neilson, this last Friday afternoon at the mail table, that she was able to figure definitely what the firm owed her. She set the debits down on paper.

26 weeks @ $1.00	$26.00
2 weeks @ $2.00	4.00
Total	$30.00

Her due being thus exactly expressed, her problem seemed simplified. The measure of reparation owing to her was thirty dollars. In default of a cash recovery, of which she was hopeless, the mail clerk was convinced that equity justified her in recouping from Bigelow & Judkins part of what she had given them on credit based on false pretenses. The firm was entitled to have received services thirty dollars less valuable than she had given. She could not go back over the past twenty-eight weeks and mulct each of its share of the unrequited perfection of her work at the mail table. But the alternative course was open to her for a limited time. Self-respect demanded that, before noon next day, she take some action which would cost Bigelow & Judkins at least thirty dollars.

Chance brought the mail clerk her opportunity shortly after five o'clock. A quarter of an hour earlier, she had taken a telegram to Judkins. Immediately upon reading the message, he sent for Miss Trimble and commanded her to bring him one of the correspondence files. Miss Neilson watched her employer through the doorway of his private office. For ten minutes, he was furiously busy scrutinizing some papers on his desk. Finally, he signed two or three and thrust them into a long envelope, which he sealed and addressed. Then he jounced out to the mail table and tossed the letter before Miss Neilson.

"Take that over to the branch post-office," he ordered, peremptorily. "It's very important; so I want you to go yourself, right now, and not wait to send it with the rest of the mail."

The dependable, perfect employee jumped up at once and started to the locker room for her hat. Judkins tramped back to his sanctum. In less than a minute, Miss Neilson reappeared in the general office. Meanwhile, she had decided what to do with an unexpected opportunity.

The "very important" letter was addressed to an inventor in Milwaukee, who owned a pasteurizer patent that had caused Bigelow & Judkins much anxiety of late. In the performance of her duties, the mail clerk had absorbed a smattering of the correspondence that had passed between her employers and their attorneys with regard to the invention. Among other things, she knew that the senior partner was in New York now to watch the outcome of a lawsuit, which the owner of the patent had brought against an alleged infringer of his rights.

Bigelow & Judkins were not defendants in this litigation, but they were concerned about it for reasons the mail clerk understood only in part. She remembered that Judkins had been expecting a telegram from his partner in relation to the lawsuit. She surmised that the message she recently had delivered was from Bigelow. Miss Neilson knew it had stirred Judkins to take immediate action, that resulted in the signing of several papers and the urgent dispatching of the valuable looking packet addressed to the Milwaukee inventor.

She guessed that her employers were "working some scheme or other" in accordance with a predetermined plan. Doubtless important issues depended on the prompt posting of the letter entrusted to her. Conversely, the mail clerk was sure that if the long envelope were not to be received by the patent-owner at the time Bigelow & Judkins intended him to get it, her employers' designs would be frustrated.

Miss Neilson saw her chance to exact "satisfaction" for her personal claim against the firm. She was sure that by delaying the letter she could damage her debtors at least thirty dollars. She smiled sardonically as she hurried from the locker room and picked up the envelope Judkins had tossed on her mail table. The smile broadened to a grin of impish gratification when she went out the front door of the office.

She walked briskly to the postal sub-station, two blocks down the street. She entered the building and at once shoved the letter into the proper mail slot. A casual observer of all the girl's movements since Judkins ordered Miss Neilson to the post-office would likely have thought she had done her errand perfectly. Immediately after she slid the envelope through the letter slot, she started back to Bigelow & Judkins's place of business. Only five minutes had elapsed when she reentered the front door.

Judkins called to her as she passed his sanctum on her way to the locker room.

"Did you mail that letter all right?"

"Yes, sir," the girl replied.

"Good!" he ejaculated. He rubbed his fat hands together gleefully, and chuckled. [*Continued on page 40*]

Plain Bill Hohenzollern

Kings and Kaisers and Czars Are Only Men, After All!

by Porter Emerson Browne

Pictures by Peter Newell

MY friend shook his head sadly.

"What's the matter?" I queried.

"Did you ever stop to think," he asked, "how deeply and how thoroughly almost everything in this world is concealed beneath a mass of hokum, buncombe and claptrap?"

I waited.

"When a surgeon wants to find out what's the matter with a man's body," my friend continued, "he peels off the man's clothes and goes over him with a clinical thermometer and a stethoscope. But when the world wants to find out what's the matter with a man's soul, it is perfectly willing to examine him through a criminal record, a sob squad, or a couple of bales of gold lace, as the case may be. It escapes the eyes of the world completely that a man is merely a man, born of woman, with two legs and two arms and a couple of eyes and a more or less rotten disposition; that it makes no difference whether he first saw the light in a mansion or a manger, whether his father was a king or a carpenter, or whether he was born with a gold spoon in his mouth, or only a tongue.

"No, the poor old besotted world goes on giving each and every individual a cradle valuation that he never has, never could, and never will possess.

"Mike the Bite's old woman gives birth to a small, red-headed, freckled hunk of humanity, and the limited public that is cognizant of this unimportant event murmurs something about the old lady running true to form, and immediately loses all interest in the affair. On the other hand, her imperial highness, the Grand Duchess of Worms and Taxis, presents to an anxiously awaiting empire a small, marasmus infant about the size and consistency and intelligence of a rotten apple, and the entire populace sits up on its haunches and howls with glee. It doesn't stop to think for a minute that the open-face progeny of Mike and his better four-fifths may well grow up to a rugged, honest, honorable citizen, or even president of the United States, while the chances are a million to one against the scion of Worms and Taxis ever proving anything but impossible raw material that will defy the best efforts of the most expensive collection of human agriculturalists ever gathered together under one canvas; and that, while the aforesaid son of Mike and his wife will grow to be a useful citizen, all that the above-mentioned scion can ever possibly become will be a national disgrace and an international menace.

"So the best it gives Mike's son is a common-school education — if the schools aren't too crowded. While the scion of Worms and Taxis gets both in large quantities. Mike the Bite's son, after overcoming a million handicaps and leading a useful and constructive life, is liable to wind up at last in a wooden kimono in Potter's Field; while the Wormful and Taxi-cabbing scion, after having had spent on him enough money to pay the national debt of China, finally succumbs to wine, women and song, though very little song, and at length is mowed away in a mausoleum that looks like the power station at Cos Cob, Connecticut.

"Thus goes the world, batting around like a blind dog in a butcher's shop, treading on the plants and cultivating the weeds, yanking up the June peas and carefully cossetting the poison ivy. . . . What would you think of a miner that sedulously saved the quartz and threw the gold away? Yet that's precisely what the world has been doing. It's been doing it since the early Silurian Epoch. And I suppose it'll keep on doing it until Gabriel blows his horn, or the millennium comes, or some other little thing like that happens to give it a jolt. . . . But it makes one mighty sick, at that."

My friend paused. . . . I didn't interrupt. At length he continued:

"As the most startling case in point, look," he said, "at the well-known and justly unpopular Kaiser William of Hohenzollern. Notwithstanding the fact that we have been fighting him for six months, as have all other decent people in the world for three years and more, how do we still consider him? As a man? Not at all. And yet that is all he is, and hardly that.

"And still even we, who are pleased to consider ourselves the leading exponents of democracy in the world, have fallen for the same old bunk that monarchs since the year one have used to fool and befuddle their followers.

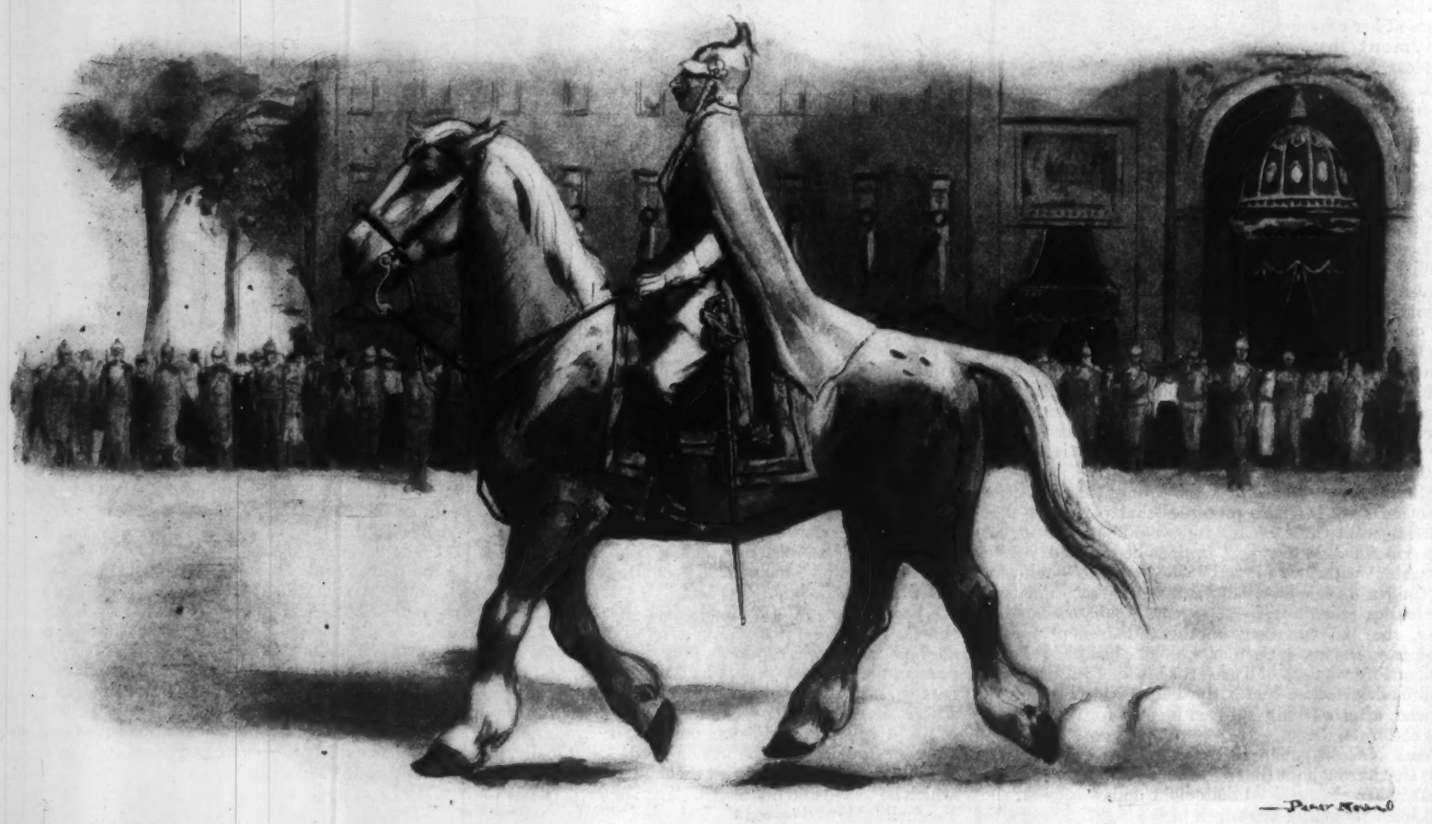
"Trace the pomp and splendor of monarchies back to the beginning and you'll find that a monarch is the direct descendant of an idol.

"The great curse of humanity is the lack of imagination. To humanity the abstract is like the cowslip — just the abstract, nothing more. Humanity can't visualize a thing unless it sees it. Humanity must also have something to worship and something to fear. Humanity, like children, can't be good for good's sake. It must have a reward to inspire, and a punishment to dread. Hence idols; idols that would give you a whole flock of wives and a good corn crop to feed 'em on, if you behaved yourself; and make you certainly hard to find if you didn't.

"But an idol, while highly successful as a stimulant and a deterrent, proved somewhat unsatisfactory when it came to the mundane management of human affairs. So coincidentally with his development, we find arriving on earth the tribal chief. The tribal chief was supposed to be the wisest (also the toughest) lad in the community. He and the idol were supposed to get their heads together and dope things out, and the rest was easy. Furthermore, they were great little pals, and what they didn't whisper into each other's shell-like, or cauliflower, ears, wasn't worth bothering about.

"It was but a short step from the tribal chief to the monarch, a monarch being but a tribal chief whose business has grown so that he has had to put in a spur track and take on a couple more bookkeepers in the office.

"The early monarch was elected like a president in Mexico. He killed all the other candidates and then it was plain sailing. When another candidate became



It soon got so that when he went out on a brewery horse, for a morning's canter, it was only a question as to which would first crack under the strain

strong enough to kill him, he resigned, and said successful candidate took his place. Being king in those days was a short life, but a merry one while it lasted. You could help yourself to the best house in the village, and all the wives you wanted, and you couldn't possibly get into any trouble (barring a Successful Aspirant) because you made up the laws out of your own head as you went along.

"It was about this time that there came into vogue that naïve sentiment that the king could do no wrong. You bet your life he couldn't. He fixed that all right before he started.

"As I have suggested, the monarch business in those days was competitive. Divine right was effective only until along came another party with an even more divine left. But kings were greatly honored while they lasted. They could outdrink, outrun, outflirt and outfight any of their subjects, so no wonder they were looked up to. And besides, it wasn't a bit safe to be hypercritical about a party who stood six feet six in what should have been his socks and who could treat a yearling bull like a pet. The surest way to commit suicide in those days was to go out on the corner of Main Street and Washington Boulevard and make invidious remarks about the current monarch. As he was the lad from whom all worldly blessings flowed, he was not unnaturally surrounded by a gang of fawning sycophants. He also commanded the best financial, artistic, literary and scientific brains by merely sending out a squad of gendarmes to bring 'em in.

"As time sped by, the same thing happened to the monarch business that afterward evolved in this country in the oil, steel and butcher businesses. A few unusually efficient kings hogged the whole works, and formed a trust. Non-union monarchs had their chance to sell out or be thrown out. Some of them came into the trust and were allowed to retain their crowns and their cuff-links. Others were stepped on, as they rightly deserved. And the Monarch Business was at last put on a sound, financial basis, and became as safe as a church.

"And then what happened? Like many an individual, monarchs were able to stand adversity, but not prosperity. As the business began to settle down, the monarchs began to settle down with it; and they soon became fat and effete. They put open plumbing and thermostats into their palaces. When they went to bed early Monday morning, full of optimism and non-freezing solution, they'd leave a call for Thursday afternoon. Waxing too fat to fight themselves, they began to employ others to do it for them; and it soon got so that the heaviest thing a monarch could lift was his sceptre; and when he went out on a brewery horse for a morning's canter, it was only a question as to which would first crack under the strain.

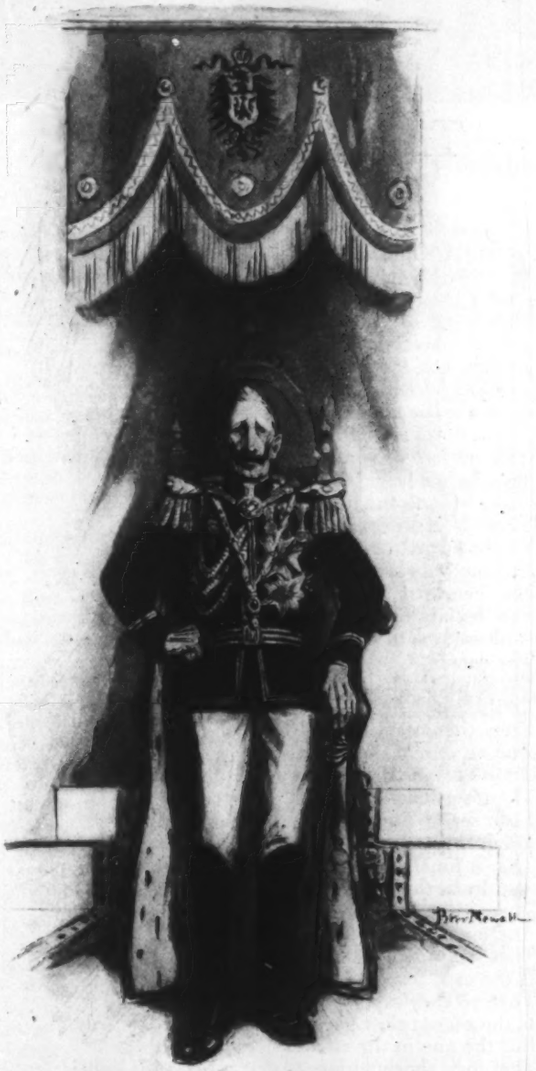
"A few of the monarchs at last began to get onto the fact that this would never do. Hitherto, their sole claim to their august jobs had been that they could lick any other aspirant thereto. Now at last, finding themselves in a physical condition where carrying themselves around constituted a hard day's work, they decided that something must be done. Since they could no longer keep up the bluff by their physical prowess, it must be accomplished some other way. But one bluff is as good as the next if properly put across. So all they had to do was to take up bluff No. 2, hitherto long neglected, but lying fallow for their needs. And bluff No. 2 was flumdiddle.

"They hopped to it blithely. Discarding the sheet-iron union suit that for so long had invested the monarchial form with the external attributes of a Green Mountain base burner, they loaded themselves all up with gold lace and jewels and titles and epaulettes and crosses, single and double, to say nothing of ribbons, and garters, and swords and Prime Ministers and things until just to look at them was like seeing the finale of a musical comedy.

By keeping themselves in storage warehouses with gold roofs, and refusing to let people look at them except through smoked glasses, and giving themselves large boosts in the newspapers, they finally got people to believe that they and Destiny were bosom friends and what they didn't know wasn't in the book. And the populace, always willing, nay, even anxious, to fool themselves, fell for this new bluff just as besottedly as they had for the old, and entered right into the game without even an intermission. And the monarchs, finding out they could bunk 'em a whole lot easier with flumdiddle even than they had with prowess, heaved a satisfied sigh. . . .

"You don't believe? . . . How long, do you think, would a king last whose name was George B. Muggins, and who went around in a Mackinaw jacket, and congress gaiters, chewing a straw? . . . The Czar was a very altitudinous little party as long as he lived in a union station and had a window-dresser for a valet. But look what happened to him when he came out into the backyard of the palace garbed only in a pair of overalls and a snow shovel. They couldn't bump him quick enough!

"But the monarch business, like all other good things, had to come to an end. And the end began to come



They loaded themselves all up with gold lace and jewels and things until just to look at them was like seeing the finale of a musical comedy

when, of the arrogant security that had been theirs, they took it out of the competitive class and made it hereditary. A well-established business can stand darned near anything except heredity. The minute you substitute an accident of birth for a competent control, that minute marks your arrival at the top of the toboggan slide. And when the marasmus scion of Worms and Taxis started in to take the place of old Eric the Vermillion, the stuff, as the French have it, was off! A barber-shop couldn't have stood the strain, let alone a monarchy!

"No, sir, when the vermin-lined cape of royalty fell from the broad shoulders of the gent with the reinforced concrete fists and descended automatically upon the seventeen-inch shoulders, receding chin and pear-shaped head of his first-born, the end was in sight. Left to its competitive form, the monarch business might have gone on for aeons. But making it a family graft was too much for it. And before long it began to take on that anemic appearance of one of those North Carolina families that won't marry a perfect stranger like a second cousin.

"So it was that, in 1914, when broke the Great War, the monarch business had become practically a vanishing industry. France had discarded it. In England it had become but a romantic form; as in Belgium, and in Italy. . . . Pressed flowers lying between the pages of an old book. . . .

"In but one country in the world did this hoary-headed old monstrosity toss its medieval mane in primeval abandon. That was in Germany. There flourished like the green bay tree all the old hokum, all the old buncombe, all the old claptrap, all the old flumdiddle. Divine right, there was, and iron crosses, and uniforms that would make a May-pole look like half-mourning. The Kaiser and God were fast friends. And above all, the hokum of phraseology; everything to do with this archaic abortion was buried beneath a panoply of words through which the light never penetrated. It was his imperial majesty this, and her imperial majesty that; and the imperial exchequer, and the imperial counsellor, and the imperial Prince What-Not chewing on his imperial teething-ring, or getting an imperial ache in his imperial tummy. And the imperial Kaiser goose-stepped his imperial soldiers around to please his imperial whim, stopping once in a while to imperially give God a few imperial words of condescending compliment on His humble efforts in behalf of the imperial empire.

"In good sooth had Germany become the land of the few and the home of the bunk!

"Now, peeling off the situation all the tin-foil and gold bands and iron crosses and whiskers and things, and getting out the old stethoscope, what do we find to be the real truth about Germany and the Kaiser?

"Germany has a civilization something like that of the Incas, only not so good. On a tenth-century idea, she has built up a twentieth-century efficiency. She has taken from the twentieth century all that its science could give her, and yanked it back with her into its tenth-century lair, blood-stained and bone-filled. And from this rotten hole she glimmers and glowers and gluts like any Stone Age barbarian.

"For you've got to remember that it's only within the last few hundred years that war has been regarded as a Terrible Thing. Before that, war was the normal condition of the world, and peace merely the vacation that enabled one to recuperate from the latest war, and get ready for the next. The viewpoint of humanity was like that of the head-hunter who considers that day as utterly wasted that finds him not faring forth in quest of a human cranium to put on the parlor mantel.

"Thus, Germany, of her tenth-century civilization, believes; and, believing, practises. All her writings, all her teachings, all her efforts, have been going on for the last forty years in recuperating from the war she then fought, and getting ready for this that she is fighting. It was only that we other nations, having come to find that peace has its pleasures after all, and that killing and robbing your fellow men, women and children is a low form of amusement, were too generous to believe that we had within our midst so benighted and anachronistic a nation. It takes the murder of children peacefully at school to make us credit it; and even then it is hard for us to believe. Poison gases, and liquid fire, the enslavement of the conquered, rape, murder, pillage, arson, the use of human bodies for fat fertilizer and pigs' feed—all these things our stunned intelligence, aghast, refuses to credit, even to comprehend. But it behooves us to start to commence to begin to get ready to understand, and to do it now. Otherwise we'll find a practical and personal conviction that will begin when we spit up our lungs in little pieces and end only when we find ourselves hanging in the imperial smoke-house and waiting to be fried in neat rashers with the imperial eggs for the imperial breakfast.

"And the Kaiser? Stripped of his imperial hokum and his august buncombe, he is no more and no less than any other roughneck who is capable of collecting a gang of vicious or misguided followers and terrorizing a community. Monk Eastman, or Geronimo, or Captain Kidd, or Bill Hohenzollern, it's all the same thing in principle. In magnitude only lies the difference. For where they counted their followers by ones, Bill counts his by millions. As they planned their raids on individuals, so plans he his raid on nations. As they shot or killed or enslaved their victims by tens, so does he shoot or kill or enslave his victims by thousands and hundreds of thousands. But Bill and Geronimo were the only ones to murder little children.

"So, in 1914, we find Bill with a piece of lead pipe up his sleeve and a gag in his pocket, peeping in the parlor window of the Triple Entente, where Mr. Alphonse France, Mr. J. B. England and iittle Mr. Albert Belgium are talking politics, and business, and how late the spring is, and my! what a lot of rain we've had this year, while Mrs. France and Mrs. England and Mrs. Belgium are sitting around

knitting and telling one another what cute things the children have been saying.

"Behind Bill, in the shadow, one can dimly see the hulking form of Bull von Kluck, the well-known yegg, whose finger prints are in every police-station, and Eat-'Em-Up Jack Hindenburg, the Prussian stick-up man, as well as Gentleman Joe Falkenhayn, the second-story worker. Back of them in the gloom are the hazy figures of the rest of the gang, among whom sits Unhappy Hapsburg, the Austrian, picking at his sideburns and wondering how he happened to get there in the first place.

"'They ain't lookin', are they, Bill?' gruffly mutters Hindenburg.

"'Nary a peek,' says Bill. 'The poor dubs is as peaceful and unsuspecting as a lot of kittens under a stove.'

"'Good!' says von Kluck, rubbing his hands, gleefully.

"'I choose the little guy,' says Bill's son, young Bill, commonly known as Rat Face. 'I can lick him too easy! And after we clean up this joint, let's all go after that fat guy, Uncle Sam, that lives in the big house just across the pond. He ain't looking, neither, the poor stiff! And he's richer'n mud! Why, he'd be a pick-up!'

"And then at the word, they knock out the window and leap into the room.

"Little Mr. Belgium puts up a brave fight. But he hasn't a chance. In no time they've bounced a brick off his head and he's out.

"But it gives Mr. France a chance to go home and get his gun, and for Mr. England to reach his house and call to his sons to come to the rescue. But it's only by the grace of God and little Mr. Belgium that the raid is even resisted. . . . And it's nearly three years before Uncle Sam gets his head out from under the bed-clothes and realizes what's going on, and begins to try to remember where he put his gun the last time he came in with it in 1898.

"And there you have 'em, thinking, and working, and acting precisely like any other gang of burglars.

"But of course, way down deep, it's the fault of a system; a system of thought, a system of government, a system of civilization; or better, the lack thereof, And it is of this rotten and archaic system that the Kaiser is a spoiled product.

"The Prussian idea is a kiss on the hand of those above, and a kick in the face for those beneath. The Kaiser, being on top, has had all kisses. From the time he first opened his eyes, and his face, on earth, he has had everything his own way. He was Little Jack Horner and the world was his pie. Every time he made a stupid remark, all Germany sat up and said, 'Ain't he cute!' He was taught that the country was his, and the people his, and the soldiers his. And he could march 'em around, or bust 'em in two and throw 'em in the alley as his imperial mood saw imperially fit.

"He had two miles of uniforms and was a general or an admiral or something in everything from the Imperial Death's Head Hussars to the Imperial Boy Scouts. And he nicknamed himself the War Lord in much the same spirit, but with deeper results, that Booth Tarkington's *Penrod* might call himself Red Eye, the Trapper.

"In other words, he was, in Germany, what is technically known as the Candy Kid, or the Fair Haired Child. Is it any wonder that on growing up he became a murderous old megalomaniac? Up to the time the war started, his record, to paraphrase, Mr. Dooley, was that he had been a fairly shrewd business man, a successful flirt, a ten-cents-on-the-dollar failure as a husband, an ardent military fan, and was about to play off a tie in the long-distance mileage championship with ex-President Taft.

"As a further means of groping amid the flumdiddle, let's suppose he had been born in America, of similar condition, station and parentage.

"His father, William Hohenzollern, Sr., would probably have inherited a large steel business, founded by his father, Old George W. Hohenzollern, on the nucleus of a lot of other concerns which he iron- or double-crossed and absorbed. When young Bill came along, everything was going great with the family finances.

"Early in his youth, he evidenced a strong fondness for things military; but on joining the Boy Scouts, he got into an unfortunate altercation with a hornet's nest with the result that he sort of lost his enthusiasm. The fact that he was supposed to take, instead of give, orders, also militated against his complete enjoyment. At which he decided that soldiering was a frost and would have none of it.

"Spoiled as a child by over-indulgent parents, young Bill was a sort of public pest until it came time to send him to college.

"Once there, he attempted on the strength of his father's money and reputation to tell all the other lads where to head in at.

"The other lads stood it just exactly one-eighth of one minute. Following which, they took him by the jeans and slammed him to the disappearing lake recently presented by another well-known and with himself justly-popular steel baron. On emerging from the lake, Bill was made to sit in a rose-bush, with a toothpick in each hand, and then sing 'Pull for the Shore, Sailors,' until the others got tired of listening. That night he partook of his supper from the mantelpiece.

"He didn't make any of the teams in college because he wasn't good enough. He was once caught beating a polo pony with a mallet; what happened to Bill at the hands of his indignant fellow players made the pony's experience seem like a pleasure.

"When he graduated from college, his father took him into the office. He gave him three dollars a week to start. After that, he put him on the road, covering the New England states and as far west as Buffalo. Bill wanted to marry a chorus-girl; but father sent him to Siberia big-game shooting, where he soon forgot her. Afterward he came back and married the daughter of Jason B. Wiggs, the well-known head of the banking firm of Wiggs, Watkins & Company, with branch offices in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Havana and Buenos Aires.

"On the death of his father, he succeeded to the business which, with the aid of a couple of his father's old managers, Henry J. Hindenburg and K. Percy Falkenhayn, he is managing to keep going, although it's a moral certainty that when these two beauties die off some of the old-line boys will pin something on Bill and it won't be a rose.

"That is the probable story that would have been Bill Hohenzollern's had he been a regular citizen of a regular country. There is one other alternative. Had his parents persisted in spoiling him, he would probably have landed in Mattewan as a dangerous paranoiac.

"As it is, he serves well to illustrate the terrible results that must come from the placing in absolute power of the mentally, morally and spiritually unfit. Lots of things can be withstood by lots of people. But not even a whole world can stand heredity.

"Also," my friend continued, "if Bill's fellows had had sense enough to make him sit in a rose bush and sing 'Pull for the Shore, Sailors,' the German liners would still be sailing regularly, and some millions of men and women and children that are now entirely defunct would be sitting down to a happy dinner and believing that life is really a very pleasant thing, after all. Think it over."

I have been. . . . I still am. . . .

The Twelfth Floor

by **Mary B. Mullett**

I

CLEAN quit of you all, down there in the street,
With your turmoil of hoofs and of wheels and of feet!
Clean quit of you all!
Only your call,
Like the beating of waves
In dim, half-forgotten, subterranean caves,
Comes up to me here.
Comes up — and I hear —
I look down — and listen — and watch you go by —
And am free of you all, alone with my sky!
My window is wide,
Open wide to the night.
There is darkness inside.
I have turned out the light.
But the stars are about me, above and beneath —
Yes, beneath!
For the city lies there like a vast sombre heath
A-blossom with stars.
The cars
Fly down the long street
As if a wind, fleet
From the ocean, were blowing the flowers.
And on one of the towers
A-top of some droning and populous hive,
There's a star that's alive.
I can see its pulse beat as it throbs in the sky,
For it thrusts up so high,
That it touches Arcturus and neighbors with Mars,
And links those man made with the God-given stars.
There are two Milky Ways; one above, one below.
And a child said, I know,
That the one in the sky
Is the cats' heaven. Why!
That, so they say,
Is the reason they gave it the name, Milky Way.
But the one in the street!
That long thoroughfare that is misty with light!
If ever you meet,
Abroad in the night
Some wastrel, some starveling, some stray homeless cat,
Just ask if its notion of heaven is *that!*

II

But I said I was quit of you — you in the street!
Of your tumult of thought and your frenzied heart-beat,
Your passions and pleasures, your joy and your pain,
Your ephemeral treasures, your losses, your gain!
And I've come back — to that —
Just to talk of a cat!
It is strange. But perhaps it's because all you things,
Mice and men, cats and kings,
Down there in the street,
Seem to meet
And to mingle, to be much the same,
Except for some slight unimportance of name,
When, here at my window, I look down and try
To see you, as God sees, from up in the sky.

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

Is This Why You Drink?

[*Continued from page 17*]

made to her had thrown me back upon myself, had discouraged my confiding in her and had first turned me to the habit of "keeping things to myself" and trying to deal with them after my own fashion.

It was astounding to me to see how many memories of things I had thought forgotten were brought up by that one dream. For instance, although I had never been able to recall the circumstances of my mother's death since conscious remembering had been a habit, the free associations called up by the things in the dream enabled me to see perfectly the scene about her deathbed, my grandmother and father in the room, my mother's appearance, etc.

In thinking the matter over that evening, I said to myself:

"What he has done hasn't amounted to much. It was easy enough for him to see that I was reticent in my habits of thought and life. But I can't see that he uncovered anything of vital importance to me."

The next day, however, I could tell him a dream, the analysis of which showed me that the doctor knew his business and that he was getting down to the real troubles of my life. He began to prove to me that one's past is like a huge, heavy tail which one drags along, feeling the weight of it and yet not being able to deal with the weight properly.

Here is the dream I told him:

"I went into a tailor shop to have my measure taken for a suit of evening clothes. When I got into the shop, I was amazed to find that this tailor, who had been making all my clothes for me, had installed a big supply of ready-made suits. Instead of taking my measure, he pointed out a suit that was hung on a wire frame.

"'That suit will fit you exactly,' he told me, 'and it will cost you only thirty-six cents.'

"I was amazed that I could get a suit of clothes for thirty-six cents, but, after feeling the texture of the cloth and noting how the suit was made, I agreed to take it. He told me he could not let me have that suit, as it was a model, but that he had others exactly like it already done up in boxes. I took one of the boxes and paid him thirty-six cents.

"When I got out on the street, it struck me that there must be something wrong with a suit that cost only thirty-six cents. Accordingly, I immediately opened the box and found that the suit was made of cheese-cloth."

"What," asked the doctor immediately, "does the figure 36 remind you of?"

For a long time — I should say three or four minutes — it reminded me of nothing. As a matter of fact, it was only with extreme difficulty that I could answer the great majority of his questions about this dream — a sure sign that it concerned matters of great import in my past life. All the time, I would imagine that I was thinking of nothing or that I was thinking of too many things to take time to tell him any of them. That was my conscious resistance against letting him into the unconscious, my irresistible objection to showing him the real things revealed by the story of the dream.

He persisted, again and again:

"Thirty-six? What does that remind you of? Thirty-six?"

"The only thing," I finally said, "that this brings up in my mind is the number of a train running out of my home town to the South. That train is number 36."

"Now," he pursued, "whatever happened to you in connection with that train?"

"Nothing," I said, instantly and with great conviction.

"That's impossible," he objected. "The fact that this train is in your mind now is absolute evidence that at some time or other it made a great impression upon you. Nothing can come out of the mind unless it has been put there by some other person. Think again."

After another considerable pause, I said:

"I remember that, when I was twenty-two years old, I boarded that train at Lynchburg, Virginia, to see a girl who I knew was on the train. I did it with the idea of giving her a pleasant surprise."

There then ensued the following colloquy between the doctor and myself:

"Who was this girl? What did she mean to you?"

"I was engaged to marry her."

"Well, what happened?"

"I found that another man, who also was in love with her, was with her."

"What time was this?"

"Six o'clock in the evening — by the way, they were sitting in section number 3."

"That accounts pretty well for the numbers in the dream. The train was number 36. You boarded it at six. There were three of you together, and you were in section number 3. Now, exactly, what effect did this meeting have upon you?"

"It had a terribly depressing effect. In the first place, I was immediately convinced that she did not intend to marry me, or that, if she did intend to do so, she was carrying on in the meantime a flirtation of which I did not approve."

"What was the result of all that?"

"The engagement was broken off."

"Have you ever been engaged since?"

"No."

"Do you expect to be engaged again?"

"No."

"What is your idea about being engaged and being married?"

"I have no confidence in such a proposition."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I do not believe that I would be happy if I were married. I might add that I have never yet seen what I considered to be a happily married couple."

I want to make it plain that these answers which I gave him did not trip readily from my lips. There was about them a reluctance which anybody would feel in confiding in another person. I had not yet gained the feeling of esteem and confidence in him which it was necessary for me to have in order to give him the memories and associations the dream had brought up from my unconscious mind. In addition, this all concerned a chapter in my life that had been written eighteen years before. Later, this reluctance was replaced by a readiness to give him offhand the first ideas that his questions evoked.

"Now," he said, "let me suggest the following as the real interpretation of your dream: You went into the tailor shop to buy a good suit of clothes, something which would last, would meet the conventionalities of life and would please you. Instead of doing that, you bought a suit for thirty-six cents, an insignificant amount and, when you opened the box on the street — literally, before the whole world — you found that you had purchased a cheese-cloth affair, something that was not worth thinking about at all.

"Notice how this duplicates your experience with the girl whom you had in-

"Through simple addition like this
I find the sum-total of bliss—
A nourishing feast
And *the most for the least*—
An answer you never can miss."

Solving a real problem

"What shall we have for dinner today? For luncheon or supper? How shall we start the meal? What is appetizing, nourishing, easy to digest, easy to prepare and at the same time economical in every sense of the word?"

Campbell's Tomato Soup

There you have one of the simplest and readiest of answers to this daily problem. A pure and wholesome food, tempting to the taste, beneficial to health. And it saves you labor and expense.

Served simply with the addition of hot water it is a nutritious and stimulating introduction to any meal. Or with an equal quantity of milk instead of water, it becomes richer and even more nourishing,—a delicious Cream of Tomato.

Make it yet heartier, if you like, by adding boiled rice or noodles. This gives you the best part of an invigorating luncheon or supper. Just the thing for hot weather, for jaded appetites or for the children's evening meal.

This satisfying soup comes to you perfectly cooked, blended and seasoned. You save materials and *fuel*. You have no spoilage nor waste to pay for; only pure nourishment in the most attractive and digestible form; and all ready for your table at three minutes' notice.

The practical way is to order *Campbell's Soups* by the dozen or case and never be without a supply.

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

tended to marry. And I want you to remember that all dreams are exquisitely rich in symbolism. A dream is always a distorted picture of one or a number of past experiences.

"The downfall of your hopes as a future husband came about on the train numbered 36, in section number 3. It resulted in your giving up all ideas about marriage — and marriage is the conventional thing, the symbol of lasting happiness and usefulness in the world throughout life. But, like your suit of clothes, marriage, so far as you are concerned, turned out to be worthless. That is, in this dream, you have told me the story of the greatest shock to your love-instinct that you ever received, a shock that influenced your whole life.

"Now, in reality, when you look at the matter with unprejudiced eyes, do you believe that marriage is a bad thing?"

I admitted that I did not.

We talked then on the subject of love and marriage, the conversation bringing up hosts of my memories and ideas regarding the general topic. All psycho-analysis is more or less education. It enables one to bring into his conscious mind the things that he has buried in his unconscious mind, things which rise up, without his conscious knowledge, to harass him like ghosts or which reach out from his unconscious mind warped and distorted tentacles to catch hold of and influence his daily thoughts and actions. That is, all the things a man has seen and heard and thought never go out of his unconscious mind, but live forever.

The doctor's analysis of that dream got me. It had penetrated to something vital in my life. It had brought back to my mind the beautiful illusions and the high ideals of my youth, and it had also brought up not only the one experience on the train but many other experiences and influences which had dimmed my illusions and lowered my ideals. It had shown me that misdirected and unworthy thoughts had fastened themselves upon my mind, had clung to my soul, just as barnacles encrust the submerged part of a ship. I could see already how such a state of affairs could impair my judgment, my nerves and my general efficiency.

During every session with the doctor I told him one or more dreams, and, by the aid of the memories that came to me through associations with what was in the dream, he dissected them. I gradually came to feel an utter lack of the nervousness which had oppressed me for years. The feeling of relief came gradually. I was not yet sure of myself, but all the time I was unburdening myself of troubles.

At the end of the first month of this process it suddenly struck me that I was drinking comparatively little. I had not been really drunk for a week! And yet, the physician had given me no orders about how much I should drink or should not drink. He *knew*, it seemed, that, as the burden of the things that had troubled me was lightened, the liquor would have less and less attraction for me.

He was quite right. At the end of the third month I had quit drinking altogether. The whisky had allured me less and less in proportion to the stages by which I had come to see things in their proper perspective. I was amazed by the degree in which my appreciation of the beautiful things of the world, the flowers, pictures, good books and good plays, had taken the place of the "charm" of whisky.

But the analysis continued. It was necessary to see to it that everything which had made me go wrong was brought to the light of day, scrutinized carefully and calmly in my talks with the doctor, and then — cast out of my mind forever as a factor in my thought processes.

At the end of the fourth month I told the doctor this dream:

"All I can remember of my dream last night is that I received a post-card on which there was either no writing at all or a small amount of writing which I could not read. I exerted myself greatly, I think, trying to make out what the post-card meant. And afterwards, although I succeeded in getting no clue whatever to its meaning, it gave me a great deal of trouble, occasioned me tremendous humiliation. That's all."

By this time I had begun to learn something about the symbolization and the meaning of dreams, but I had been unable to make anything of this.

"Did you receive a post-card with your mail yesterday?" inquired the doctor.

"I did."

"That was the immediate cause of the dream, but what we want to find out is whether or not any post-card ever had any real significance for you at any time in your life?"

"Never."

"What ideas come to you in connection with a post-card, a piece of paper on which there is writing?"

"A letter — a newspaper — an advertisement — a bill — lots of pieces of paper."

"Pieces of paper. Have you any memory about paper?"

"Well, there is negotiable paper."

"What about that?"

Immediately, like a bolt out of the blue, the memory of an incident came to me.

"When I was about twenty-five," I said, "a cousin of mine — his name was John, which is my first name — was a great chum of mine. He and I had a certain sort of David and Jonathan devotion for each other. He was extremely dissipated, while I was not. On a trip to Chicago, he got to drinking and forged my name to a check for one hundred and fifty dollars. At that time one hundred and fifty dollars meant a whole lot of money to me, but I got it together and met the check. I knew instinctively that John had committed the forgery."

"Well, what general effect did this have upon you?"

"As I remember it, my greatest feeling was one of sorrow that John, even when drinking, should commit forgery."

"Did it have any effect upon your friendship?"

"Not for some years, I should say. I put away the feeling of horror I had had when I first learned of what he had done, and we kept up for four or five years the semblance, at least, of our old relationship."

"You see," explained the doctor, "you suppressed or tried to suppress the shocking thought that had come to you. You said to yourself in effect: 'I shall not allow this to disturb me. I shall put it out of my mind' — not knowing, of course, that there is nothing which you can put out of your mind. You can bury it in your unconscious mind, but the trouble is that there are so many disagreeable thoughts which you cannot bury successfully. This thought, like many others, was one which you could not suppress entirely, and, at times, it came up to oppress you even when you did not realize it.

"You can see this from the dream. You received a post-card, something which reminded you of the size of a check, negotiable paper. You can make out neither the writing nor the signature. That is, it was something mystifying, spurious, not true to facts. In your dream there was on it either a lot or a little. A double significance is found in any check. There was not much writing on the check which John forged — there is never much writing on any check. And yet it involved a lot, because you have just said that one hundred and fifty dollars meant a lot to you at that time."

All this brought up a discussion that lasted an hour about my ideas of how people who have committed a fault should be judged; my opinions about money; and the effect that the incident had had upon my emotional make-up. Naturally, under such analysis, there were many things about these subjects concerning which I had formed mistaken judgments. I was enabled, through the dream, which at first had seemed utterly meaningless, to rectify much of my viewpoints toward people and money and, particularly, toward how I had been in the habit of letting the actions of other people move me to pleasure, sorrow, satisfaction or disappointment.

That is what every dream does under the skilful and kindly guidance of the really expert psycho-analyst.

I have recited enough of my dreams to show that all of them took me back to disagreeable things. I have shown the jar to my young soul when my mother refused, practically speaking, to permit me to unbosom myself to her as I wished; the additional shock of the disappointment at the hands of the girl to whom I was engaged; my lack of trust in my fellows as caused by the forged check; my "almost suppressed" wish to get myself into better shape physically, and so on.

What I have not been able to emphasize is the host of childhood memories that the analysis of dreams brings back to one, just as if one looked into a mirror and saw himself rightly for the first time. And the second thing upon which I have not dwelt with the length I would like is that a man becomes a neurotic, a moral weakling, a coward, because of the shocks that have been given his love instinct.

After all, the impulse to love is the foundation of the state and society. Broadly speaking, it is as abnormal to be a bachelor as it is to be a confirmed drunkard. Man was not put here to hate women. He was not put here to ruin himself with alcohol or with drugs.

If he developed along the usual lines, from his childhood on, he would marry, have children and live happily ever after. But, primarily, it is what is done to him in childhood that warps him and gives him a distorted view of life. And it is easy enough to see how a similar shock in adult years may wound him almost beyond salvation. Therefore, when I seek to explain why a drunkard is a drunkard, I also bring out the importance of how children should be brought up.

If I am a little child living in a hateful, evil-smelling street down by the river, and if I hear my mother and father cursing the mist and the fog every morning, I naturally shall grow up with a mental slant that will find nothing but ugliness in fogs as long as I live. But, if I am shown as a little child how the fog hangs fairy garlands on the mastheads and wreathes the bridges with streamers of color, and floats and moves in gorgeous waves touched by the sun, I shall be able always to find in fogs possibilities of beauty. Likewise, if my impulse to love and to confide is stunted and dwarfed when I am a little child, it will require very little more of such shocks in my adult years to make me consider all women as untrustworthy and all men as liars.

Much of this, in my adult years, I do not consciously realize. It strikes me in the dark, from behind — from the unconscious mind. Let me repeat: The human mind never forgets. Consider, therefore, how much one accumulates in one's mind day by day to lift him up or strike him down at some future date.

The examples of dreams which I have given are sufficient to show, in some degree, the technique and the procedure by which one is enabled to get much, or all, of his troubled past off his mind. Now, let me try to explain why this process, when it was finished, took away from me the impulse to ruin my career and to grieve my friends by being a victim of alcohol.

As I have just said, the human mind never forgets. That is true from the day of birth to the day of death. Either in the conscious or the unconscious mind, there are utilized or retained the millions and millions of impressions and facts that come into our minds through our five senses. Nothing can be in the mind unless it gets there through the five senses. Even the little still voice of conscience is the product of our childish training and environment.

During my life — and in this term I include childhood as well as my adult years — I had received a number of shocks of more or less magnitude. The conscious and the unconscious mind may be likened to a bowl and a huge supply pipe. The conscious mind is that into which flows incessantly the influences and reflections of what is in the unconscious mind. That is, the conscious, work-a-day mind is a little bit of a bowl played upon and influenced by the everlasting and incessant stream or supply pipe of our past experiences, ideas and ideals.

Ibsen once said that he could never work unless "the little people" came to his aid — and I have no doubt that the little people were the innumerable reflections of flowers, perfumes, sorrows, joys, and romantic ideas which rose from the depths of his unconscious into his conscious mind. Genius is merely the art of drawing mightily on what one has once learned or seen or heard.

This is true, in a smaller degree, of the average man, and, when the shocks to his preconceived ideals and affections have been too great, they prey upon his conscious mind without his knowing it. All that he does know about it is to feel nervous, uneasy, harassed, worried.

Following upon that, there comes periodically a desire for surcease of this feeling of harassment. The indefinable, intangible worry which has been built up by "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" makes him crave relief. In other words, he wants to escape from his every-day routine. Every neurotic is haunted by the idea that he would like to go away or would like to change his profession. What he really wants is to escape from himself. And to get drunk is to take flight.

Any man who has been on a jag can realize the truth of this. When the alcohol begins to hit him, his worries drop from him as if by magic. For the time being he walks in an enchanted land. Financial troubles, domestic worries, all cares no longer exist. He has taken flight to an artificial realm where grief is a stranger, where irresponsibility sits upon the throne and where the morrow may take care of itself. The expression "to drown one's sorrow" is evidence of the general, vague knowledge of people that drunkards take the liquor in order to forget. That is what happened in my case.

Although I did not know it while I was subject to the irresistible impulses to drink heavily, the ugly memories were crowding me so closely, driving me so hard that what I wanted to do was to forget, even when I did not consciously sense the fact that I was remembering.

When, through the analysis, I had gotten the memories back into the clear light of consciousness and had seen their comparative unimportance as related to my present life, they could worry me no more. I had, so to speak, brought them into the light of day, looked them squarely in the face, and, with the aid of the physician, had dissected them and thrown them away. To use the language of the street, I had gotten them off my chest forever. The past had no drag upon me. I could agree with the doctor that the world was a beautiful world and that life was worth living.

Consequently, when any man is a victim of the drink habit and tries to figure why he cannot free himself from its grip, I would advise him to ask himself these questions:

"Am I happy at home?"

"Am I really in love with my wife?"

"Am I satisfied in regard to money matters?"

"Am I satisfied with my position in the world, or do I secretly despise myself for not having accomplished the things which in my youth I thought I readily would accomplish?"

"Am I lonely — and, if I am, why?"

"Am I subject to fits of depression, and why can't I avoid them?"

"Does my viewpoint of life differ from that of my friends, and why?"

Dissatisfaction, discontent, loneliness, anxiety, foolish doubts — they are the banners flown by the neurotic. And these things can be caused only by one's inability to be happy in the state of life in which he finds himself. Psycho-analysis enables him to adjust himself to his surroundings, to live happily and usefully in his world, whether that world be big or little, and to refrain from rushing to the saloon as the cure-all for the restlessness or anxiety or fear that continually plucks him by the sleeve.

You cannot forget. The real cure is to

NEXT month another great booze article — "The Side Shows of Drink," by James Hay, Jr. An amazingly clever dissertation on the minor, as well as the major, sins of drink. Coming: More articles by Porter Emerson Browne, who is creating a stir through his vigorous patriotic stories Theodore Roosevelt quotes him in his speeches. We get hundreds of letters from enthusiastic readers. Browne is the real thing

Painted by JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH. Copyrighted 1917, American Radiator Company

The Secret of Ideal Heating

Also ask for a copy of Ideal Heating—our free book of valuable heating advice—should be read by all who wish plenty of heat and saving of coal

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

A copy of the above in colors suitable for framing (10x12 inches) will be sent for name and address of anyone planning to build or install a heating outfit

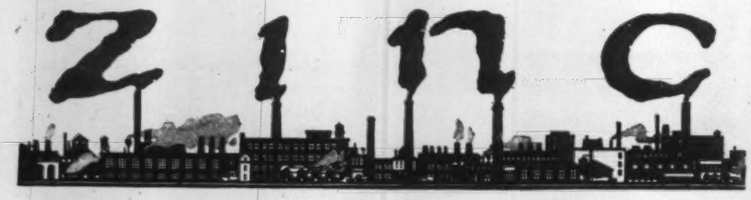
No exclusive agents

Sold by all dealers

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Department 21
816-822 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Public Showrooms at Chicago, New York, Boston, Worcester, Providence, Newark, Wilkesbarre, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Albany, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Richmond, Atlanta, Birmingham, New Orleans, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Des Moines, Omaha, Minneapolis, St. Paul, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Seattle, Portland, Spokane, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Toronto, Brantford (Ont.)



THE best paint manufacturers use zinc in their best paints. They have no prejudice for or against any ingredient of paint. They just want to make the best paint they know how. Long experience and exhaustive tests have taught them that

New Jersey zinc in paint

adds much to its appearance and durability.

Zinc carries paint deeper into the wood it protects, giving it a stronger, tougher texture and a finer, smoother finish. Zinc grips into the fiber of the wood and anchors the paint film firmly down. As a result, zinc decreases the cost of painting in the best and surest way —by lengthening the life of the paint.

If you buy prepared paint, get zinc paint. If your painter mixes his own paints, see that he mixes zinc in oil with his lead in oil. If you want to know the right proportion of each for any painting job, write us and we will send you our painting specifications worked out by an expert.

Our booklet "Zinc-in-paint" tells more about zinc. A copy is yours for the asking.

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY
55 Wall Street, New York
ESTABLISHED 1848
Branch: Mineral Point Zinc Co., 1111 Marquette Building, Chicago

remember everything rightly, and, having done that, to review it calmly and to recognize how wrong impressions of childhood or shocks in adult life have become factors for weakness when such should not be the case at all.

If you do this with the help of the psychoanalyst, you will learn the symbolism of dreams, the wonderful mechanisms of the mind, and the curious — sometimes beautiful, sometimes ugly — manner in which myriad threads have been woven together to make up your life and to form or deform your soul.

The neurotic is not one who is apt to go insane. He is what the physicians call "on the borderland" between sanity and insanity. But his sufferings may become as acute as those of the demented. And, in any event, his usefulness to himself and to the world is cut down enormously.

Neurotics are either so depressed and so nervous that they take to drink or drugs for temporary relief, or they suffer from bizarre and distressing compulsory ideas, ideas which they cannot explain and from which they cannot escape.

There is on record the case of a man who had to go to a sanatorium because of the effect produced upon him by the fact that, whenever his wife ate soup he was seized with an inexplicable horror lest a strand of her hair which was loose, should reach the spoonful of soup that she had at her lips.

A young man broke off his engagement with a girl because of the peculiar sort of perfume she used.

A man, without rhyme or reason, was seized by the idea, every morning when he shaved, that he would dash into the nursery and cut his children's throats.

A woman for five years, at intervals of three or four months, ordered a case of whisky sent to her home, went into her bedroom, locked the door, pulled down the shades and deliberately drank herself into a state of insensibility — a procedure which she kept up until the physical effects of the alcohol necessitated her calling a physician. This is a striking illustration of the unconscious desire for flight.

This is enough to show that the ways in which anyone's past can cripple one's present cannot be estimated in numbers. Of course one cannot analyze oneself. It is to the physician who is a professional analyst that one must go for sure and lasting relief.

And, if you have this impulse to drink which you can neither explain nor resist, or if you are troubled by bizarre and unreasonable impulses and even reach the stage where you fear you are going insane, the physician who treates you will tell you always:

"There are many things in your past which have built themselves up into this mountain that is crushing you. But the principal factor is, in your case, as in all others, that you have received some emotional shock that has interfered with, or warped, or put an end to your love instinct for the opposite sex."

That was true in my case. It is true in all such cases.

Think it over.

Is this why you drink?

"Vengeance Is Mine!"

[*Continued from page 29*]

"That'll be the watchman, ould Patsy, God rest his soul! If he's comin' this side, I can't wait."

But the light moved towards the far shore. When it had reached the distant tower, Toomey set his teeth hard, and shoved down the battery handle.

Silence! No terrific report! No sickening sound of tearing, crushing steel!

"Holy Virgin! What's amiss?" Toomey tested the battery with nervous fingers and caught the tingle of its spark.

"God's curse on that wire!" Somewhere along its length he knew that the slender copper wire had parted beneath the insulation. To find the break he would need light and time. Toomey brought the dynamite from the tower, careful of each step he made over the rough earth, and hid it among the weeds. The watchman's light was moving now towards his end of the bridge. He took up the battery and wire and went back to his shanty.

Daylight had come before he had found and repaired the break.

Toomey was at work, the next morning, replacing loose rivets in a wind brace of the tower; his pneumatic hammer drummed steadily through the hot hours, sixty feet above the earth. Once, during the day, he had seen the contractor below on the bridge and had silently cursed the man as he strolled past in his cool linen suit.

"You'll not be lookin' so gay, tomorrow," Toomey muttered. "I'll not fail this night!"

An hour later the noon whistle sounded. Instantly throughout the length of the bridge, the din of labor ceased. Toomey straightened his broad back and stretched his arms wide. As he stood looking unafraid over the land spread out below his narrow girder, a voice, raised to the pitch of a child's gladness, floated up to him through the hot, still air.

"Look! Look, Daddy, what I found! Great big candles. We'l burn 'em on the altar for Mother!"

Horror's cold sweat drained Toomey's courage. Far below him his boy was running across the rough ground; in each hand, held proudly high, Danny carried a stick of dynamite. Toomey's arms fell to his quivering sides. The thought flashed to the terrified man how slight a jar, in this heat, would fire the high explosives.

"Danny!" he screamed, "for the love of God, stop! Stand still!"

Others had heard the child's call; others saw and knew what he carried. Every man on the bridge stood sickened from fear, watching the boy as he ran over the boulder-strewn ground.

Cursing, entreating, praying, Michael Toomey ran on trembling legs to the main strut and began scrambling backward down its latticed side. The sharp edges of the steel tore the flesh at his knees and hands.

"Stop, Danny! Stop! Yer father's tellin' ye!"

Over his shoulder he saw that Danny did not heed.

"Blessed Mary, save my boy!" He gasped his prayer and slid another ten feet against the bruising rivet heads. "Oh, Kathleen, only last night he said I'd never harm him!"

The cry of a hundred horror-struck men came down to him.

Danny had stumbled!

"Holy Jesus! Will he fall? No, God be praised, he's still afoot!"

"Danny, lad!" Toomey's big voice strained his panting lungs. "For the love of your sainted mother in heaven, stand——"

He screamed and pressed his eyes against the steel.

Danny had fallen!

A crashing report tore the air. Toomey, his body flattened against the strut, dared not look around.

Mr. Greene is a new author who is fast making a name for himself. McClure's is keeping a watchful eye for fresh talent

He Killed It Himself

AN enterprising publisher not long ago asked Oliver Herford to write a book on Motherhood. The genial humorist could hardly tell why the publisher had selected him for this particular job, but he seriously undertook it.

When he came to write his first sentence, however, he found it to be this: "No intelligent woman thinks it advisable to become a mother."

"And," he sadly told a friend, "there was nothing more to write!"

Motor-Truck Freight Trains

How the War Gave the Big Cars Their Chance

By Waldemar Kaempffert

IN ORDER to combat the freight embargo along the New England states, lighting fixtures and mantles are shipped by motor-truck from New Jersey to New England and talking machines from Philadelphia to Providence, a distance of two hundred and seventy-four miles. "Anywhere within a radius of two hundred miles" is the slogan of a Buffalo firm which will carry anything by motor-truck.

Still, it is the manufacturer, rather than the shipper, who works wonders with the motor-truck in these days of freight congestion. The shipper is far too busy explaining nowadays to realize his possibilities. "I can't get the cars." How often does he say that during the day? Let him cease to explain; let him work out a plan of using the motor-truck to move his goods instead of giving the usual excuses to irate customers. Does he wish an example of what can be done? Here it is:

A Philadelphia chemical manufacturing company received an order for six tons of antitoxin last autumn to be shipped abroad. Prompt delivery in Europe was essential; otherwise the contract was void. The company made the toxin on time. It was almost ready to ship. The telephone rang.

"You'll have to reach South Brooklyn at noon tomorrow. The sailing date has been advanced one day," said the shipping-agent.

More telephoning — this time on the part of the chemical company. Unless that medicine was in South Brooklyn, the contract would be worthless and perhaps thousands of wounded soldiers in some base hospital would die.

First the railroad freight department was called up. Reach South Brooklyn in twenty-four hours? The man in charge laughed at the idea. The express companies were more obliging. But how could they guarantee delivery at the dock on time?

Someone connected with the chemical company had an inspiration. Why not use a motor-truck? More telephoning — this time to the local branch of a truck-maker. Yes, they had a six-ton truck that might do.

Before seven o'clock on the following morning that load of antitoxin was on the wharf in South Brooklyn. What was the cost? The man who conceived the idea looked at the bill. Four dollars and eighty-six cents a ton! It seemed incredible. The freight rate was six dollars and eighty cents, and the express rate eighteen dollars. The net result was this: Another great firm became a truck user.

Right in the heart of New York State is a little town which is fed by a single-track railway — an offshoot from a great trunk line. A sorry passenger train lumbers to and from the station, and now and then a few freight cars are strung together and lazily hauled to the junction to be coupled to an overland train. But in these piping times of war, when the oldest box cars are not too rickety for use, when locomotives are straining and puffing at the longest hauls in their history, that little string of occasional cars has but small chance of reaching its destination. And so, the town was threatened almost with commercial extinction.

Fortunately the town had among its residents a motor-truck dealer — a man with the resourcefulness that one expects of a great business strategist rather than of a small retail dealer. He studied the map. Twenty miles away was another railroad, which, at one little city, approached the Erie Canal within ten miles. Wouldn't it be possible to haul goods by motor-trucks from his home town to that railway twenty miles distant, then to that city near the Erie Canal, then by motor-truck to the canal, and thus to New York itself? That meant loading and unloading, much handling and rehandling. But wouldn't it pay? The merchants of his town were willing to pay any price to get their goods under way.

He took the train and went to that little city within ten miles of the Erie Canal. He unfolded his plan to a friend there. In a few hours, a motor-trucking company had been started. And so, an ingenious motor-truck dealer induced his townsmen to believe in the impossible and to achieve it. They wriggled out of a difficult situation, expensively to be sure, with the aid of the motor-truck.

A sixty-car train compared with one of forty cars may effect a long-haul saving of from five to ten per cent. But what's the good of it if at the terminal days and days must be spent in unloading? That was the question which a Brooklyn firm had to answer. It is a firm which makes canning machinery and torpedoes, and it is one of the largest manufacturers of munitions. Its raw material arrives in the form of steel billets and other heavy metal not only by the carload, but by the trainload. As many as twenty-five cars of such metal are received in a day. The cars must be paid for so long as they are filled with material. Rapidity of unloading is therefore of primary importance. Horses were out of the question. Not only were they too slow, but they would have blocked the street and roadway because of their numbers. A dozen five-ton motor-trucks were bought. One of them alone has saved the company not less than seven thousand dollars in three months.

Anything that can turn a wheel, anything that can carry a load, is earning money now. The motor-truck manufacturer never had a better opportunity for driving home the utility of the motor-truck. The war will teach what the motor-truck manufacturer has long been trying to explain — that for short distance haulage the motor-truck can often compete successfully with the railway. Time is sometimes of more importance than money, and the motor-truck is essentially a time-saver. No railway is quite the mathematically straight line which a mendacious map represents it to be. It has its bends. Who knows but a bend may spell a chance for the motor-truck?

Not far from Seattle is Lake Washington. Because of the lake, the railroad must make a detour of nearly one hundred miles in order to place a few towns, among them Kent and Auburn, in communication with Seattle. By ferry it is only eighteen miles across the lake. Two days were required to ship goods by freight from Seattle to Kent and Auburn on the roundabout railroad.

A man with an inquiring head on his shoulders began to figure. Could motor-trucks make the short cut of eighteen miles across the lake by ferry and perhaps compete with the railway in its detour of one hundred miles? They could. He started a company to haul freight by motor-truck from Seattle. Eighteen trucks were bought. A motor-truck transportation system was worked out — a system comparable with that of any first-class railroad. It has a freight-truck terminal at which seventeen vehicles can be loaded and unloaded at the same time to prevent congestion; receipts and bills of lading approved by the Interstate Commerce Commission; even a time schedule. Kent, Auburn and other towns rubbed their eyes.

They had been accustomed to deliveries by rail from Seattle in two days, before war business clogged the railroad, and to anything after that. Now they received their goods in twelve hours. But that was not all. The railroad unloaded its shipments at the station freight shed. Kent and Auburn had to haul their boxes and barrels home. The motor-trucks delivered the loads where they were wanted. When the treaty of peace is signed and we shall all resume our habitual ways of manufacturing and selling, that motor-truck company will continue hauling freight by gasoline. The railway can never recover its lost ground.

Why isn't the same principle applicable to the deliveries of tradesmen in small cities. Why must every groceryman have his own horse and wagon? Why cannot a single motor-truck company deliver the goods of half a dozen or a dozen grocers? A recent investigation showed that in one street of New York City, twenty wagons called in the morning for grocery orders and called again in the afternoon to make deliveries. Why cannot a motor-truck company prevent such duplication? The people of large cities demand service. Much of the food consumed in a city is ordered by telephone and delivery is required at all hours of the day. A motor-truck company that maintains a well-planned, flexible running schedule should be able to meet these exacting conditions far more cheaply than a groceryman who must deliver a single package by wagon.

At the terminals of our large cities from one hundred and fifty to two hundred cars of farm produce are held at a time on back tracks for five days beyond the free time of two days. That is one reason why it costs more to live in these war times than it should, why it costs more to transport a pound of food from the point where it lands on reaching New York to the home of the consumer than it does to bring it by rail from Buffalo to Manhattan. Any railroad will tell you that the actual cost of hauling goods by freight train is very low; it is the waiting at terminals and sidings that is expensive.

The motor-truck waits for nothing. It receives its load at the factory; it deposits that load at the very door of the consignee. There are no terminal charges. It is obvious, then, that in short hauls (60 to 150 miles) the motor-truck can easily compete with the railway. It competes most successfully in the haulage of perishable goods — milk, fruit, vegetables — on which the rate of transportation is high. And so we find a Philadelphia dairy maintaining a regular truck service during the summer between its farm and the city — a distance of sixty miles. The railroad could never handle the farm produce with such despatch; and the company is always sure of the return of its empty cans. In Clarksboro, New Jersey, there is a man who realized the possibilities of dealing with Philadelphia. The farmers told him that it was essential that vegetables should reach market undamaged. He bought a motor-truck and engaged himself to ship farm produce to Philadelphia. He owns two trucks now. He gives service that the railway can never rival.

Every American town has been hard hit by freight congestion. Grand Rapids is a typical example. It is not only a great manufacturing city which supplies material to all parts of the United States, but it is a purveyor to many a near-by town. When the great freight congestion came, an effort was made to use the interurban trolley lines for short hauls. The lines were speedily overtaxed; Grand Rapids was scarcely better off. Many little companies have been started in Grand Rapids, with a single motor-truck as their chief capital, to haul goods, and many of them will develop into huge transportation corporations before the war is over. They carry load after load of cement, lime, and lumber to outlying towns over six counties. One company has specialized in house-moving. From Grand Rapids, it transports a man's household effects to Ionia, thirty miles distant; Holland, thirty-five miles away; and Muskegon, forty miles distant.

In Grand Rapids, there is also a grocery company whose customers are scattered among many villages within fifty miles of the city. It had always depended on the railway. When the war came it found itself utterly unable to fill its orders. The company was losing money day by day, chiefly in the de-

For Greater Business

THE new booklet issued by the Automobile Department of McClure's, "The Motor Truck in Business," by Waldemar Kaempffert, will be sent free to any business man who writes to the Automobile Department of McClure's on his business stationery. This booklet is unlike anything ever before published and may be worth thousands of dollars to your house. Write for a copy today, addressing your letter to the McClure Automobile Department, 25 West 44th Street, New York.

Giving
The Little Tots
Instant Postum

is quite in order, for this pure and wholesome drink, now so extensively used in place of coffee, is a real health drink for all the family.

Children should never be allowed coffee, and many grown-ups, finding that it disagrees, quickly realize the benefits of improved health when a change is made to

POSTUM

There are no drugs or other harmful ingredients in this beverage of delightful flavor. Then, too, there is real economy in its use, for unlike coffee, it can be made instantly—the exact number of cups needed.

Delicious
Healthful
Economical

"There's a Reason"

HEALTH POSTUM FIRST

livery of perishable foods. It bought itself a truck. Now it makes three and four runs and sometimes as many as six runs in a day. It succeeds in delivering merchandise which would probably not reach its destination for half a week.

It is a twice-told tale now, this story of freight congestion, of a foreign trade that has increased from four to eight billion dollars and a domestic trade from thirty billions to forty-six billions, of freight cars short by one hundred and ten thousand of the actual requirements, of long trains clogging terminals and waiting to be unloaded, of warehouses packed with goods from eaves to basement, of baseball parks and grandstands and vacant city lots leased by manufacturers as makeshift storage places. But the tale of the motor-truck in this war, the tale of how it helped the railroads, how it aided in feeding us, is not even once told. Only the great manufacturers and wholesale dealers know how much we owe to gasoline during this nightmare of slow deliveries and all too buoyant prices.

Mr. Kaempffert will be glad to answer automobile questions that readers of McClure's may ask. This service is free. But it must be understood that, for obvious reasons, Mr. Kaempffert cannot give his opinion of well-known cars or pass upon the merits of competing products. He will give the names of manufacturers of different types of cars and accessories, leaving the final selection to the reader himself.

With technical questions on the maintenance and operation of an automobile, the reader is given the greatest latitude. The monthly automobile articles must do more than simply provide interesting reading matter. They must set you thinking — set you to asking questions. They must be of help to you.

Divided Spoils — *Continued from page 31*

Miss Neilson laughed when she was safely past his office. She was especially pleased with herself, because she had been adroit in her retribution. She took the pride of an artist in her *finesse*. The important letter actually had been mailed, as she reported to her employer; but not "all right." Miss Neilson had omitted to put any stamps on the envelope. It would be delivered to Bigelow & Judkins by the mail carrier Saturday morning, not to the man in Milwaukee. Across one corner would be impressed, "Returned for Postage."

The office closed at half-past five. Miss Neilson had her table cleared when the bell rang. As was her custom, she walked with her chum as far as Ashland Avenue. On the way she confided her secret to trusty Miss Trimble. The filing clerk not only indorsed the reprisal of her bosom friend against perfidious Judkins, but she also confirmed with authority what Miss Neilson had surmised with regard to the importance of the letter.

"Why, I know all about that patent business!" Miss Trimble exulted that she could inform her chum. "I get next to lots of such things when I'm filing. Bigelow went to New York on purpose to see how the lawsuit was coming out. He was to telegraph Judkins as soon as the case was decided. It seems the inventor made the firm a proposition a long while ago, when the Milwaukee fellow was pretty green; and he's forgot he never took it back. He sent Bigelow & Judkins some sort of a contract to sign and then they were to have a license to use his patent and pay him a dollar or so for every pasteurizer they made.

"Those two crooks fixed it up between them that if the inventor won his case in New York, Bigelow was to send a telegram, and Judkins was to write an acceptance of the old proposition and mail it to the Milwaukee fellow quick. Of course, I haven't seen yet what was in the message Judkins got a few minutes before he gave you that letter to mail, Genevieve. But I'll bet anything Bigelow wired that the inventor had come out ahead in the lawsuit. Judkins got busy. He signed the contract to pay only a dollar or so royalty and hurried the letter out.

"He acted tickled to death, you said. That was because probably now the owner of the patent knows it's been held good in court, he'll be able to charge five or ten times as much for a license as he was willing to take a few months ago. Then, most likely, he expected to get licked."

Miss Neilson had listened at first with zest. But as her garrulous friend expatiated on the details, the mail clerk began to shake in her shoes. She had not imagined that so much money was involved in the scheme she had checkmated.

"Why, Elinor!" she whispered hoarsely. "Holding back that letter is liable to cost the firm thousands and thousands!"

"Supposing it does!" retorted the believer in sabotage. "That ain't so much to Bigelow & Judkins as the thirty dollars they've skinned you out of is to you. Besides, how are they going to prove you did it on purpose? Forgetting to put postage on a letter ain't a crime. All you've got to do tomorrow morning when the envelope is returned will be to stick on some stamps and give it back to the carrier his next trip. You always get the mail first, and nobody'll know a thing about it. You're going to quit at noon anyway. Judkins won't find out until next week that the letter was held up. You'll be gone then. And you've got the satisfaction of knowing you made it cost them good and plenty to do you dirt."

The mail clerk was reassured by her chum's logic. Miss Neilson went to her boarding-house that afternoon with the rather solemnly virtuous feeling of one who has aided the processes of justice to punish a wrongdoer. After she left Miss Trimble, another phase of the affair occurred to her. She reflected smugly that not only was she avenging her own wrong at Judkins's hands, but that in addition she had foiled the plot of the unscrupulous partners to defraud the poor inventor of royalties commensurate with the value of his adjudicated patent. She felt quite like a heroine.

In her earlier spasm of panic, when she first realized that as a consequence of her interference Bigelow & Judkins might have to pay multiplied royalties on all their pasteurizers, Miss Neilson suffered qualms of conscience. Now she comprehended that they had no right to the money they would be forced to disgorge. What the partners had conspired was "as good as stealing" from the owner of the patent. It was akin to their false pretenses to her about wages. Such thieves as Bigelow & Judkins richly deserved to be punished.

That night Miss Neilson slept undisturbed by her inward monitor. The girl's only dreams were of a romantic young inventor and of his passionate gratitude to the beautiful heroine who had thwarted his villain enemies. She awoke early Saturday morning to blissful anticipations.

Certain of the ancient pagans originated the custom of having the human victims present themselves in gorgeous raiment on sacrificial days. The rite still is practised in these modern times by doomed office-girls who have sufficient notice that their services are about to be dispensed with. Miss Neilson was neither on the verge of being "fired" nor threatened with a "lay-off." Yet she felt that her impending severance from Bigelow & Judkins's payroll made it appropriate for her to wear her green organdie this last morning of her work at the mail table. She supplemented her best dress with gauzy, nearsilk stockings of the same color, and laced over them her highest-heeled, white shoes. Then she pinned on her Sunday hat and sallied forth to her fate.

Miss Neilson precautiously was twenty minutes earlier than her wont in arriving at the office. She experienced a flutter of excitement when she found the returned big envelope among the mail the janitor had piled on her table. She furtively hid the letter in a drawer, which she locked. The postman would not call on his next round for an hour.

Miss Trimble, too, came early to work this morning. She wanted to be sure she would not be too late for any part of her chum's adventure, as she explained. The filing clerk also had a bold improvement to suggest for the perfection of Miss Neilson's coup.

"I was thinking after I left you yesterday, Genevieve," she chattered, "what a shame it was for you to miss seeing Judkins's face when he first hears about that letter not going last night. What do you care if he does bawl you out? You intend to quit at noon anyway. Why don't you just brass right into his office after he comes, and tell him you was so rattled yesterday you forgot to put stamps on that envelope? Then watch him throw a fit!"

Miss Neilson was not so daring as her friend. She sat aghast. The mail clerk was

DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CAR

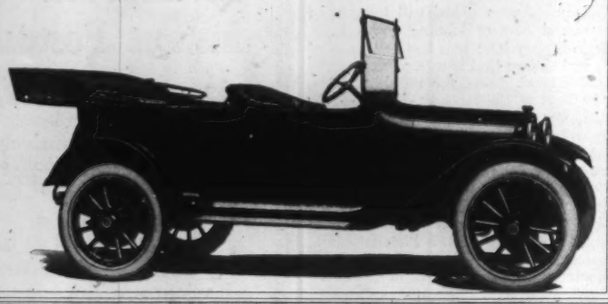
A stable institution, with a stable policy, a stable product, and a stable demand for the car

Three elements which make the business of Dodge Brothers a permanent, season-proof business

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high

Touring Car or Roadster, $835. In Canada, $1185
Sedan or Coupe, $1265. In Canada, $1800
All prices f. o. b. Detroit

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



BUSINESS
for instance

NEARLY every business man realizes what a trying predicament it is to be in need of certain specific information and not know just where to turn to get it. McCLURE'S is the answer — in McCLURE homes. The business articles in McCLURE'S not only deal with business in general through such able articles as "*Miracles in Your Own Business*", "*Putting Uncle Sam to Work*", "*Dictated, But Not Read*", etc., but there are other articles and business stories dealing with the vital problems of office management, production and sales direction. McCLURE readers are invited to write to the editors. Recognition comes when the job is well done. Thousands of letters each year prove the strength of the Business Department in McCLURE'S.

Removal of this "nib" reveals the inner condition of the steel after forging.

How the Man at the Forge Protects You on the Road

Human life and safety are the first considerations in the building of a motor-car.

And the crucial point in the whole structure is the steering knuckle on whose spindle the front wheel revolves.

It must turn with every movement of the steering wheel. It must withstand incessant jolting, jarring and vibration.

The internal structure of the steel of which that spindle is made is vitally important, for upon its strength and toughness depend your safety and the safety of those who ride with you.

The chemist has checked the analysis of the raw material—we know it has the right ingredients, and in the right proportion.

But his analysis cannot reveal the effect of the drop hammer on the mechanical condition of the metal.

If it is over-heated before it reaches the forge, no process of heat-treatment can repair the damage. Yet how can we tell?

It is impossible to look into the inside of that spindle, as in an X-ray photograph, and see its internal condition.

But the man at the forge supplies us with another way of getting the information that we *must have* for your protection.

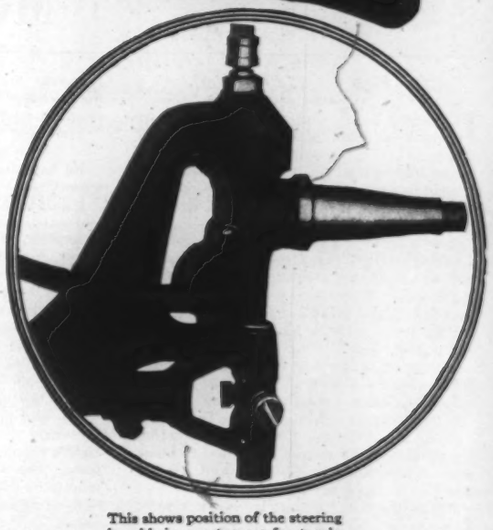
The die in which the hot metal is hammered into shape is so designed that a projection is left on the forging, where the spindle joins the upright portion of the knuckle. After the forging is made this little projection or nib is removed by the inspector and the surface of the fracture reveals at once the mechanical structure of the steel. The work of the inspector is again checked by the laboratory; for the little piece that has been removed is sent there for analysis.

No imperfection can get by. The slightest indication of weakness in internal structure sentences that forging instantly to the scrap heap.

Thus in countless little ways back in the factory many individuals in a great organization are constantly watching the little things that mean protection to you out on the road.

The Timken-Detroit Primer, C-13, "On Axles," will tell you how important they are and how their reputation for reliability and long service has been built into them in the Timken plant. Sent free, postpaid on application to

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO.
Detroit, Michigan



This shows position of the steering knuckle in a motor car front axle.

TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLES

more than half terrified by the proposal that she risk her guilty self near Judkins while making hypocritical confession, even though she should appear innocent of malice.

"Why, he'd never give me a recommend!" she told her friend, dodging an admission that she was afraid to face her employer.

"Huh!" snorted Miss Trimble. "What good would it do you to have an old letter from him? You've got another job."

"He'd probably hold back my wages for this week," Miss Neilson pointed out a greater danger. Eight precious dollars might be jeopardized.

"Hit the cashier to pay you ahead of time today," the resourceful filing clerk demolished her chum's second subterfuge. "He'll do it. Tell him you need the money right away and can't wait 'till noon."

"I'll bet Judkins'd half kill me!" Miss Neilson, at bay, shuddered out the true reason why she did not concur in her friend's plan.

"Of course he'll swear and rip around," Miss Trimble admitted. "But you want to make him sore, don't you? He dassn't *touch* you. He'll never guess you did it on purpose. And if he calls you names, you can sass back and tell him if he'd treated you decent, you wouldn't have been thinking so much about quitting that you forgot to put on the stamps. What fun'll it be for you to get even unless you can see him squirm?"

This appeal vibrated an Indian chord in the mail clerk's nature. Miss Neilson realized suddenly that Judkins was powerless to harm her. Like a savage, she gloated over the prospect of watching her victim during his torture. Impulsively she decided to adopt her chum's suggestion. But with the caution of an Indian she first made sure that aid would be near at hand in case Judkins should attempt reprisals.

"I'd like to tell him!" the mail clerk cried, eagerly. "I will, too, if you'll keep close to the door when I'm in his office and 'll come right in if I call you."

"You bet I will!" Miss Trimble promised. "I want to hear him rave."

The longer Miss Neilson thought about her vengeance, the keener was she to take the full measure of her satisfaction at first-hand from Judkins. She awaited his coming impatiently. He was late this morning. He did not arrive at the office until after nine o'clock. When he did appear, a man was with him. The stranger stayed nearly half an hour. Then, just as the mail clerk unlocked her table drawer and took out the important letter, she heard the switchboard operator near-by say over the telephone to the junior partner that Long Distance was calling him.

Miss Neilson idled near the switchboard until she saw the clear-out signal that Judkins had hung up his receiver. She at once started for the sanctum. She gestured her intention to her ally. Miss Trimble promptly seized the filing basket she had in readiness, and sauntered to the "Quotations" cabinet just outside the junior partner's door. Miss Neilson, thus closely guarded, ventured into the private office.

Her employer never had looked so ferocious as he appeared when she bearded him in his den. Face to face with a big grizzly, even the bravest Indian well might quail. Miss Neilson quaked with sudden fear. She could not speak.

"What do you want?" Judkins snarled.

All the bravado of the mail clerk had slithered from her. In a panic of fright she tried to appease the fierce creature that menaced her.

"I — I never made a mistake with a letter before!" she quavered. "Bu — but I — I didn't put any stamps on that one you sent me over to the post-office with last night. And it came back!"

The girl had spoken haltingly at first; but once her confession was begun, the words rushed pell-mell from her mouth as if they were frightened out by her inward terror.

Judkins leaped at the mail clerk, and tore the envelope from her hands. He ripped the seal and jerked out the papers. Then, when Miss Neilson was on the point of terrified flight, he unaccountably was metamorphosed from a furious bear into a fat man roaring with gleeful laughter. The girl stared at him as if she were hypnotized.

Convulsion after convulsion of merriment shook the junior partner. Suddenly, he sobered with recollection. He creaked round in his chair to snatch the desk telephone.

"Get Mr. Norton on the wire!" He panted to the operator of the office switchboard the name of the firm's Chicago attorney. Judkins then twisted about and chuckled gustily to the staring mail clerk, "Wait a minute!" Next instant he swung back to the telephone.

Miss Neilson stood spell-bound for ten or twelve seconds before the silence was broken by Judkins's gasping voice. The junior partner was half choked by mirth.

"Hello, Norton! Judkins talking! I 'phoned you yesterday that Bigelow wired he had an inside tip the Buhl patent would be sustained by Judge Hamilton in New York when Court should open this morning. So last night I signed that old proposition of Buhl's for a royalty license at a dollar a pasteurizer, as you advised. But a few minutes ago I had a Long Distance call from Bigelow. He told me his information yesterday was wrong. He'd just come from hearing the decision read. The judge sustained the validity of the patent all right; yet he held the claims were not basic but narrow. It's only a construction patent, and we don't infringe after all."

Judkins paused to listen briefly. Then he broke in. "Hold your horses, Norton! That letter didn't go to Buhl! The mail clerk forgot to put any stamps on it last night and it was returned to our office for postage! Talk about bull-headed luck! That girl's little mistake 'll save us a dollar apiece on every pasteurizer we make."

Again Judkins listened, intently now.

"That's what I thought," he resumed after a minute. "The firm won't have to pay Buhl a cent. We don't need a license. His patent, under the court's decision, doesn't cover our latest type machines. I'll be over and see you as soon as I finish with my mail, Norton. Good-by for now!"

Judkins hung up the receiver. He was grinning with satisfaction when he revolved to face the waiting, bewildered girl.

"As it turned out, that mistake of yours was mighty fortunate for us," he wheezed. "How did you come to leave off the stamps? I don't remember your ever making a break like that before."

Miss Neilson gulped. She was so utterly dumbfounded by the contretemps to her plan of retribution for her own wrongs that she acted dazed.

"I — I never did!" she stuttered.

"The firm can afford to forgive you this time, I guess," Judkins chortled. "Seeing it's your first offense, and ended so well. By the way, last week you asked for a raise of a couple of dollars, and I said I'd see about it later. You've got it coming after this. I'll notify the paymaster."

The mail clerk was dazzled by the miracle. She blinked at Judkins incredulously. She heard a noise from just outside the door, and remembered her ally stationed there. In a flash of comprehension Miss Neilson realized that her niggardly employer actually had given her a raise. His grant of increased wages was not a mere fantasy twisted by her shocked brain. She inhaled a deep breath. But the words that gushed from her lips were not only of the appreciation she felt: Miss Neilson loyally embraced the auspicious opportunity to bespeak largess for her chum, too.

"Thanks, Mr. Judkins. Miss Trimble and I talked it over between us about the letter. She advised me to come right to you and tell you it was sent back for postage. She's always interested in the firm, and she does her work good. I wish you'd give her a raise, the same as me."

The junior partner had stopped grinning. He scowled while the mail clerk made her plea for her friend.

"So you aren't entitled to all the credit, eh?" he snapped. "Then I'll divide the raise between you two girls and give you each a dollar more a week. Send Miss Trimble in."

The mail clerk was stunned by the thunderbolt that had struck her because of the risk she had taken for her chum. Before she recovered from the blow, Miss Trimble ran into the sanctum. Miss Neilson thought at first that her friend intended generously to disclaim any right to share the reward. In three seconds she was undeceived. The filing clerk did not play the part of an altruist now. Obviously, she felt herself as much entitled as Miss Neilson to share the accidental spoils.

"I was standing just the other side of the door!" Miss Trimble exclaimed. "I couldn't help hearing what you said, Mr. Judkins. I'm ever and ever so much obliged to you about the dollar. And Genevieve and I both'll do our best for the firm always to show we appreciate our raises. Won't we, Genevieve?" she challenged.

Ten dollars a week was a will-o'the-wisp, as it always had been. Miss Neilson gave up her chase of the *ignis fatuus*, and gripped the nine dollars of fact, lest the added one prove evanescent as its fellow she had lost.

"Ye — yes!" she choked out.

The Frank Goewey Jones business stories are a feature of McClure's. Coming soon: "The Doormat and the Bulldog"

My Own Story — *Continued from page 15*

II — First Years in New York

IT seemed as if that railroad ticket to New York could take me to any place in the world! It was yards and yards long, and it read like a gazetteer. I believe if I had tried I could have gone to South America on it.

For the first three nights out I had the luxury of a bed in the Tourist's Sleeper; then I spent a night in a seat for all the world like a barber's chair. The rest of the journey I had to do all my sleeping on an ordinary coach seat. There was a change and stop-over in Chicago, and there for the first time I left the train, with the idea of making a hurried sort of Cook's tour of the city.

It was on a Sunday morning, and after sightseeing for a while I went into a coffee saloon for some breakfast. When I came out, the first person I ran into was Tom Wise, walking along the street with Mr. Appleton, the publisher. Of course he wanted to know what I was doing in Chicago, and when I told him he shook my hand and said:

"I wish you luck! You have it in you to do something big in New York!"

I had not seen Tom Wise for more than five years, and the sight of him in a lonely and friendless city put more courage into me than anything that had happened for months. *He* had succeeded — he knew what it was I was going up against; and he believed I could do something big! I made the last stage of my journey far more hopefully than I had started out on it.

I had a young New York friend with whom I had become acquainted in San Francisco who was to meet me at the Liberty Street Station. I had been wearing a mustache, but in Chicago I had it cut off, for good luck, and also to make me look more like an actor. My friend did not recognize me at first without it, but when we had had our laugh about my professional disguise he took me in hand to lead me to my new home. I was to share a room with him in West Forty-eighth Street until I had time to look around for more permanent quarters.

The sight of the new city thrilled me. "Let's walk up," I said.

He looked at me with a broad grin. "It's a pretty long walk!"

I didn't care — I wanted to see the city, and we started up Broadway. I had had no conception of the tremendous size of New York. We kept stopping continually for me to look at something I had heard of. I remember I insisted on going into the Hoffman House when we came to it, to see the famous pictures I had heard such wonderful things about in San Francisco. What a rube I was, with my bag in my hand and my clothes all mussed up from sleeping in them on the train! But no one paid any attention to me.

We walked all the way. At that time — the date was November 7, 1890 — Forty-eighth Street was considered very much uptown. Our room was in a district that was almost like a little village outside the city proper.

It was a nice room, and it cost three dollars and a half a week. But my chum had to leave me very soon, and that was more money than I could afford to pay for a room alone. Forty-five dollars was all I had in the world — I had brought it to New York sewed carefully into my underwear. So as soon as I was left by myself I moved down to Thirty-eighth Street, where I had found an attic room for a dollar and seventy-five cents a week.

Living in that room was not much fun, except to look back upon. It was exactly the same kind of room as *Von Barwig's* in the last act of "The Music Master." The only way for air and light to get into it was through a skylight. The winter turned out to be very cold and snowy — not at all the kind of climate I was used to — and I was miserable in that room. All the heat I had came from a coal-oil lamp that smelled so badly it sickened me. At last I couldn't stand it any longer and got the landlady to give me candles, which did not help much to keep me warm. Sometimes, it was so cold I had to undress under the bedclothes. If it stormed in the night the snow would sift down through the cracks in the skylight glass, and when I woke up in the morning the bed would be covered with it.

If I must ever live in an attic again, give me a stage attic!

The progress I was making in New York did not help to make life any more cheerful. My prospects had been slim enough in the beginning, and they seemed to get slimmer. I thought the variety theatres were where I would be most likely to get a start, and I visited them regularly, paying a quarter admission just to study the performances and learn what sort of thing went in them. Day after day I went around to the theatrical employment agencies and gave them a complete account of the many clever things I thought I could do. But they were not a bit interested. In fact, an actor seemed to be the last thing in the world they ever could be interested in.

It was even worse than it had been in San Francisco. At least I had had friends there, but here there was not a soul I knew well enough to go to for a job. I was still little more than a boy, absolutely alone, and my money would very soon be all gone, and I had no idea what would happen to me when the last of it was spent. I was becoming desperate.

One day I went over to Eighth Avenue. I can be exact about the date because it was such an important one in my life. It was the first of December, 1890.

At that time there were two or three beer gardens to the block in the section of the avenue where I went. I stopped in front of one of them — for no reason at all except that its appearance happened to attract me. It was Paine's Concert Hall. Inside there were a number of tables, and a small platform where something like a cabaret was given — a show free with your glass of beer. I went inside and looked around for the manager. He was busy handing out beer checks to the waiters, but in a little while there was a lull in the business and I got into a chat with him. We talked about the kind of show he gave, and — luck at last! — he happened just then to be short of "talent." It was my chance, and I told him a fib — a real theatrical fib; that I had been playing out West, but the company had got stranded and I had lost my trunk with all my "notices" in it.

I needn't have been so elaborate. He did not care about my notices — what he wanted, after I had told him what I could do, was to know what salary I would take for my "turn." I ventured on twenty-five dollars as an initial suggestion. He took all the wind out of my sails by saying that if I waited a few weeks he would see what could be done. A few weeks!

"But I can't wait!" I cried. "I'm nearly down to my last dollar!"

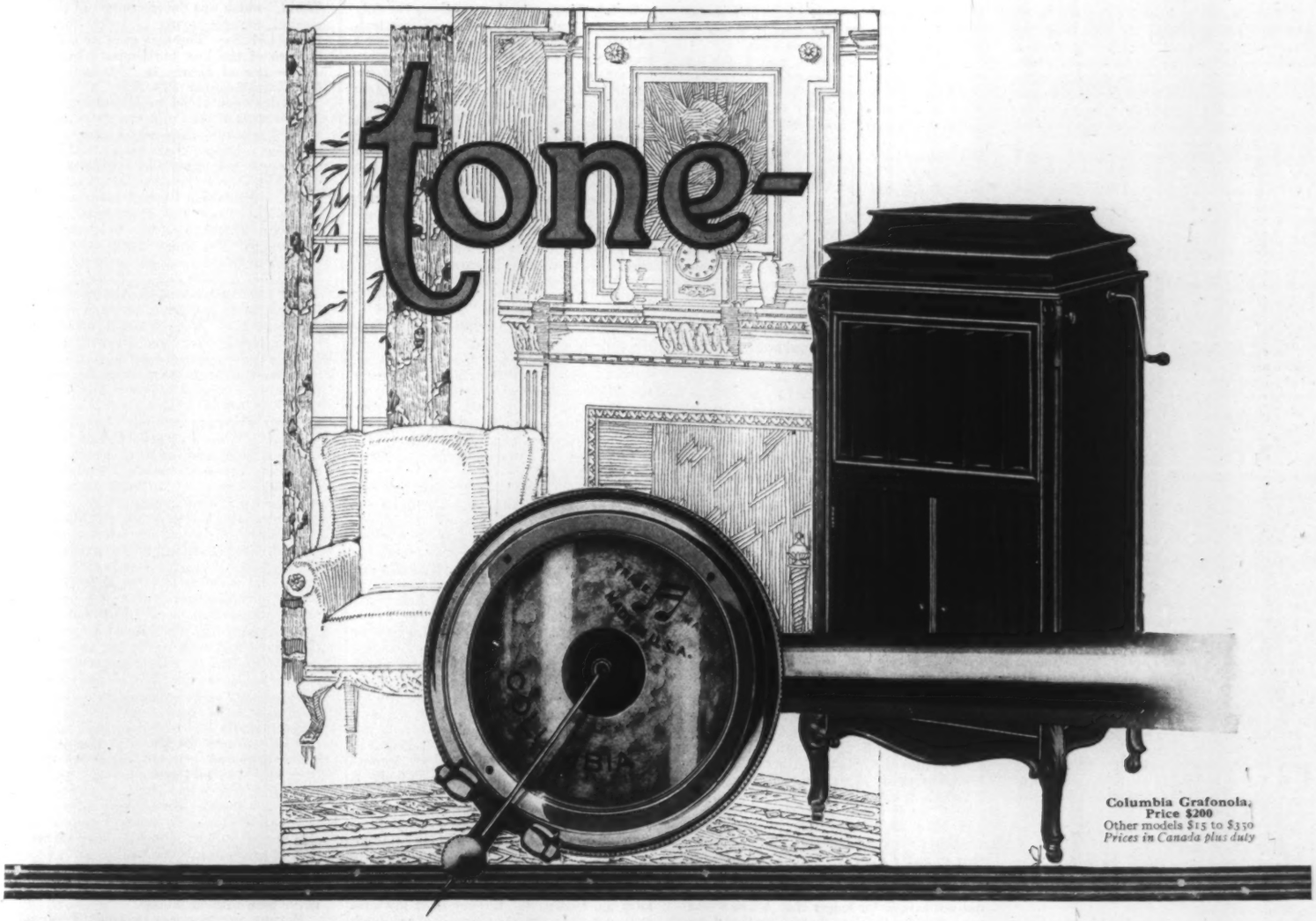
He must have seen something of how desperate I felt, for he offered to give me a try-out that very night. If I made good he would give me fifteen dollars a week. I was glad enough to accept the offer.

I mounted his little platform that evening and did my imitations and stories, and, praise heaven, the act was a success! The crowds drinking at the tables were not much of an inspiration, but they liked what I did and that was enough.

Two days later there was a large sheet in the windows, reading:

DAVE WARFIELD — GREAT MIMIC AND STORY TELLER
DIRECT FROM SAN FRANCISCO

The sight of it gave me a dismaying thought — "They'll expect too much of me now!" But it pleased me to see my name displayed like that. It was a start.



Columbia Superiority is measured by Columbia Tone

THE RECORD played on the Columbia Grafonola is more than a record—it is *reality*. Through the marvelous Columbia reproducer, every individual musical pulsation—every modulation of every note comes back with volume and *warmth* the same as the original itself.

The splendid *resonance* so essential to reproducing orchestral music; the *delicacy* needed to carry the notes of whispering woodwinds and murmuring strings; the ability to convey the *living warmth* that gives great voices their personality—these make up the miraculous perfection of the Columbia reproducer and Columbia TONE.

Clear, natural, brilliant, true—these words are hardly enough to describe it. Only *one* word can truly tell all that "Columbia tone" implies—and that single word is: *life!*

Look for the "music note" trade mark—
the mark of a genuine Columbia Grafonola.

Columbia Grafonola

Columbia Records TRADE MARK Grafonola

A few afternoons later I happened to go into the Coleman House, at Broadway and Twenty-eighth Street, which was then a popular gathering place for all sorts of theatrical people. William A. Brady happened to be there that day, and when I nodded to him he gave me a very cordial greeting, and asked me what I was doing in New York. I was feeling pretty proud of myself just then, and I told him all about the tremendous success I was making at Paine's Concert Hall on Eighth Avenue. He laughed at me, but I did not mind that — to be making any kind of a hit in New York was something I thought I had a right to be proud of.

Brady had then become a producer, and he told me there was a good "countryman" part in a play called "The Inspector" he was just putting on.

"Do you think you could play it?" he asked.

"Of course I can!" I answered. If he had asked me to play *Hamlet* then and there I would have tried it. At any rate he offered me the part, at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week, which I thought was mighty generous of him.

"You could work in your specialty in the last act," he said — it was Brady's idea to put everything into a play you could. "Go up to my office and tell them you've been engaged for the part of *Hiram Joshkins*."

I went up the next morning, to be told by the manager there that someone else had already been engaged for the part.

"But Mr. Brady engaged me!" I explained. That made no difference. He said gruffly that that was no concern of his.

I fairly flew down to the Coleman House. It was about ten o'clock and Brady was still asleep, but I rushed upstairs and wakened him to tell him what had happened.

"You go back there and stay till I come," he said, getting out of bed. "I'll be with you inside of an hour — I'll fix it!"

He did. And I began rehearsals at once.

There were only a few days before the play opened — at Miner's Theatre in Newark, N. J. I was so nervous at the first performance that I played my entire first scene with my back to the audience. As soon as the curtain had fallen the manager hurried back of the stage and collared me.

"Look here, young man!" he said. "The audience couldn't hear a word you were saying — you played the whole scene with your back toward them!"

I stammered something about having been told to do it that way.

"Well, don't do it that way again. Play to the audience!"

The specialty in the last act made a big hit. It was practically the thing I had been doing at Paine's — the story of a quarrel at a Jewish lodge meeting, in which I acted out the different characters. It went beautifully, and I thought everyone liked it. But not Brady.

"You can't do a Jew at all. That's the rottenest thing I ever heard," he said. So it was cut out.

But when we got to the People's Theatre, on the Bowery, where we played the last week of our engagement, I couldn't resist putting in my bit of Jewish specialty in spite of Brady's having told me not to do it. I announced the story, saying "I will now give you a scene in a Jewish lodge." At the first line — "Mr. President, I want to have the floor" — there was a burst of laughter. I can hear that laughter to this day! Every word seemed to bring a laugh — the whole house shrieked.

My story was a success — but it was the last week of the engagement.

I was already looking for another, and a friend sent me to see a Mr. Clifford, who was the manager of a play that was being prepared called "O'Dowd's Neighbors." Mr. Clifford did not seem much impressed when I told him I was a "general comedian" — I did not know what else to call myself. But he told me to come back in the afternoon, and in the afternoon back I went, and found his office full of his friends.

"Here's the comedian I was telling you about!" he said by way of introduction, and I think they expected to have some fun seeing me make a fool of myself. One of them said, "Let's see what you can do," and I, innocent enough, shot through my whole act.

It surprised them enough to make them ask where I was playing, and that night they went over to the Bowery to see my performance. The result was that Mr. Clifford asked me to come to his office again the next morning.

The part he had open was that of an Irish woman — could I play it? Of course I could! And to prove it I gave him an imitation of Jimmie Russell, of the Russell Brothers. The salary I asked for was thirty-five dollars, but the most he would engage me for at first was thirty, with the promise that it would be raised to thirty-five if I made a hit.

The play was produced, and I got my raise. The play kept going for a long time, but I was with it only ten weeks. I did not want to make a specialty of Irishwoman parts, and though I was offered fifty dollars a week, and I hadn't anything else in view, I left the company.

That was the end of my first season in the East, and I went back to New York with about three hundred dollars that I had saved. The first thing I did was to go to a good Fifth Avenue tailor and spend sixty-five of it for a new and fashionable suit of clothes. It was an unheard-of extravagance for me, but I wanted to appear prosperous. I knew anything that would make me look like ready money would be a good investment.

About this time John Russell heard of me. He was then the manager and owner of "The City Directory," one of the biggest successes of the time. On hearsay he engaged me for the No. 2 company of "The City Directory" which was just about to open — in Saratoga, I think. Russell came on for the opening. For my specialty I was using a burlesque imitation of Salvini in "Othello" and another of Bernhardt in "Camille." When he had seen it Russell promoted me to the No. 1 company and I was sent on to join it in Boston, where I appeared, and then went on to New York for something like sixteen weeks at the Bijou Theatre. So I was having a part in a successful New York run, exactly one year, to the day, from the time I made my start at Paine's Concert Hall.

After that came an engagement that proved to me that the kind of thing I was doing was worth developing. It was with Miss Annie Lewis in "A Nutmeg Match." My part, as it was originally written, was that of a country boy — there was not anything I wouldn't tackle in those days! In the preliminary tour the play looked like a failure, and when it was finally brought to New York for a run at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, the manager asked me to introduce my Jewish specialty to liven things up a little. I protested that it wouldn't fit in with my part, and Miss Lewis agreed with me so emphatically that she said she wouldn't play if that specialty went in. But the manager insisted, and the play was given with my Jewish comedy scene instead of with a star, which did not save it for longer than a two weeks' run. But the incident showed me that I was building up confidence in my work.

So far, this country boy part was the only chance for real character acting I had had, and my success in it gave me the idea that I ought to go on with such rôles. I remember the amount of time I spent in front of the mirror, with that idea in mind, conjuring up all sorts of pathetic moments, playing to myself in the looking-glass. The next season Donnelly and Girard offered me a small part in "The Rainmakers" at seventy-five dollars a week — more than I had ever had. But when I read my part I saw that it did not contain at all the kind of chance I was looking for, and I asked Mr. Donnelly to release me from my contract.

I paid the penalty for being so particular with a few months of idleness. The part I was looking for did not show up — or any other part; and finally, when I met John Russell on Broadway one morning and he asked me if I wouldn't like to join him again, the state of my funds made me glad enough to say "Yes," at a sixty-dollar salary. When we had gone into the Gilsey House to arrange the details, Russell surprised me by asking if I could leave for Chicago that afternoon. After a moment's hesitation I told him I could.

He immediately handed me seventy-five dollars, in addition to my expenses, saying:

"Go to Chicago and take a few days to see the World's Fair — have a good time and join the company in Elkhart, Indiana." That was John Russell all over!

After a few weeks in the Middle West we began rehearsing a new musical comedy, to be called "About Town." I was greatly disappointed when I found there was not a real part in it for me. Russell intended me to use my specialty in the second act.

My part was nominally that of a butcher who had made a great deal of money, and all I had to do in the first act was to appear with my stage wife as guests at a play. I knew that I would be lost entirely if I did not work up something distinctively individual. So I bought a rather antiquated dress-suit, not too absurd in appearance, and a light-haired wig, and planned out a complete characterization. When I made my entrance as *Wellington Metropole*, the wealthy butcher, on the opening night in Chicago, there was a roar of laughter. During the whole act I just sat without speaking a line, but the notices I got the next morning were the best I had ever had.

When we went to the Casino in New York later on, George W. Lederer liked my work well enough to give me a part in the summer show he was getting ready, "The Merry World," which was the forerunner of the big musical comedy revues of today like the Ziegfeld Follies. This play gave me a chance for two of the best burlesques I had ever done — one of *Fouche* in "Madame Sans-Gene" and the other of the *Laird* in "Trilby."

All this time I had been studying something I wanted very much to do — the real Jew. I was sure there was a place on the stage for a human character instead of the overdrawn, grotesque and impossible type that the public was used to, and I had built up a conception that I hoped was true to life.

I talked about this characterization to Lederer and tried to get him to let me introduce it into "The Merry World," but he had no faith in it — he was sure it would not go. My chance did not come till one afternoon during our last week at the Casino, when a baseball game had been arranged between two teams made up of actors, for the benefit of the "Herald" Ice Fund. The actors were to wear their stage costumes, and we were to ride from the theatre to the Polo Grounds in tally-hos. I waited till our tally-ho was ready to start before I appeared, in a new make-up patterned carefully after the East Side Jew. When I climbed aboard they all began to laugh, and my new part was a success even before we reached the baseball grounds.

When I made my entrance there I did so carrying a large basket on my arm filled with small pieces of cracked ice, which I carried through the grandstand selling as souvenirs of the game. It nearly started a riot. I had made a hit with my real Jew at last!

That night Lederer came to my dressing-room and asked me what I had done at the Polo Grounds that made such an uproar. I told him I had been trying out the Jew he was so afraid of. It was the last night of our run at the Casino, but he asked me if I could introduce my new character into the performance. I did, and it went just as I had hoped it would go. In Chicago and later on the road people continued to like it, and the next season I had a chance to do it in a long run at the Casino in "In Gay New York."

By now I was getting along pretty well professionally — and I had no interests outside my profession. I had no financial worries. I had learned to be thrifty and to live within my means, and since my first fifteen-dollar job at Paine's Concert Hall I had never been without money.

But my ambition was growing. I wanted to continue in burlesque, because I felt particularly fitted for it, but so far the bits I had been doing, though they gave me excellent chances, were after all only bits. I wanted to try something more sustained.

My third part at the Casino was in "The Whirl of the Town," and I became close friends with C. M. S. MacClellan, who wrote the book for it. He wrote a part especially for me in "The Belle of New York," a burlesque of a high-class German, which was more the sort of thing I was anxious to try. But MacClellan and I could not agree about the sort of entrance I should make, and after playing the part for only two and a half weeks I left the company. The courage of my convictions was growing in me, and I was ceasing to be timid about having things as I thought they ought to be.

The manager who produced "The Belle of New York" in England had seen me in the piece in New York and wanted me to go to London in it.

"Play that part in London and you'll make the biggest success of your career."

But I couldn't be persuaded. "No, I'm not going to do it," I said. "I don't want to spoil that little German character — I may want to play him some time under different conditions."

Deep in my mind was the serious drama I wanted to play in, already beginning to take shape, but I still hadn't the courage to talk about it convincingly. I still thought I wasn't ready for it.

I was determined to be done with these little parts, however, and when Lederer began work on a new revue called "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and I saw a part in it that I wanted, I said so. Once more Lederer was afraid.

"You can't play these sustained parts," he told me quite frankly. "You're fine in the bits, and you ought to stick to them. Take my word for it!"

I saw I could not persuade him. And just then Lew Fields happened along with an opening in just the direction I wanted to go.

Next month Mr. Warfield will tell of the old Weber and Field days; of his first meeting with Belasco, and many other interesting things.

A Quarter's Worth

by **Hildegarde Hawthorne**

A QUARTER'S worth will keep one of them happy a week.

That's what I was told.

"Happy?" I queried. For a picture came to my mind, and I found it impossible to fit happiness in with that picture.

But it is an ancient axiom that everything is relative. A cessation of agony is happiness, even where that is the sole blessing, at least for the swooning moment of peace. And so it is that one of them can be happy — relatively — on a quarter's worth, for a whole week.

Sometimes it seems to us that it takes a great deal to induce happiness. Worry must vanish, weariness slip away, love must be close, and beauty, and tenderness, and hope and . . .

And out there in the trenches it takes only a quarter's worth of tobacco, and that lasts a week.

Something of all this must have been in my voice, for my informant laughed.

"Sounds absurd, maybe! But have you ever seen a tired man relax, with a pipe and pipeful of tobacco? That's what they are out there, mostly. Tired. Half crazy with fatigue and with the noise. And then, if a chance to rest comes, and they can get a smoke . . . why, I've seen the lines in those haggard faces that were young not so long ago smooth right out after a pipe. I've heard two of the boys begin to chuckle over some incident in the day's fighting, as they puffed at their cigarettes, when, ten minutes before, they were ready to snarl at a word. And I've seen a fellow come back, jumpy, worn, caked with mud, hadn't had food for the Lord knows how many hours, I've seen him with the bloody bandage dried to his wound, turn away from the first aid and the canteen and beg some chap he saw lighting up to give him a smoke."

That's how it is! A pipeful of tobacco, a couple of cigarettes, these are the joys, the relaxation, the moment of peace after the terrible hours of strain and fury and turmoil, these must take the place of all that, in normal times and in normal lives, goes to make happiness. They must be the sign of remembrance, of thanks, of the fact that those out there, who are daily giving the uttermost in them to give, even to the last sacrifice, are cared for, are unforgotten, are loved by those who are back home.

You can't buy very much here at home for a quarter, principally because you have so much already. But get out there, where there is nothing except the terror that walks by day and by night, the living grave of the trenches, the eternal din of the guns, the mud to lie in and to work in—out there, where every next moment may be the last, and a little bit of tobacco will spell happiness.

"You see, it takes your mind off," concluded my informant.

The "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund" takes your quarter and sees to it that more tobacco than you could get for that money goes straight to the men in the trenches or on the ships. Already England, Australia, Canada, France, New Zealand, already these, through private contributions are sending that quarter's worth. Now it is our own who ask it of us.

After this, a quarter will have a special meaning, a meaning difficult to ignore.

"A quarter's worth will keep one of them happy for a week."

EDITOR'S NOTE: — McClure's Magazine will receive and turn over to "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund," such contributions as its readers may care to make. Address: McClure's Magazine ("Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund"), 25 W. 44th St., New York.)

Snap-Shots from Home.

Give cheer to the boys in camp and on shipboard by sending them pictures from home. There are likely to be some tedious, homesick days and a little cheer-up in the way of photographs of the home folks and the home doings will do them a lot of good.

And some day when you want to give something a little more substantial, send along a Vest Pocket KODAK and ask your Soldier or Sailor Boy to send pictures to you.

Vest Pocket Autographic Kodak, - - - $6.00

All Dealers'.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

COPYRIGHT 1917, PRATT & LAMBERT-INC.

TEST IT WITH A HAMMER

Hammer a Sheet *of Rubber-* And What Happens?

NOTHING — your hammer leaves no impression — why? Because rubber is *elastic.* And it is the elasticity of "61" Floor Varnish that makes its life so long. Send for a sample panel. Test it yourself. Examine the dented wood and the unbroken varnish film.

"You may dent the wood but the varnish won't crack"

Hammer a Sheet *of Glass-* And What Happens?

WRECKAGE — the glass is shivered into a thousand pieces — why? Because glass is *brittle.* And this in a lesser degree is exactly what happens to countless floors finished with ordinary varnishes which crack, check and chip off. A good varnish doesn't break off — it wears off — *slowly.*

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

MERE beauty of surface, and resistance to water, hot or cold, should be taken for granted in any good varnish — but resistance to abrasion — *wear,* is the paramount quality found in "61" Floor Varnish — so often lacking in others. That is why we say:

Send for Booklet and Sample Panel

"test it with a hammer. You may dent the wood, but the varnish won't crack."

Vitralite THE LONG-LIFE WHITE ENAMEL

THE *dogged endurance* of Vitralite, *the Long-Life White Enamel,* is so extreme, whether it be used for the finest of interior work or the most exposed *exterior* work, that it is *guaranteed for three years.* Inside its term of service is indefinitely long.

Free Booklet and Sample Panel

showing the beautiful and durable finish of Vitralite will be sent you on request.

OUR GUARANTEE: If any Pratt & Lambert Varnish Product fails to give satisfaction you may have your money back.

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects, and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC. VARNISH MAKERS 68 YEARS

68 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 11 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario

After Brushing the Teeth

LISTERINE

The Safe Antiseptic

Manufactured only by Lambert Pharmacal Company St. Louis, No. U.S.A.

Listerine can *reach* every surface of the teeth because it is liquid.

Listerine can *protect* every surface of the teeth because it is antiseptic.

Listerine can *reach* and *protect* those surfaces of the teeth which the brush cannot cleanse.

After brushing the teeth, rinse the mouth with Listerine and water.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Let's See What Happens Next!

[*Continued from page 21*]

have its measure of such — *amorino!* And who shall decry it, the love that is not quite love, but dear, because it's nearly so!

So he sat staring at the telephone-book as though, there, that young affair were being filmed before his eyes. She was just a pretty little stenographer, with pensive ways and unreadable eyes, a quick laugh and defiant "I should worry!" That was what had bothered him then, her slang, and her little cheap ways. First it had bothered him for her sake; later, for his own sake. However, his inner disquiet had not withheld him, when he came home from work and she came home from work, from strolling with her in the moonlit Park; not from trips to the soft-shining country when the air was palpitant with Spring. No, nor from kisses; nor from foolish words such as boys utter in such cases.

And then, finally, when spring had passed and summer come, that silent judgment within him had passed sentence on mere glamour, and he said good-by and went away. But not without an aching heart, for Nell was sweet, sweet. And his heart had ached, and life was drab until. . . .

Well, that's the way life goes: monotonous, bleak stretches, and then a brighter time, as though Spring came in a day. But Spring, and things like Spring, are evanescent, and always comes bleakness again. Before him the years seemed to pass on and on; and a sort of bitterness crept into his mood. How life could slip by, leaving of its joys and sorrows scarcely a trace! A few months, a few years, and every occurrence was as nothing. He was left empty, left thirsting for something he didn't have, for happiness. How had he missed his happiness? At times it had seemed to come, and then had passed by, smiling over its shoulder. Every recurrence brought added disillusion. So it was better not to seek happiness; better to forget about it, if one desired repose, as it was better to forget the smiles and wiles of youth. For everybody knows that looking back only makes one sad.

Thus Benny reasoned while the ghost of his youth still lingered before him, while it stretched its invisible fingers to touch the strings of his heart.

That was why he didn't keep his promise to telephone Nell. He had reached the age, so he thought, when one instinctively shuns emotional stress, just as youth instinctively seeks it. "I only ask a little peace in my life," he told himself. "And I'm very busy. I haven't time or energy, just now, for resurrecting ghosts, God knows!"

So he might never have seen Nell again had not, the second morning after their meeting, she herself telephoned to his office.

"Guess who this is!" came the characteristically feminine introductory, and Benny "guessed" at once.

She had perceived, she said, that he wasn't going to call her, so she'd gone to considerable trouble to find his business number. She didn't seem at all embarrassed or disturbed, only frank in her desire to have a real talk with him. However, in her motives and actions, those earlier days, he had never been quite able to make her out. She asked him to dine with her — this was her last evening in town. Benny, then, hesitated only long enough to figure whether he could juggle his engagements, and accepted. He suggested the theatre after dinner. She acquiesced, and they decided what they should see.

Then he rushed through a busy day, squeezing out time to secure the theatre tickets, and at the appointed hour went to her hotel, very tired, a little excited, and extremely curious.

He found her in a soft-sheened dress the hue of cornflowers and of her eyes, and oddly his brain clicked back ten years to a speech of hers: "A girl likes to dress to match her eyes." But, now, she was jeweled to match the soft skin of her throat — pearls.

They dined in a shaded corner of the hotel's more secluded dining-room. Nell had ordered an excellent dinner, and in her *savoir faire,* as hostess, continued to amaze him.

"Now begin," she said, when they were seated; "tell me everything."

"No, *you* are to do the telling first."

"Oh, there's not much that will interest you; it's all very prosaic."

Then she told him how her employer had become interested in her, and had married her. Though he was a successful business man, a linen importer, he had the tastes of a student. He employed teachers for her, took her to Europe, traveled with her, read with her. Five years after their marriage he died, leaving her all his property.

"And that's all," she concluded.

"And you call *that* prosaic?" commented Benny.

Nell smiled her little smile that told nothing.

"You have no children?"

"No," she replied without expression.

"You are happy?"

"Of course." She turned her head, for a moment gazing at something in space, then turned back to him. "And you —?"

"I don't know," he replied as honestly as he could. "Sometimes I think I'm happy and sometimes I think I'm not."

She shook her head. "That's bad."

"Bad?" Benny repeated.

"Yes — to think about it."

"Why?"

"I can remember the first time I talked to you," she mused. "I remember it was Spring and I was sentimentally sad; and I asked you if Spring didn't make you feel vaguely unhappy, too. You said you never thought about whether you were happy or not. And that was a sure sign that you *were* — only people who think about it feel unhappy."

"Fancy your remembering that!"

"Women always remember little details that men forget," she replied. Benny, for some reason, didn't tell her he remembered little details, too. Instead, he said:

"As a matter of fact I suppose I was exulting in the belief that I was miserable. Youth luxuriates in the despair it won't admit. Just as, later on, we won't confess to happiness, yet always are seeking something to smile at. Youth doesn't have to do that; it can always laugh, even when nothing presents itself — at things it can't pretend to understand."

"If people," observed Nell, softly, "only laughed at the things they understood, there would be an end to much laughter in the world."

SO they talked through that excellent dinner — of youth, and memories, and the intangible motives of life. And when she recalled that they were to go to the theatre and asked him to look at his watch, it was half-past ten!

In parting, that night, as she offered her hand, she said: "Let's be friends, Benny."

"Friends?"

"Yes, friends — we like each other. Just as though there'd never been anything between us."

"As though there'd never been anything," he repeated again.

"Yes, Benny. Will you come up for the week-end with me? It's a lovely, restful old place — it will do you good."

"But," he smiled, "will *you* do me good?"

And then, suddenly, without premeditation, he bent and kissed the hand he still held. She recoiled slightly and withdrew her hand. For a long moment she gazed at him, a curious mixture of softness and severity in her look. Then she said:

"No, Benny. Don't do that again."

That last image was the one that lingered with Benny. She was a queer girl! — queerer than ever. It was fascinating to try to make out what Nell was really thinking. Just as it was fascinating to try to decide whether she was really beautiful. Somewhere he had heard, or read, that no man can tell whether a woman who interests him is beautiful; that he never sees her face as it actually is, but always as it *might* be — visioning its possibilities. And that is why a woman always seems beautiful to the man who cares for her.

Well, anyway, he couldn't deny Nell interested him! He wished he could go up for that week-end; but he didn't have the time.

Early next morning, before she left town, he called her up to say good-by. But when he had hung up the receiver, he was surprised to realize that, somehow, he had promised to follow her on Saturday.

Saturday, however, was three days off. Three days give plenty of time in which to change one's mind. Several times Benny decided to wire that he was too busy to come; he had a sense of irritation at something

subtly hostile to his work and peace. Once he got so far as to write out his regrets on a telegraph blank, but for no reason at all he changed his mind and tore it up.

When Saturday arrived, he hadn't made up his mind whether he was more pleased or annoyed at the prospective holiday. But it was a glorious October day and, out the car windows, all the hills and valleys were dressed up in gold and copper brown and pastel rose and magenta. To reach Nell's hill country, he had to transfer to a "jerk-water" line; and when a nice little brook took the engine by the hand and led it the rest of the journey, Benny relaxed and decided to let the weather have its way with him.

Finally the brook lost itself in a dark-blue river, torn through here and there by rushing motor-boats; and then he was crossing the river itself, smooth and deep, gliding mysteriously beneath. Just beyond the bridge was the station; and there, beside the platform, seated in a spirited-looking little car painted blue to match her sweater — and her eyes! — was Nell herself.

She gave him her hand with intense composure. "Put your bags in there, Benny, and jump in. This steed's not very good at standing still — hear him snort!"

She pressed her foot on the accelerator, and a responsive quiver went through the "steed's" taut muscles.

"You drive this thing yourself?" asked Benny.

"Oh, yes. I hope you don't mind riding when a woman's driving."

She drove superbly — as she did most things these days — with a dash of recklessness but with the car always under control. Almost before the ride was begun, before Benny had had time to take stock of himself, the ride was over. He had a sense of excitement at seeing what Nell's house would be like. It revealed itself a pleasant old Colonial structure with wide, many-paned windows, seeming to sit there with its feet in the river and its back propped up against the autumn woods.

"We'll explore those woods after luncheon," promised Nell.

As they walked up to the door, Nell pointed out the old glass, with its pleasantly blurred waves, in some of the window-panes. The whole picture was so satisfactory that he couldn't help fearing, with the cynical Whistler, some "damned little thing on the mantelpiece that gives the whole show away."

But the interior proved charming; roomy and simple, with soft lines, irregular floor-levels, and hand-carved panelings; highboys and Duncan Phyfe dining chairs; and the cheer of chintz and open fires and plenty of windows and books.

The books he later discovered to show a discriminating taste. Most of them, Nell said, had been selected by her husband. She pointed out a photograph of her husband. The picture showed a man well past middle-age, older than Benny had thought of him, a thin man with aquiline, distinguished features and a quizzical little droop to his eyelids. That picture threw light on Nell's extraordinary development in certain directions. Benny liked the face, but he couldn't help wondering how this cultivated man, in the beginning, had given way to Nell's attraction. Nell, during his stay, didn't mention her husband often; but when she did it was with genuine respect and appreciation. Whether she felt real affection for him, Benny couldn't make out. It often was difficult, even in the old days, to make Nell out.

At luncheon appeared Miss Hedges, Nell's companion and a relative of the late Mr. Blakely. Miss Hedges was clearly a "lady" but rather pathetic: middle-aged, and shriveled like a moth that has been near the fire but didn't get burned. She was an insistent, eager talker, but Benny found it difficult to keep his attention on her; it kept straying to Nell, who scarcely talked at all.

Then came the promised exploration of the woods. The sky, that day, was a deep, almost purplish blue, and a gentle mellowness lay on the world. Already the silver birches had put on their incongruous yellow wigs, and the ground was strewn with a rustling carpet. It is easy to talk on such a day; spasmodically, and with no restraint in the pauses. Benny learned that Nell's aunt, his erstwhile landlady, was dead; that Nell was now quite alone in the world. And she asked to hear more of his adventures; and though she listened without comment, he found himself, as in those long-ago days, revealing more than he had intended. Suddenly, realizing, he stopped. What extraordinary power in that stillness of hers!

"A penny —!" he said.

She glanced away; she had taken off her hat and the flittering light found the red flecks in her hair, touched the pale ivory of her skin. When her eyes came back all the sophistication was gone, and, for a flash, they stared into his so openly he was startled.

"I was thinking," she said, "of that day in New York you didn't telephone. Do you know I found out your office-building and rode by twice, looking up, wondering which was your window?"

She ceased abruptly and lowered her long, dark lashes. But at that sudden primitive flash, at the frankness of her simple words, Benny felt something stir in him; and he moved a little uneasily.

"Why didn't you come in?" he asked.

But when she raised her eyes, to meet his steadily, they had the effect of being veiled.

"Oh, there were reasons," she said.

"What reasons?" he persisted.

"Someone was with me, or I had an appointment, or I had to buy a hat — I forget."

She smiled at him with her veiled eyes and laughed, and beneath that light laugh nothing of her was to be read.

That night, after dinner, Miss Hedges went upstairs to nurse a cold, and Nell and her guest were left alone before the fire. A sudden wind had risen, as happens in October, roaring boisterously around the corner and flapping a loose shutter at the window, and whistling down the wide chimney till the blaze was seized with paroxysms and choked up smoke and sent long tongues of flame darting up the flue.

Nell leaned forward in her low chair, gazing at the flame. Her profile had a painting's immobility, and her hair was a ruddy aureole. Though Benny had never seen her in firelight before, strangely the sight of her, there, roused memories in him. A girl under a shaded gas-light . . . a girl and a silver May moon . . . He looked at Nell, and saw her when she'd had another expression in her eyes, on her lips. . . .

Then he tried to steady his gaze, to focus her truly; but the spell held, that vision of how she *had* looked — how she *might* look. He contemplated her languid pose, her passive hands, her far-away eyes, the lips he once had kissed; then suddenly he asked:

"Do you know what I'm thinking?"

Nell turned her eyes to his, touched with fireshine. "What?"

"Thinking how pleasant it would be if we were girl and boy again."

She smiled without lowering her eyelids.

Benny leaned forward. "Let me be a boy again, and you be ——"

Nell dropped her languid pose and straightened a little in her chair. "No," she said.

"Why not?"

"Because all that's past."

"But the past is beautiful."

"The *past* nearly always is," she emphasized. "That's why it seems so — because it *is* past."

"But can't the present be beautiful, too?"

"Can it?" she replied, enigmatically.

Benny didn't reply for a minute. He was recalled to the time when one girl's "present" may have held wretchedness enough.

"Nell," he said suddenly, franker with her than at any time since this re-acquaintance, "you don't hold — old times against me —?"

Nell regarded him in graceful quietude.

"Why should I?" she replied. "Your going away turned out to be the best thing for me."

Her answer, though he had courted it, abashed him. He didn't know what to say; but Nell herself, like the sweet, generous girl she'd always been, came to his aid.

"But I wouldn't have a single bit of it changed, Benny — you're not the only one to cherish memories. I love to remember the dear boy you were — with your dreams and unreasonable aspirations."

Benny took the poker and sent a shower of sparks spluttering up the chimney as he replied: "All aspirations are unreasonable. They are reasons that hold in them enough fire to burn out the logic that would refute them. But they belong to youth — youth before it grows sane and disillusioned."

Nell suddenly stretched out her hand.

"Dear Benny," she said, softly, "fight to keep your illusions. After we lose them we keep on existing, but ——"

"But what?" he reminded, holding her fingers fast.

"We have ceased to live."

He couldn't help asking: "Have *you* kept *your* illusions?"

She made no movement, but stared in the fire a second and then replied: "I keep on trying."

The simple words went to his heart. And because he was more moved than he cared to admit, he made his tone light.

CUT THE COUPON-IT SAVES $1.75 on your three year subscription to McCLURE'S

FOR SEPTEMBER ONLY

THE attached coupon saves you $1.75.

This is a profit-sharing offer in which you get most of the profit.

McClure's is paying more for paper, printing, fiction, illustrations, etc., than ever before. There is a big advance in mailing costs ahead. Other magazines have been forced to go from 15c to 20c a copy. What does McClure's do—increase its price? No—it offers you *this saving of $1.75.*

This is the McClure way of doing things. When the trend is all the other way—we do the surprising thing—we cut our prices to bed-rock; we publish a magazine *that you simply must have;* we fill our 15-cent magazine full of the quality of fiction that you expect in 35-cent magazines, and then we make it easy for you to get this big McClure value by slicing *$1.75 off its already low price.*

There is only one condition—and that works to your advantage. We request that you subscribe for a 3-year period and save us the expense of entering renewals, at the same time securing for yourself the full benefit of this economy offer.

QUICK ACTION REQUIRED

We predicted last September that McClure's would go from $1.00 a year back to its former price of $1.50 a year. *We were right.* Those who took our advice subscribed at the old rate for a long time and *saved big money.*

Before the year is out we may be forced to go to 20c a copy; $2.00 a year. In that case your saving will be $3.25. You clinch a saving of $1.75; you have a good chance of saving $1.50 on top of that.

Read our editorial announcement on this page. Other big novels are scheduled. They average six a year. Bought in book form, these yearly novels *would cost you at least $7.20.* You get them for "good measure" in McClure's.

HERE IS OUR HALF-PRICE "SAVE $1.75" OFFER

Your business sense will tell you that this is a dividend-paying investment.

Mail us the coupon at once—*by September 30th at the latest*—and we will book you for a *three-year McClure subscription at the rate of 91⅔ cents a year,* protecting you for three years against all increases, *giving you the magazine at about 7½ cents a copy when others pay 15 cents a copy.*

Remember, that the coupon can't save this big money for you *until it is in the mails!*

Bear in mind that it is easier to pay $2.75 now than to pay *$1.50 or $2.00 a year for three years!*

Be a quantity buyer and get this wholesale price. If you delay, $1.75—perhaps more—is lost. Save the $1.75! *September 30th is your last day,* so mail the coupon—*at once!*

The Coupon Brings a Big Treat!

It saves you $1.75, and besides—

Mary Roberts Rinehart will write for you a big mystery serial;

The author of "The Straight Road" will bring you, in "Wild Apples", a still more intense and gripping love serial.

Ernest Poole, author of "The Harbor" and "His Family", will come to you with the most powerful novel he has yet written—"Two Wives".

Sophie Kerr and Porter Emerson Browne will chain your interest with sparkling serials.

Cleveland Moffett will tell you interesting things about Love and Life.

Melville Davisson Post will startle and mystify you with stories about Famous Frauds.

Anna Steese Richardson will bring home to you delightful flashes of stage and screen.

Holworthy Hall will fascinate you with stories of young love, and Susan Glaspell, Dana Gatlin, Edward Mott Woolley, James H. Collins, Bozeman Bulger, Jerome Beatty, and a host of other McClure writers will make you immensely glad that you decided to—MAIL THE COUPON!

TEAR OFF—MAIL NOW!

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE,
McClure's Building, New York

Gentlemen:

I enclose $2.75 in payment for a subscription to McClure's Magazine for 3 years at the special bargain rate of 91⅔c a year.
(Otherwise this subscription would cost $4.50; therefore $1.75 is saved.)

Name .....

Address .....

.....

(Check here whether subscription is a new one or a renewal)
New Renewal McC. 9-17

If you desire to divide your subscription, attach directions on separate sheet.

Offer closes September 30th

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, New York City

"And yet," he reproved, "just now you wouldn't help me try to get mine back!"

Within his clasp Nell moved her hand — the hand that once could carry cool balm to his pain, warm thrills to his heart — but she didn't take it away.

After Benny had gone up to bed, he stayed a full hour at his window, smoking. No city lights out there, just a windy moon and driven clouds and the wan river and tree-branches writhing in frenzy. And, though he looked at the violent night, he could yet see her sitting there with the flaring light on her hair; could feel again her fingers in his and that warm thrill stealing up his arm.

What was that power of hers?— a witch's power of lighting fever in the veins and balm to soothe the fever! She was sometimes the most inarticulate being he had ever known. And often she didn't even try to express her thoughts or feelings — he had to "get" her by instinct. And yet, as she sat there so still, so like the girl he'd known long ago, he had longed to kneel in the firelight and rest his forehead against her hands; some voiceless peace would come to him so — as had come to him long ago. The strange thing was that he had restrained himself — why had he? Perhaps it was wise he had to go back to town tomorrow, for perhaps he wouldn't restrain impulse tomorrow. But he didn't feel like weighing the grains of wisdom. This was a lovely spot; and Nell was a dear, sweet thing, and she fascinated him; he wished he might stay.

But he had to get back to town. However, it was only "au revoir," for she was coming down to town during the week for a day or so of "fittings." And when she came it seemed the natural thing for him to arrange two or three little parties — for two — and it was marvelous the way they slipped back into the old friendly companionship. He told himself he was lucky at having Nell flash back into his life, like that, at just the time he needed sympathetic stimulation; and the furnishing of that commodity had always been her greatest gift.

IT seemed quite the natural thing for him to ask to go up to her place for the next week-end. He told her frankly that she was like a tonic; and she seemed pleased at that, and urged him to come.

The weather continued fine; so there passed another happy time, subtly tinged over with reminiscences, in the golden woods and in the evening firelight. This visit he planned to stay over Sunday; and, when she took him to the station Monday morning, he smiled at her and said:

"Nothing grows like a pleasant habit — may I come next Saturday?"

"Of course, if you'd care to come. A lot of people are coming up over the week-end."

"Oh! It wouldn't be the same."

"No," she acquiesced, "it wouldn't be the same."

"Then I'd better not spoil *this* by coming."

He wished her to urge him, but she didn't. Nor, of course, did she suggest postponing the visit of the "lot of people," though, for a second, he felt unreasonably aggrieved that she didn't. Then, off in the hills beyond the arched bridge, a plume of smoke appeared, and he began saying good-by; and presently he was on the train, fleeing away from those few hours of recaptured youth, back to prosaic responsibility.

That following busy week, it was difficult for Benny to explain his growing restlessness. The brilliant weather continued which had brought him that first incongruous chill of spirits; the chill which contact with Nell had warmed. She *had* warmed him, "lifted" him, certainly; yet he was oddly irritated. Irritated because the idea of that pleasant warmth persisted; because he kept on seeing those golden woods, and Nell sitting in the firelight. He smiled at the notion, at his own foolishness. Then, remembering how, once, he had been ashamed of his sentiment for her, ashamed of *her*, he was suddenly ashamed of himself. Nell would despise him, and deservedly, if mere outward change and circumstance could dictate his feeling for her. She had always been generous and sweet — that was what counted. And she always had fascinated him. What was it that made her so?— he'd never known anyone who tried less to fascinate. Perhaps it was that very passivity, that stillness, those flashes hinting primitive depths — these, and the sweetness that is to a woman what scent is to a flower.

After such meditations, it was not, of course, sentimentality that caused Benny to write a letter saying that, after all, he would come up Saturday. But he tore the letter up. That was on Wednesday. Thursday he thought of wiring. Then he resolved to put nonsense out of his head and concentrate on business. But Friday brought a telegram — "Am expecting you. Others are staying till Tuesday — Nell"— and he spent the afternoon arranging so he might be away from the office over Monday.

That Saturday Nell was again waiting at the station in her blue sweater and blue car. But, this time, she had a second car there, a big one; it turned out that other guests had been on his train. Benny found himself already resenting those other guests; Nell was not the Nell he had left a week ago; she was now just a beautifully polite and considerate hostess.

Benny was not put in the blue runabout. That place of distinction, beside Nell, was allotted to a good-looking young fellow named Hammond. Benny had heard of him as a "man about town"— in fact, Hammond was a shade too much heard of. Benny followed in the big car. The woman beside him was inclined to be affable, but somehow, she irritated him, and he wished that some women could realize that certain airs and graces are meant for the young and beautiful.

At luncheon, his premonition that he wasn't going to enjoy the "lot of people" deepened. They all seemed to know one another and one another's interests, addressing one another by their first names and gossiping about others, absent, also by their first names. The talk was light, with a heavy sprinkling of innuendo, but nothing *outré* about it, according to certain "smart" standards. But, to Benny, Nell with her still, deep eyes, down there at the end of the table, seemed out of keeping with it all. At first her presence, oddly stealing out to him, served to make those other unpleasant presences a vague background.

But the persistently coquettish lady of the motor-ride was at his right, and Miss Hedges was at his left, meaning to be kind in assigning him the rôle of family friend. She confided:

"That Mr. Hammond's very devoted to Nelly. Isn't he handsome?"

The young "man about town" was sitting next to Nell; he was really extraordinarily handsome, though he seemed a little obviously proud of his profile. Nor did Benny admire his languid manners and rather impudent stare.

"He's very popular, and rich, too," continued Miss Hedges informatively. "And he sings beautifully."

"Does he?"

"Yes. I think they look well together — don't you?"

Rather shortly Benny answered:

"I suppose so."

The afternoon, so far as Benny was concerned, proved no more successful than the luncheon. The company was put into motors and taken for a ride through the autumn-clad country. Everything was even more beautiful than on the preceding Saturday: not quite so mildly sparkling, a blue haze, but with a tang in the air and a wilder note in the vistas of red-and-gold. But any landscape can fail when one is in the wrong car.

After a while, the word was passed for all to get out and rake leaves and gather twigs for an old-fashioned bonfire. Everyone got riotously merry. Nell decided to scurry home and fetch back things to eat and cook, and have a picnic tea.

Then Benny, with quick resolve, stepped forward and started to climb in the blue runabout. But Nell put a restraining hand on his arm.

"Oh, you can't go, Benny. I'm sorry, but I've promised Mr. Hammond — he suggested the picnic, you know."

So Benny had to give way to the handsome profile. He sat a little apart from the others and told himself how much he was enjoying it all: the poignantly mellow day, the fire now leaping high with a great crackling, and that keen scent of wood-smoke which stirred some vague chord of reminiscence. But the coquettish lady came and sat beside him — why did she keep picking on *him*?— and there was no chance to lose himself in memories.

And then, at last, the little blue car was back again, and there were sandwiches, and hot tea, and toast underdone or overburned on long forks held before the flame.

Someone persuaded Hammond to sing. He really had a good voice, and he sang some wild, gypsyish things that went well in that setting. Nell sat on a fallen log, her chin in her hand, staring into the fire, now and then lifting her eyes to the singer; mesmeric, they always drew his gaze to her and, after one song, he suddenly moved over to

© H. H. Co.

Reason and Duty Both Urge Holeproof Now

EFFICIENCY in living is the spirit of the times—just such efficiency as you can practice — and should — by wearing Holeproof Hosiery.

Time and money will be saved if you will make it a rule—from today—to buy these famous hose for yourself and your family. Then darning will seldom be necessary, and you will purchase hose less often.

All this, remember, without the sacrifice of style or comfort.

Holeproofs are made in your favorite material and shades — pure thread Japanese silk, artificial silk, fine lisle, or cotton.

Men's, 30c per pair and up;
Women's, 40c and up;
Children's, 35c and up

Most good stores can supply you. If your dealer fails to, we'll ship direct, charges paid.

Send your address for illustrated Holeproof booklet. Write today.

This trade-mark identifies the genuine

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Limited, London, Canada
Holeproof Hosiery Company, 10 Church Alley, Liverpool, England

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The Pen for Active Service

THERE isn't a man in the Army or Navy who doesn't need a Waterman's Ideal.

Afield or afloat this pen can be conveniently carried, always ready for instant use anywhere—at a desk or a hundred miles from an inkwell. Even the smallest sizes have sufficient ink capacity to write thousands of words. It is the ***safe*** pen to carry—the dependable and ***accurate*** pen with which to write.

The unfailing service of this pen under all conditions, and the neat work accomplished with it, make it an indispensable tool of the student — either at school or at college.

Self-Filling, Safety, Regular and Pocket Types—points of all degrees to fit every hand. $2.50, $4.00, $5.00 and up.

Sold at the Best Stores the World Over

L. E. Waterman Co., 191 Broadway, New York

Boston Chicago San Francisco Montreal London
6 Rue Monsigny, Paris

PATENTS TRADE MARKS COPYRIGHTS

Thirty years' active practice. Experienced, personal, conscientious service. All business strictly confidential. Book explaining terms free. Address E. G. SIGGERS, Patent Lawyer, Box 7, N. U. Building, Washington, D. C.

When writing to advertisers—mention McCLURE'S. It helps on both sides.

her, lifted her hand and kissed it. That was just like him!— cheeky and affected. And Benny averted his head to light a cigarette, wondering why women seem to like such performances.

And, that evening, things went no better. Benny's imagination got to playing him odd tricks. He fancied that Nell was purposely avoiding him. Not that she wasn't polite — that was the trouble, she was *too* polite, always the hostess with him. And when, after someone had cleared the big parlor and set the victrola going, he asked her to dance, she was just hurrying off on an errand,— "not now; pretty soon." Once again it was "pretty soon." Was she just making excuses?

He noticed that she found time to dance with Hammond. What in the world could she see in that self-satisfied pup? Of course he danced like a professional; but was that a reason for a sensible girl like Nell to go off in a corner with him and send up little peals of laughter? Or, even worse, to turn up to him that still, sober gaze?

Benny didn't imagine himself jealous; indeed, he'd have been indignant had anyone accused him of jealousy. He thought he was only hurt at Nell's indifference toward him. If she hadn't wanted him to come, why had she gone to the trouble to ask him? Heaven knew the rest of the precious assemblage meant nothing to him! She had played a mean trick on him — getting him here, and then cutting him adrift like this. Staring into the fire they two had watched together one week ago, he grew resentful and determined not to come here again. (At the moment of decision, Nell and Hammond were helping each other adjust a record.) He decided he was bored. He might as well go upstairs to bed. Nell was too occupied to notice him leaving, and he didn't disturb her.

But the victrola and the voices and the slide-slide of feet down there, even softened by distance, didn't prove a soothing lullaby.

Next morning, Nell said to him:

"What became of you last night, Benny?"

"I went up to bed."

"Why, what was the matter?"

He wanted to answer: "I was bored." But he said: "I had a headache."

"Oh, I'm sorry! Why didn't you let me know?"

She was gazing at him with the sweet solicitude of the old Nell, her hand gently touching his arm. And Benny forgot to answer her question.

"Nell! Let's sneak out from this and get out somewhere for a walk and talk."

Her head drooped a little; he fancied she hesitated.

"I'm sorry, Benny," she said once more. "But I've promised Mr. Hammond ——"

"I see," said Benny, slowly.

Presently he stole off alone toward the woods. It was a thick gray day, all of yesterday's brilliance shrouded in mist and the feel of rain coming. On the heavy air hung the acrid scent of wood burning somewhere. What is it that smoky scent always stirs in one?— something of memory, of melancholy, of farewell, all confused.

Just at the wood's edge he thought he heard a call, and looked back. There was Nell, in her blue sweater, running after him. She was smiling. But he didn't feel like returning her smile.

"I saw you leaving," she said, a little out of breath. "We didn't go for our ride after all —it looks like raining pitchforks any minute — so I ran after you."

"That was kind," said Benny. "Thanks."

Her tone was light, as she answered:

"Oh, I see you're cross."

"No," he said, purposely rude, "only bored."

"You *are* cross! Forgive me for bothering you."

"Oh, you're not bothering me."

"I *thought* you wanted to be friends," she went on pensively.

"Good heavens, Nell!" he cried at that. "Can't you see that's what I *do* want — what I came up here for? I came to see *you* — and I'm bored because I'm shut off with a lot of artificial gossips, and because I have to watch you at a distance, flirting with that pretty-boy Hammond!"

"Don't you like Mr. Hammond?" Nell asked, demurely.

"What *I* think about him isn't evidently to the point; *you* seem to like him."

Nell stooped down and picked up a vivid leaf, studied its effect against her blue sleeve.

"Yes, I like him. He's very good-looking — and pleasant-mannered. And he dances so splendidly — I love to dance."

"Yes, I remember you always were fond of fellows who danced," remarked Benny, and could have bitten out his tongue the moment after.

For a long minute, without glancing at her, he felt her blue eyes on his face; then she turned away.

"Do you think that's kind?" she asked.

"Forgive me," he begged, really contrite. "It was only that I'm worried, distressed — angry, too. I can't abide that Hammond — he's no good. I guess it's all got on my nerves."

"And are you advising me not to 'abide' him?"

Benny forced himself to look at her; but her profile, a pale-ivory cameo against leafy bronze, told him nothing.

"It's not up to me to give you advice," he burst out, suddenly irritated again, and not knowing why he was irritated. "I suppose my advice would mean nothing to you, anyway. I realize I'm just somebody you used to know — used to like."

Neither her profile nor her eyes moved the least bit. When she spoke, her voice was very low.

"Yes, just somebody I — used to like." Then, at last, she turned to him and her lips smiled faintly. "Yes, Benny, I agree it's really not up to you to give me advice."

That was all; but the air between them rang with words left unsaid about that time she — used to like him.

So, in silence, they turned to retrace their steps. Finally Benny said:

"Think I'll get the five-ten back to town."

She glanced at him. "I thought you'd planned to stay till Tuesday."

"Well, my plans are upset; I'd rather get back to town."

Nell stooped to add another leaf to her bouquet before she spoke.

"I'd like to have you stay, but, of course, if you're bored ——"

Just then the leaves on the trees, which had been hanging listlessly, suddenly began to toss about, and the heavy air quickened to a drizzle.

"Come!" she cried, catching his hand. But, even as they raced, the drizzle became a downpour, sending the leaves spinning through the air and a cold shower in their faces.

Nell turned her face up to it and laughed as she ran. Her blue sweater was soon soaked through, clinging to her in close curved lines, and rain-blown leaves settled on her head for a crown. And Benny, looking at her, feeling that warm live hand clasping his own, felt a surge of youth slip over him and laughed with her. All too soon loomed the safe, dry haven of home. On the porch he paused, seeking his breath, almost wishing he hadn't been quite so hasty with that "five-ten" announcement. But, as he loitered, Nell shook off a shower of drops, flashed him a last smile, and ran on into the house.

That afternoon, when Benny came down with his bags, he half-hoped Nell wouldn't be on hand to say good-by. The visit had been a failure; conventional farewells would be but an added mockery. The gloom of outdoors darkened the hall, and he stood there a moment peering into the dusky parlor, and felt relieved to see it deserted. But there was an ache in him just the same — a secret, disappointed, lonely feeling.

He had turned about and had his hand on the door-knob when, from up the stairs, came a sudden rustle of skirts. A fragrance, a sound almost, a little laugh, and then Nell stood before him.

"You were running away!" she accused. "But I caught you. I'm driving you down myself."

The drive down to the station, in the little blue car, was singularly quiet. As for Benny, there was so much he'd have liked to say that he didn't know how to begin, or what was better left unsaid. And Nell seemed to have lapsed back on one of her mute spells which she either couldn't or didn't care to break. She concentrated her attention on the car, driving with that assured, superb recklessness of hers.

The train was several minutes late, and they sat waiting in the car. Benny never forgot that scene. The old faded-red frame station, looking wet and discouraged. Beyond, the flooded river, drab, and dotted over with motor-boats tugging against the current, stretching at their hawsers; the curtains all down, no sign of life anywhere. And the arched bridge down there; and the mist-draped hills where, presently, a smoke-plume would appear. A queer feeling came over him, a feeling that all his life he'd been waiting just to see that smoke-plume.

And Nell sitting there beside him, saying nothing, utterly inarticulate. He wondered what was in her thoughts; suddenly wanted to *make* her put it into words.

"Nell!"

She turned and looked at him, but her eyes were veiled.

"Why did you avoid me?"

"Did I avoid you, Benny?"

"You know you did!"

She smiled as one smiles at a child, and shook her head. "Really, Benny ——"

"Oh, Nell!" he cut in, "don't be like that! I've always thought of you as being sincere and true as the day. I thought you wanted to be friends — but I see you only ——"

DANA GATLIN is one of the most distinctive writers in America today. Many more stories from her pen will appear in McClure's

She started to speak; he saw her bosom heave with the intention, but it seemed she couldn't get the words out. Then she turned and stared out at the murky river, her profile, so like a Madonna's, toward him. She was breathing quickly; and Benny's heart suddenly began to beat hard.

"Nell!"— and he scarcely realized what he was going to say — "look at me!"

Slowly her eyes came back to his, and there was something soft and languorous in their quiet depths. Then, with a sensation of his whole being gone weak, he felt for her hand — it was unexpectedly cold — and pressed it. He gave a little excited laugh that was hardly a laugh.

"Nell! I know why we can't be friends! Don't you know — can't you guess it?"

She still sat silent, her hand seemingly turned to stone within his. He squeezed it convulsively.

"Because I *love* you, Nell! Because ——"

But, at that, at last she stirred, tried to withdraw her hand. He clasped it tighter.

"No!" she said then; and her voice, though only a murmur, held a tense, strangled quality.

"Why 'no'?" he cried. "I love you — I've just discovered it myself!" Again he gave that excited laugh. "I don't know when, how it began — maybe it's been always — but, just now ——"

But she interrupted him again, trying to push him away; and her voice was now calmer.

"You thought you loved me once before, Benny. I don't care to go through all that again."

"But that was different — I was only a boy! And *now* ——"

"Please, Benny."

"You mean —?"

She gazed at him — not the luminous love-light of a woman in love that steady survey!

"Do you think this is kind?" she asked. "Perhaps, through you, I suffered once, really suffered—that's humiliating enough for a woman to admit. But it was a long time ago. And I forgave that, was ready to be friends again — because I'd been fond of you ——"

Her voice stayed lifted on the last words, as if she would continue; but she didn't continue, just sat there, still — too still.

And Benny, beset by more emotions than he'd known it possible for a man to have at one time, let go her hand.

"Then there's no hope for me?"

"No."

"Are you going to marry Hammond —?"

"I don't know; I haven't decided."

"You love him?"

"No."

"Then surely you're not thinking of marrying him!"

"Why not?"

"It would be wrong — monstrous!"

"I don't know — I've learned that love, so-called, plays a smaller part than I once imagined."

"Oh, Nell!— you who talked of cherishing illusions! What has made you so cynical?"

She didn't answer. Perhaps she was offended at his insistence. But, unable to restrain it, he went on:

"Didn't you love your husband?"

"I admired him; respected him — almost. I never pretended I loved him. He knew that."

"He must have suffered," said Benny, gravely, "if he loved you."

"Oh, he thought he did." There was more bitterness in her voice than he had ever heard there. "He was infatuated with my eyes, or my hair, or some silly thing, or he could never have endured me at first. I knew that. So I knew I must hurry and polish up the gaucheries, before they should wear on him too much. Oh, I worked hard! And I succeeded, too! The day he died he still thought he loved me. And he never even knew me well enough to know whether I was worth loving or not!"

Her voice was trembling. A sick feeling in him made it difficult for Benny to speak. This revelation of Nell, usually so reticent, shocked him, wounded him; but, most of all, it made him want to be gentle with her.

"Nell," he said, "I want you to know there's nothing in this world that I wouldn't do for you, to make you happy. Does that mean anything to you?"

She didn't reply.

"I'd work for you — I'd give you anything — I'd worship you all days. Isn't that love?"

"No," she answered then. "Love isn't just giving things any more than it's just receiving. And it isn't worship. Oh," and there was a strange violence in her repressed voice, "how do you men dare try to touch a woman's heart when all you know of her is whether her face is pretty or not? I wonder whether there's a man in the world who knows what love really is!"

"What is it, Nell?" he asked, humbly.

But she shook her head. "It's not a thing that can be told. It just has to *be* — and then you know what it is."

At last the smoke-plume appeared, curling its way through the soft-bosomed hills; the smoke-plume he had always been waiting for. A hideous sense of inevitability seemed to weigh the air. He said:

"Then it's all over?"

"It wasn't even begun, Benny."

"And no hope at all?"

"Please, Benny."

"Very well," he assented, dully. "It's your right to say. But I love you — I know it now — always will love you. And you can't prevent *that!*"

Then a sober, conventional "good-by," hollow words such as utter themselves in tense moments and mean nothing; and he was in the train, with just one final glimpse of the little dare-devil blue car skimming off through the mist.

He looked out on the scene, that scene he never forgot, the drab, rushing river, the straining motor-boats, and thought: "The old commonplaces — time, tide, and another emotional tumult of life!" Amazingly the scene seemed the emblem of other scenes passed before: a "pie supper" in the assembly hall of the High School "back home," and his boy's heart broken because an adored teacher was telling him she'd be married in the fall; twilight on "The Hill" in the old University town, and his heart aching because the one girl preferred another, moonlight in a city park, and himself trying to say good-by to a girl whose eyes were cornflowers but whose ways were cheap — *God!* And again moonlight, on a syringa bush, and waltz-strains drifting out from the clubhouse and a certain lady deciding to be "good" and go away with her husband. . . .

They were almost absurd, those recurrences of emotional stress, dotting along the pathway of life. Absurd! And he settled himself in his seat as though to say: "Now *that* is over; let's see what happens next!"

He stared out at the river, the murky river which recalled scenes so different. And a long-forgotten quatrain of Kipling's crept into his mind:

I passed by that when I began,
An' I go 'ome the road I came —
A time-expired soldier man
With six-years' service to his name.

How true it was!— how true of any phase of life. A six-years' soldier man! What had *his* six years of service brought him? Or his ten years? Or his fifteen? Ebb-and-flow, come-and-go, work and pleasure and struggle and achievement, the passing of years — and here he was back at the starting-point!

Well, this episode would soon be but one more milestone. There had been something desperately final in her dismissal. And he deserved it all, he admitted that. But the fact didn't lessen his pain any. Strange how

pain can rise up from an abyss of nothing and, overnight — from three weeks last Tuesday to be exact — deal a death-wound. Only it wasn't a death-wound; he must concentrate on that, must philosophize. Philosophize!— that's the stuff . . .

And he stared on at the murky light over the river, emblem of the lights of vanished youth.

Those days that followed he was grateful for the big contract that kept him busy, engaged nearly every waking hour. He wished that he could work with his hands as well as with his brain. In earlier, more active days, people were not so introspective as now; for it's the people who use their mental processes a lot who get them plastic, and become the more apt to be sensitive, morbid, emotionally complicated.

So, those days, he seemed to be leading a dual existence; while his body stayed in New York and his mind grappled with business problems, his spirit flew away to the Autumn woods and hills. A score of times he was on the point of following after it, against her evident wish. But he controlled himself; and could only wait till business hours were over and his spirit would come back to haunt him with renewed memories.

Then, however, it would not allow him to sit still, to rest. It compelled him to take walks. Walks past rows and rows of houses. How much more a city is than the houses which compose it!— houses and streets but the skeleton framework for the throbbing vitality which is the real City. Walks in the twilit Park, when trees and people and benches were but ghosts and his own thoughts the only reality. His thoughts, how alert they were, how tireless, chasing themselves round and round in circles! They could even speculate on his own emotion, on that terrible, bruised, battered feeling deep within him, as dispassionately as if entirely unrelated to it. What an incomprehensible thing is emotion, coming as mysterious as comes the flame from the touch of the match! Mysterious, inevitable, powerful over the will of man. Man must always react to it, himself availing only in his temperament, his standpoint of years. For, at different ages, man reacts differently to the inevitable force. In youth he seeks emotional adventure, runs after it. Then, after a number of rebuffs, he resents it; he wants only to sit in his spiritual slippers by his spiritual fireside, at ease. But finally comes the time, so they say, when creeps over him a melancholy, a craving to recapture what is hopelessly gone.

Thus revolved Benny's thoughts, those evenings in the Park, when his feet drove along unguided. He tried to hold away the vision of Nell, for, now, it would be best to lose that vision quickly. But it came, and persisted in gazing at him with tender affection. And it was by that remembered look that he realized how hard it was going to be to forget her. Oh, the generous depths of her! The sweet tenderness that was the well-spring of her nature! *That* was what counted, that loveliness which he, in blind youthful stupidity, hadn't had sense enough to value! And now, when at last he appreciated it truly, it was too late.

AND then, one afternoon, nearly a month after that farewell by the river and long after he knew Nell must be in town but feared to inquire, he was told that, while he'd been in a conference, a woman had telephoned him.

His heart bounded, though he had no reason for presuming it was the one woman whose voice he longed to hear. He even found it difficult to control his voice as he asked whether she had left a message. No message; and his heart collapsed under a load of unwarrantable disappointment. Confound conferences! Confound the regulation which had saved him from disturbance. He went back to work engulfed by a tremendous wave of irritable depression.

It must have been a half hour after that when his buzzer sounded, and a boy brought in a card. Her card! The unexpectedness of it stunned him. He sat gazing stupidly at the pasteboard, until finally he remembered the waiting boy. He was glad for the minute alone to shove at the papers on his desk, to try to recover from the effect of that engraved name.

But when Nell came in, she was smiling and her tone was gaily inconsequential.

"Remember the time I told you I drove by here twice — and you asked why I didn't come in? Well, *this* time I drove by three times, and the third time I *did* come in!"

Still, for a second, he could not speak.

"Will you sit here?" he said at last, indicating his own chair.

"No, I want to kidnap you. The motor's waiting, and it's nearly five, so ask no questions and let me kidnap you! Won't you?"

She rushed her sentences together in a way that wasn't like Nell. Benny felt his excitement heightening.

"*Will* I?" And he began to get into his coat with no thought for winding up the day's affairs, for the curious office force.

Downstairs, in her limousine, he turned to her in a fever of questioning.

"Not now. Wait." That was all she would say. She just leaned back in her corner, a vague little smile on her lips but her eyes grave, her gloved hands clasped together in her lap. Benny longed to reach for those hands. But he only leaned back in his own corner, watching her, waiting. The car was filled with the electric confusion that her presence, so close, created. He was dimly aware of people in the streets, of the life of the big city surging around and around them, of crowded block after crowded block left behind.

He dared not move; he didn't know what his arms might do, if once he let go that tense rigidity. He waited until she should direct him what to do; but she sat there unstirring, not even glancing at him. The car swerved out of the Avenue and glided into the Park, where the lamps were showing orange against the dimming daylight. Then, at last, her eyes turned and met his, soft and serene there in the shadow, but with something in them he couldn't fathom; that old expression of silent wisdom which, because he couldn't understand it, always made him half afraid. And she moved a little nearer, and put out one gloved hand.

"You may kiss me now, Benny — if you wish."

He caught up her hand, carried it to his lips.

"No, not my glove — *me!*"

And then she stirred a little so as to be more completely engulfed by his arms; and, as that dear weight of her miraculously eased the ache in his heart, he kissed her.

But she pulled away too soon. "I must tell you ——"

"Tell me you love me!"

"No; first I must tell you something else. When I saw you again, that first time in the restaurant, I told myself I'd make you care for me again — make you propose, this time."

She stopped, but except that his arms closed about her tighter, he did not move.

"And then I'd refuse you," she went on, in a low monotonous tone. "That's what I deliberately planned to do."

"What of that?" said Benny, triumphantly. "You're here now, aren't you?"

"Yes, here I am — that's the funny thing about it. Only not so very funny."

"And you *do* love me!— Nell, *tell* me you do!"

"You know I do — why must I say it?"

He tried, then, to look into her eyes, but they were gazing beyond him with that expression he could never hope to understand; it was as though some woman of ancient Rome, of Egypt even, or Gomorrah, or the Garden of Eden, immortal through the ages, her spirit eternal, sat staring out there from those eyes too young. He wanted to drive away that look, to bring her back to the present — to himself.

"When did you begin again?" he asked.

"Begin what?"

"Loving me."

"Why, you silly," she laughed a little, "I never stopped."

He started to ejaculate something, thought better of it and, without speaking, caught her closer.

"I guess men aren't like women," Nell went on softly. "When a woman really loves — it's for always. It's not to her credit or discredit; she just can't help it. And when her beloved comes, young and strong and beautiful, and cries: 'Love me!' she can only reply: 'Why, can't you see I've been loving you all this while without your knowing?' And if he comes again, after years, and begs for her love, she can only say: 'Why, it isn't mine to give or take away — it's already yours.' And it's always the same, whether he's rich or poor, strong or sick — Oh, my dear," she interrupted herself suddenly. "I almost wish you were poor and sick, and I could show the way I love you."

"Oh, Nell," he said, huskily, "I'm abased. I'm not worth ——"

But she covered his lips with her fingers. "Hush, dear," she whispered.

And then, once again, as years before, he bowed his face against her hair. He wanted to say: "You're the dearest, sweetest, most generous thing in the world!" But the words clogged his throat, so inadequate they were in face of her definition, voiced at last, the sublime definition of woman's love.

The Boy and the Savant Agree

Any food expert and any boy will agree on Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

All experts argue for whole-grain foods, with their vitamines and phosphates. And these are whole-grain foods.

Like Bubbles in a Bowl of Milk

Experts want them made wholly digestible, so that every atom feeds. Here every food cell is exploded, by Prof. Anderson's process. Never before was a whole grain so fitted for food as in Puffed Grains.

The boy wants a food confection. And these grain bubbles—flimsy, flavory and crisp—taste like airy nut-meats.

Merely salt them and he will eat them by the bagful. Serve with cream and sugar or in bowls of milk and he will want several servings.

Flimsy, Crusty Morsels Mixed with Fruit

Mix with fruit and it seems somewhat like shortcake. On ice cream they seem like puffed nuts.

Any boy will feast on whole grains if you supply them in this form.

Puffed Wheat
Puffed Rice
and Corn Puffs
Each 15c Except in Far West

The problem in cooking cereals is to break up the food cells. Usually that is not half done.

Here it is done completely. More than 100 million steam explosions occur in every kernel. The grains are puffed to eight times normal size. Thus Puffed Grains are clear nourishment. And they digest so easily that they are ideal all-hour foods.

Food Confections For Eating Dry

Nut-Like Garnish For Ice Cream

In these outdoor days there are many uses. Keep all three kinds on hand. (1634)

A King in Babylon — *Continued from page 28*

that he's gone mad?" asked Mollie, horror-stricken. "If he has, it's that woman ——"

"He hasn't gone mad," I broke in, impatiently; "he'll come around all right as soon as he gets this infernal picture out of his head. I feel sometimes as if I was going mad myself. Let's stop talking about it — let's talk about ourselves. Mollie ——"

"It isn't the picture," Mollie broke in. "It is something in the air — a kind of threat! I feel it all the time. I have been in wilder pictures than this, lots of times, but nobody ever went crazy before — and bit people — and tore their eyes out — not even the director!"

"Well," I said, "I think Creel has about got to the limit of *his* nerve. He'll give the order to pack up as soon as he can. He is over there now, slashing his scenario to pieces and simplifying it every way he can. But that hasn't anything to do with us. Now, look here, Mollie ——"

"Billy," she broke in fiercely, "I can't stand it! If you grow sentimental now — if you *dare* to grow sentimental now! — I shall hate you!"

"I wasn't growing sentimental," I said resentfully.

"You sounded like it!"

"I was just going to say ——"

"I don't want to hear it! I'm ready to fly to pieces as it is!"

"I don't see what there is for *us* to worry about," I said. "If Jimmy and Mlle. Roland want to go wandering off through dream-land together, why need we care? And if Jimmy thinks he was once a king of Egypt, I don't see that it's anything to us! And if Davis *does* dig out a woman who has been buried four thousand years, and who has been waiting all that time for vengeance — why, it isn't us she's after! We've got ourselves to think about, Mollie, and I have been doing some mighty serious thinking on that subject recently, as I told you the other night. And you promised ——"

"I promised nothing!" she broke in. "Let go my hand!"

"You led me to infer ——"

"No, I didn't! How can I help what you infer! Billy, I won't be kissed! I hate it! I ——"

And then suddenly her voice stopped in her throat with a sort of gurgle, the hands which had been holding me away fell limp, a slow shudder ran through her, and I saw her eyes fix themselves in a stare of horror over my shoulder, out across the sand. . . .

It was a moment before I dared turn my head. For an instant, I saw nothing; then, far out, a dim shape moved, came nearer. . . .

It might have been the shadow of a cloud — but there was no cloud in the sky. It might have been a whirl of sand caught up by the wind — but there was no wind, or at most a gentle breeze. It came nearer, with a strange, gliding motion, as though swept along on wings; and then my heart gave a sickening thud, for it was the same gray shape I had seen once before — in the tomb! And as I stared, it resolved itself into two shapes, moving side by side — as though hand in hand! In another moment, they reached the first group of palms and disappeared.

I knew what was in my own mind — I knew the same thought was in Mollie's. I dared not look at her; I dared not let her see my eyes; I just sat there, still holding her hand, staring at the spot where I had seen them last!

It was Mollie who stirred first.

"We must be going back," she said, and rose wearily to her feet and brushed the sand from her dress.

I rose and followed her.

From a little distance, we caught the sound of voices, and saw a dim group sitting around the table. Evidently they had seen nothing — but the shadows would be invisible beneath the trees. . . .

I felt Mollie shiver — I shivered myself, as I strained my eyes to see who was in that group; and then I breathed a sigh of relief. There were only Ma Creel and Digby and Creel himself. Perhaps, after all, there *had* been a cloud. . . .

Creel saw us first.

"Hurry up!" he called. "We've got some lemonade!"

"Who said lemonade?" asked a voice behind him, and I saw the tent-flap raised, and Jimmy stepped out into the dim light.

"Gracious, but I had a sleep!" he added, stretching luxuriously. "What time is it, anyway?"

"It is nearly eleven," said Creel.

"What!"

"Yes — you seemed so tired, we just let you sleep. How do you feel?"

"Like a new man!" said Jimmy.

My eyes had been on the other tent-flap, from the first moment. I *knew* it would be raised — I knew it!

"And I also!" cried Mlle. Roland, as she came toward us. "Or, at least, like a new woman! I feel as though I had slept a year!"

Jimmy was regarding her with a strange smile, but she walked straight past him, apparently without seeing him, and sat down beside Creel at the table.

"But I am thirsty!" she said, and held out her glass.

Chapter XXIII

CREEL had us at work at dawn next morning, and he kept hard at it all day, save for the noon siesta; but there were no such sensational incidents as there had been the day before. Jimmy and the Princess were both effective, but there was no merging of the imaginary in the real — no loss of control. It was just good acting.

And both of them seemed to be their natural selves. The girl had apparently forgotten all that had happened the day before — though she had still that bruise on her cheek and must have wondered how it came there! — and chatted with all of us impartially and more brightly than had been her habit since the journey into the desert started; while if Jimmy still believed himself to be the reincarnation of Sekenyen-Re, he certainlygave no sign of it. And we all breathed more freely, and did our best to wipe certain disquieting incidents from our memories, and were even a little hilarious in our reaction from thenervous tension of the previous night.

During an interval when Creel was getting a scene ready, I walked over to Mollie.

"Things look different by daylight," I remarked.

She looked up at me scornfully.

"You've got a mighty short memory, Billy Williams!" she said.

"I can't make up my mind how much of it is memory and how much imagination!" I retorted. "The more I think of it, the more I am convinced that it was all imagination. We didn't really see anything. . . ."

"*Didn't* we!" she sniffed.

"Or if we did, it was only a drifting shadow. We were all worked up, you know."

"You may have been — I wasn't."

"Mollie," I said, "you don't really believe . . ."

I didn't finish the sentence — it seemed too absurd to express in words.

"Yes, I do!" she retorted. "I believe just that!"

"Well," I said, "whatever it was, it came at a most unpropitious moment. May I see you again tonight, Mollie?"

"No," she said; "I've had enough of ghost-hunting."

"I wasn't thinking about ghost-hunting," I began; but just then Creel shouted that he was ready, and I had to leave it at that.

We did the slave-market, and the way Mlle. Roland blazed back contempt and defiance when the king strolled past and looked at her appraisingly was beautiful to see. (Creel had found it impossible to work out Jimmy's idea with the means at his disposal, and had reverted to his own.) She was also superb when the eunuchs dragged her into the king's presence, and he looked her over brutally, and waved her away to the harem. The scenes that followed, where her hate changed gradually to a consuming passion, were also consummately done.

"Of course," said Creel, as these progressed, "we ought to have a palace to do these in, but I'm afraid to wait till we get home. So we will do the best we can out here — and then, if we *do* get home, we'll make re-takes of some of them."

"Why shouldn't we get home?" I asked; but he only shook his head.

He did wonderfully well, I thought. He had the tent, of course; and one beautiful spot near the pool served as a corner of the palace gardens; and another spot with a lovely clump of palms in the background served as another corner. Always the white-clad eunuchs were on guard; and Ma Creel and Mollie were in attendance — Mollie, the former favorite whom the new one had supplanted, and who was plotting revenge with the prime minister — Digby. We did the slavers' attack — using the native camp, this time; and then we did some caravan stuff — the slavers making off across the desert with their booty — and by that time there wasn't light for anything more, even had we been able to attempt it. We were all dead tired, but Creel was triumphant.

"Another day like this," he said to me, as we were washing up, "and I don't care what happens!"

"It doesn't look as if anything were going to happen," I pointed out. "Everything is normal again."

"Too normal!" Creel growled. "Today's scenes didn't have the snap that yesterday's had. Hello! What's this?"

There was the tramp of feet outside, and then the curtain-flap was thrust back, and Davis appeared — very dirty and evidently very tired, but with shining eyes; and close behind him toiled six natives, carrying the gilded coffin of Sekenyen-Re, while two others brought up the rear, the canopic jars under their arms.

"Good Lord!" protested Creel. "You're not going to bring that thing in here!"

"I am, though," said Davis, cheerfully. "I want it where I can keep my eye on it. It's too precious to take any chances with!"

"But there's scarcely room to turn around."

"I'm going to put it on my cot," said Davis. "It won't be in the way there — at least, not in anybody's way but mine — and I can sleep on the ground beside it."

Devotion to duty always silenced Creel, and he stood aside now without another word, and the natives squeezed past and deposited their burden on the professor's cot, with the canopic jars beside it.

"That's all," he said, and waved them away; and then he got out his electric torch and began to examine the hieroglyphics with which the sides of the coffin were covered, quite forgetful of the fact that he was streaked with dirt and that dinner was waiting. He was fairly smacking his lips with joy.

"Come and get washed up," Creel said. "Those pot-hooks can wait. Dinner is ready — and you look fagged out."

"I am," Davis admitted, and snapped off his torch, after a last lingering look at his treasure. "Getting that wall down was a harder job than I expected. It was like adamant — talk about Roman work — it isn't in the same class with the early Egyptian! And the tomb was like an oven!"

"Let me have your torch," said Creel; and while Davis washed his hands and face and brushed the dust out of his hair, we took another look at the coffin. For the first time we appreciated its full beauty. "The face isn't in the least like Jimmy's," said Creel, as the light came to rest on the staring eyes. "I wonder how it ever affected us like that?"

I was squinting down at it, and I wasn't so sure. "Perhaps it was the way we were looking at it," I suggested. "Even now, it looks somehow as though it *might* change to Jimmy's at any instant."

"Have you opened it?" Creel asked Davis.

"I lifted the lid and looked in, to be sure everything was all right."

"And was it?"

"Oh, yes — the mummy is there, beautifully wrapped. I'll not try to unwrap it till I get it home to the museum — it's too delicate a job."

"Then you're done out here."

"There is still the rear wall of the tomb to open. I'll do that tomorrow."

"Oh," said Creel, slowly, "so you have quite made up your mind to open that wall, too!"

"Certainly — I thought that was understood. I was wondering if I might have Mustafa."

"What do you want with Mustafa?"

"Fact is," said Davis, "if I can't get Mustafa to help, I will have to do the job myself. I tried to set the natives at it this afternoon, and they refused."

"What was the matter?"

"Some ignorant superstition. Perhaps they know the meaning of that sign — it is wonderful how those old superstitions persist sometimes!"

"But Mustafa is a native," Creel objected.

"He's a Copt — it isn't exactly the same thing. He doesn't believe in signs — at least not in old heathen ones. I think he reasons that a heathen sign couldn't have any potency against a Christian. Anyway, he is willing to take the risk."

"For a consideration, I suppose?"

"Exactly. May I have him?"

"I'll see," said Creel, somewhat grudgingly, and handed back the torch. "You can have him part of the day, I guess."

"Thanks. It won't be any great job to make a hole in that wall big enough to squeeze through. That's all I want."

"I don't suppose there is any use trying to dissuade you?"

"Not a bit," said Davis, briskly. "It's all in the day's work, you know. I wouldn't be playing the game if I didn't open it."

"I understand," Creel nodded. "But there is one thing — I wish you wouldn't say anything about it. My people have quieted down; I have a feeling that if they knew about this, it would upset them."

"All right," Davis agreed; and with that we went out and joined the others.

"What were you men gassing about so long in there?" Ma Creel demanded.

"Davis has brought over his great find," Creel explained; "the coffin of Sekenyen-Re, erstwhile King of Upper and Lower Egypt — with the gentleman inside — at least, all that's left of him! You must go look at it. It is certainly a beauty!"

"But look here," objected Ma Creel, "I don't fancy sleeping so near the thing. I abhor corpses."

"My dear madam," said Davis, "this corpse has been dead four thousand years, and I don't see how it could possibly harm anyone!"

"I don't see what that has to do with it," said Ma Creel. "It isn't any deader after four thousand years than it was the first day!"

"But this is quite a consecrated mummy, Mary," said Creel. "It is going to prove that the Bible is true!"

Ma Creel sniffed.

"As if I needed a mummy to prove that! I don't think you ought to joke about such things, Warrie."

"I wasn't joking," Creel protested. "I was merely repeating what the professor told me."

"It is true, madam," said Davis. "I hope to find, in the hieroglyphics on that coffin — perhaps also in papyrus documents inside the wrappings — proof of the sojourn of the Children of Israel in the land of Egypt."

We were all silent for a while, after that. I suppose we were all a little awed. I know I was — the thought was rather overpowering. I glanced at Jimmy and Mlle. Roland, where they sat opposite each other at the far end of the table, to see how they took it; but they seemed quite unaffected. They had taken no part in the conversation; they had gone on with the meal as though they had not heard it. Now, as I looked at them, they gave me the vivid impression of talking together. They did not so much as glance at each other — they seemed totally unconscious of each other's presence; but somehow I was sure they were in communication — close, confidential communication — as though their spirits were talking, without need of words. . . .

And I saw again those two shadowy shapes crossing the desert, hand in hand. . . .

"Wake up, Billy!" said Creel's voice, and he gave me a startling slap on the shoulder. "Davis is going to show the ladies his great find. Are you coming, Jimmy?"

Jimmy looked across at Mlle. Roland, a little smile twitching the corners of his lips.

"Shall we go?" he asked; and there was an undercurrent of challenge in the words.

"I certainly intend to go," she answered.

Somehow I found Mollie's hand snuggled close in mine.

"I'm frightened!" she breathed, as she pressed against me.

"Then don't go," I said.

"Yes, yes; I want to see it — I want to see ——"

She stopped and drew away. But I knew what she meant; she wanted to see if that painted face really looked like Jimmy Allen.

Creel had taken the lamp from the table; Davis had produced his flashlight; the rest of us crowded into the tent after them.

I should explain, perhaps, that our tent was not divided by canvas curtains as the

Prest-O-Lite Prest-O-Lite Prest-O-Lite Prest-O-Lite Prest-O-Lite

A Universal Battery–A Universal Service

Prest-O-Lite Storage Batteries are designed and built in correct types and sizes to meet *exactly* the requirements of every electric system — of every make of car. And back of this universal adaptability is a great, universal Prest-O-Lite Service System.

In the Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery, modern manufacturing facilities and scientific precision add a degree of superiority which is impossible with antiquated "rule-of-thumb" methods. Great modern factories — carefully selected materials—and efficient workmanship insure the utmost in battery power and life. Exacting tests of *all* batteries by leading motor car manufacturers prove this.

Prest-O-Lite Battery Service is everywhere to help you keep your battery always in strong, healthy condition. Prest-O-Lite Direct Factory Branches and Prest-O-Lite Battery Service Stations carry stocks of new batteries and battery parts for all cars—also, service batteries for your use while your old battery is recharged or repaired.

No matter who made your present battery, this expert battery service — inspection, tests, repair or recharging—is available to you.

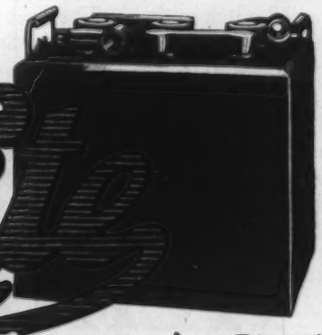
DIRECT FACTORY BRANCHES

Atlanta	Des Moines	Montreal
Baltimore	Detroit	New York
Boston	Indianapolis	Omaha
Buffalo	Jacksonville	Philadelphia
Chicago	Kansas City	Pittsburgh
Cincinnati	Los Angeles	San Francisco
Cleveland	Memphis	Seattle
Dallas	Merritton	Syracuse
Davenport	Milwaukee	St. Louis
Denver	Minneapolis	St. Paul
San Antonio		Winnipeg

—and more than 600 specially appointed Prest-O-Lite Battery Service Stations in all parts of the country

The Prest-O-Lite Co., Inc.

U. S. Main Office & Factory: Indianapolis, Ind.
Canadian General Office & Factory: Toronto, Ont.



Prest-O-Lite STORAGE BATTERY

Not only a better battery but backed by Prest-O-Lite Service

Prest-O-Lite Prest-O-Lite Prest-O-Lite Prest-O-Lite Prest-O-Lite

HEINZ

Imported

Olive Oil

Two things have had much to do with making Heinz foods taste so good. One is to raise all fruits and vegetables where they grow best. The other is to "put them up" just as near the place of growing as possible.

These methods give Heinz Olive Oil its wonderful quality.

The best olives grow in Seville, Spain. So Heinz has a plant in Seville, and there procures the choicest, best flavored olives direct from the orchards. Heinz employees superintend harvesting the crop and press the oil in a plant where Heinz methods insure cleanliness and purity.

HEINZ Vinegars

All Heinz Vinegars are aged in wood. They are mellow and fragrant. There are five Heinz Vinegars. Those especially adapted to salad making are Malt, Cider and White Vinegars in full pint, quart and half-gallon bottles. Also Tarragon and spiced salad vinegar in pint bottles.

women's was. It was quite open, with our five cots set side by side, with just room for a small folding-chair in between. Davis's was nearest the entrance, and then came Jimmy's, then mine, then Creel's, and then Digby's. It was on Davis's cot the coffin had been placed, and we were right on it as soon as we were inside the tent.

"Oh, oh!" cried Ma Creel. "It *is* gorgeous!"

And then we stood looking down at it while Davis pointed out the royal cartouche, and explained the meaning of some of the symbols with which it was covered. Mollie had pressed up closer, still holding my hand, and stood staring down at the painted face.

"Well?" I whispered.

She shook her head slightly, and I saw her screwing up her eyes; and then she gave a sudden gasp of horror — and I knew that the face had changed.

"Come away!" I whispered; but again she shook her head, and stood as though fascinated.

I looked around at the others — Davis, intent and eager; Creel deeply interested, seeing another feature, perhaps; Digby and Ma Creel with furrowed brows, trying to understand; Jimmy listening with that little ironic smile, as though he knew far more about it than Davis, but found it not worth while to say so or to correct his mistakes; Mlle. Roland, close beside him, clutching his arm with a revealing intimacy; her face very white, her lips working.

Jimmy turned and looked down at her.

"Don't you think it a good likeness?" he whispered.

I saw her close her eyes and sway forward.

"Look out!" I cried.

And the next instant, before I could so much as move, she crashed heavily forward across the coffin.

I knew that Jimmy Allen had whispered those words to test her; I knew that he felt her going, and that he could have caught her if he wished; but he never so much as moved a finger, and for a long breath, he stood quite still, looking down at her. Then he bent and caught her up with sudden fierceness, and turned and faced us, and I saw that his face was aglow with triumph.

It was as though he had won a great victory after desperate struggle; and he stood a moment so, holding her close against him with a sort of ownership.

It was Ma Creel who got her wits back first. "Take her over to our tent, Jimmy," she said, authoritatively. "We'll undress her and get her to bed. The poor thing has been worked to death," and she shot her husband an accusing glance. "Come along, Mollie — I'll need your help."

I half-expected Jimmy to disregard the order, and walk away into the desert with the girl in his arms. But he didn't. Ma Creel was too matter-of-fact, perhaps, to permit of any heroics. At any rate, after the merest instant's hesitation, he walked quietly out of the tent, the two women after him.

Creel drew a deep breath.

"Well!" he began, and ran tremulous fingers through his hair. "We've got to go through all that again, it seems! Do you really think it is overwork?" he asked, turning to Davis.

"No," said the latter, "I don't. It's an overwrought emotional state. These fainting spells are clearly cataleptic. Perhaps she has had them all her life. Now she'll probably go off into a trance-like sleep again."

"It's something between her and Jimmy," I put in. "Didn't you see how she clung to him? Didn't you see him whisper to her? Didn't you see his eyes just now?"

Creel nodded. "He's in love with her, of course," he said; "has been since the moment he laid eyes on her; and she ——"

"Do you remember how she looked the first time she saw him?" I burst out. "You didn't get the effect of it as I did — I never saw such loathing in a human countenance!"

"She said she couldn't go on," Creel explained to Davis; "sprang to her feet and tried to get off the boat. But it was too late — the engines started just then — and she quieted down. In fact, she sort of apologized afterward — said it was nerves, or something like that. But I have felt ever since that, away down in her heart, she hated the sight of him."

"Yet she clung to him tonight," I said.

"Then that is what the fight has been," Davis said.

"And you think he has won?" asked Creel.

"*He* thinks so, anyway," said Davis. "But I'm not so sure."

"By George, you're right!" Creel agreed. "That girl has got the devil in her if any woman ever had! She'll strangle him in his sleep some night!"

"Yes," assented Davis, slowly, "I feel the same way ——"

And then he stopped suddenly, for the tent-flap was raised and Jimmy came in. If he had heard that last sentence, he gave no sign.

"She's all right," he said, in answer to our look. "Sleeping like a baby. I feel dog-tired myself. I'll turn in, if you don't mind."

"I thought I would study these hieroglyphics a while," said Davis, hesitatingly; "but if it will disturb you ——"

"Dynamite wouldn't disturb me," Jimmy assured him; and he sat down on his cot and began to unlace his shoes.

Creel said something about having some work to do on the scenario, and gathered up his manuscript and took it over to the property-tent, where there was a table and a lamp. I sat down outside the tent, and got out my pipe and lighted it, in the hope that Mollie would smell it and come out; but she didn't; and at last, realizing how tired I was, I resolved to go to bed.

I found Davis, with his torch propped on a chair, bending over the coffin, intent on his study of the hieroglyphics; he greeted me with a nod so curt that it was the plainest sort of invitation to pass on. In the next cot Jimmy slumbered peacefully — on his side, I was glad to note — his back turned to the old Egyptologist. I passed on to the third cot, got out of my clothes, into my pajamas, and stretched myself out luxuriously.

It had seemed quite dark inside the tent as I came in from the bright moonlight, save for the reflected glow of Davis's torch; but as I lay staring up into the night, I gradually perceived that it was not really dark — that the wonderful night outside penetrated the canvas with a luminous glow.

How long I slept, I don't know; but I awoke suddenly with a start, and lay listening, with a strange sense of apprehension. I could hear someone breathing regularly at my left, and so knew that Creel had come to bed without disturbing me. But from the other side I could detect no sound — and yet I remembered distinctly that when I first lay down I could hear Jimmy quite clearly. I turned and peered cautiously in his direction; but the light was so dim, I could not be certain whether he was there or not. I might have stretched out my hand and made sure, but I dared not. Something held me back.

Beyond Jimmy's bed, I could see the coffin rearing its great shape against the square of moonlight which marked the open tent-flap — there was something sinister in the way its shadow fell across the cot. Where was Davis sleeping, I wondered? Had he really rolled himself in his blankets on the ground, in order to guard his treasure? But what was it he feared?

As I lay there staring at it, trying to muster courage to stretch out my hand into its shadow, it seemed to me that its painted sides began to give out little flashes of light, and a sort of phosphorescent glow gathered above its gilded top, and hung there, gently waxing and waning. Perhaps there was a phosphorescent quality in the gilt — I had heard of such things.

I turned over impatiently and closed my eyes and resolved to go to sleep. Such imaginings were morbid — it was folly to disturb myself with them. It made no difference to me whether Jimmy was there or not. Suppose he was not there — it was natural enough that he should have gone outside to smoke a cigarette, or get a breath of fresh air — yes, or keep an engagement for a meeting! Whatever the source of the phosphorescence, it was essentially the same thing, and absolutely harmless.

But there, in the silence of the night, all my senses seemed preternaturally quickened; an odor of musk and spices drifted across my nostrils; in the stillness behind me, I fancied I could detect a stealthy movement — a soft rustle, as of a woman's gown. . . .

My eyes had snapped wide open again; and I lay there listening, listening; my heart was hammering in my throat.

I could stand it no longer — I turned and looked. For a moment I saw only what I had seen before — the square coffin against the light of the entrance; the faint glow above it; the prickle of light along its side — and then my heart gave a sudden leap — for there *was* something else.

Above the coffin a gray cloud hovered — a translucent cloud, for it only dimmed the light behind it; a cloud whose edges I could not distinguish, but which nevertheless reminded me of a human form; a cloud which wavered uncertainly this way and that.

And then, against the light, I distinctly saw the occupant of the coffin *sit up* — I saw his head and shoulders coming, apparently,

right through the lid; a strange white shape, but indubitably a man; and I saw him hold out his hand to the floating cloud, as though in welcome, and rise; and together they glided from the tent.

And then Creel and Davis were standing over me, the latter playing his torch into my blinded eyes.

"Take it away!" I gasped, and pushed the torch aside and sat up; and then from the farther cot I got a glimpse of Digby's frightened face.

"What in heaven's name is the matter?" Creel demanded.

"The mummy!" I gasped. "It — it got away — it walked right out of the tent ——"

I saw the panic in Davis's face as he stepped quickly to the coffin and ran his ray of light over it.

"Nonsense!" he said. "It hasn't been touched."

"You were dreaming!" snapped Creel. "Go to sleep again!" and he turned away

"I *wasn't* dreaming!" I protested, hotly. "I was as wide awake as I am this minute. I saw the mummy sit up through the lid, and hold out its hand to the cloud, and they glided away together. . . ."

"Look here, Billy," broke in Creel savagely, coming back and standing over me, "don't you go crazy, too! Two maniacs are all I can stand ——"

"I'm not crazy! I saw it, I tell you — and there was an odor of musk and spices — and the rustle of a woman's dress ——"

"There is a faint odor of spices about the coffin," broke in Davis; "there always is; and as for the rustle of a dress — well, the breeze in the palms outside would explain that."

"But it won't explain what I *saw!*" I said. "Besides, where's Jimmy?"

For the light from Davis's torch had swept across Jimmy's bed, and we had all seen that it was empty.

"I don't care where he is!" said Creel, still more savagely. "What you saw, if you saw anything, was that madman getting out of bed. Your heated imagination did the rest."

I couldn't deny that it *might* have been that; I *might* have got my perspective wrong in the darkness — but I didn't believe it. And then there was the cloud.

"A shadow of some sort — from that tree outside, perhaps," said Davis.

"Anyhow, I think we ought to find Jimmy," I said at last, realizing the uselessness of argument. "You said yourself——"

Davis clicked his tongue impatiently.

"I know I did — even I get infected with this foolishness sometimes — it's in the air. Well, I'm willing to take a look for him — I see there is no chance for sleep until we do!"

I fumbled around and found my shoes and slipped them on.

"I'm going, too," I said; and then, when we got outside, I was surprised to find Creel at my elbow.

"Three fools are no worse than two!" he muttered, but he didn't meet my eyes. "We'll find that idiot sitting under a palm smoking a cigarette. And he'll laugh at us! What the devil is that?" he added, for from the direction of the native camp the night wind bore to our ears a sound as of a low crooning.

It was little more than a murmur; but it rose and fell on a gamut of only three or four notes in a manner inexpressibly weird. For an instant Davis was as startled as Creel and I; then I saw him smile.

"The natives have got a chanter at work to keep off the evil spirits," he said. "They have been uneasy ever since they learned I was going to open that inner tomb."

Creel muttered something to the effect that they couldn't be any more uneasy than he was, but Davis only shrugged, and we walked on across the oasis. We saw no sign of Jimmy, and at last we came to the little slope, right at the edge of the desert, on the other side of which the natives had pitched their camp. From the midst of it, clear and piercing in spite of its subdued tone, came the chant.

And then, as we topped the rise and looked down upon the camp, we saw the chanter, squatted on his haunches, and around him the sleeping fellahin.

"Let's have a word with the fellow," said Davis. "He may have seen our man."

We threaded our way between the natives, huddled in their cloaks and sleeping soundly, evidently with complete faith in the efficacy of the chant to ward off all things evil; and then we came to the chanter where he sat, with head thrown back and eyes fixed on the heavens.

He turned his head with a jerk when he heard us coming, and the chant ceased abruptly; then, when he recognized us, he sprang to his feet, and replied in a bated voice to Davis's brief questions. The latter motioned us away at last, and we followed him out from the circle of sleepers. Before we had taken the second step, the chant began again. .

Davis led us right to the edge of the oasis. Then he stopped and looked out across the sands.

"He says there are ghosts abroad tonight," he said. "He says they are dancing about the ruins. He says he saw them quite clearly when the moon rose; and that two from the oasis joined them. . . ."

He stopped and we all stood staring out at the group of mounds which marked the ruins. In my own mind, I had not the slightest doubt that Jimmy was over there — and that he was not alone.

"Shall we go and see?" asked Davis abruptly, and peered into our faces.

I shrank back. I didn't want to go. I regretted that I had insisted upon this wild adventure. I didn't want to see — I was afraid to see.

But Creel was made of sterner stuff.

"Come on," he said, between clenched teeth. "If we are ever going to get to the bottom of this mystery, now is the time!"

And he started resolutely out across the sand.

Chapter XXIV

IF the natives had seen us, they would have been more certain than ever that there were ghosts abroad, for, from a distance, we must have had a sufficiently weird look as we set out across the sand. Close up, we were ridiculous rather than weird, with nothing on but shoes and pajamas; and, as we looked at each other, the tension with which we had started out from the shadow of the trees suddenly relaxed.

"The ghosts will run at the first glimpse of us," laughed Creel. "They will be scared to death. They'll be out-ghosted! That wouldn't be so bad for a comedy reel, Billy — the ghosts scared out of their wits by the people they are trying to frighten!"

Davis laughed grimly; and we plodded on in silence. I suppose Creel was turning the idea over in his mind, for he chuckled softly once or twice. And then we were at the edge of the ruins, and clambered up the first of the mounds which topped the excavation.

I don't know what I expected to see there — a *danse macabre*, or some such horror, perhaps — and I strained my eyes from end to end of it at a single glance; but it lay white and empty in the moonlight.

"No ghosts there," said Creel. "Suppose we take a look in the tomb," and he started down the stair.

The black entrance to the tomb seemed to me sinister and threatening, but Davis switched on his torch, and he and Creel stepped through without hesitation. I followed, wondering if they were really as fearless as they seemed, or if their knees were secretly knocking together as mine were.

Davis cast the beam of light about the outer chamber, and I saw that it was piled with the débris of the wall which had masked the entrance to the corridor.

"I had to take down nearly all of it before I could get the coffin out," he said.

"How about the ceiling?" Creel asked.

"I think it will hold," said Davis, and threw the light up over it. "Hello! There's an ugly crack."

It *was* an ugly one, running from side to side across the chamber.

"I'd hate to be in here when that came down," said Creel; "or in the inner tomb. It would mean burial alive for certain!"

Davis was examining the crack attentively. "The wall was built to brace the vaulting more than I thought it would be," he said. "The Egyptians must have foreseen the possibility of great masses of sand being heaped above it, and provided in this way for the extra weight. But I don't think it will come down — not for a while, anyway. Of course I could build the wall up again — but that would be an awful bother."

"If you are going to work in here at all," said Creel, "you ought certainly to do it — unless you're tired of living! I'm not sure I want to go in, even for a minute."

"Nonsense!" said Davis. "It won't fall unless something shakes it," and he stepped forward into the corridor. Then he stopped suddenly and held up his hand. "Wait!" he said. "Listen!"

We listened with bated breath, but not a sound broke the stillness of the tomb.

"What was it you heard?" asked Creel, at last.

"I don't know," Davis answered hesitat-

The Lamp that Lights the Way to Lighter Housework

HOUSEWORK is hard work—and the problem of help in the home is growing more and more acute. But there's a way to simplify both the work and the problem—a way surprisingly easy and inexpensive. And here it is—

Electric servants can be depended on—to do the muscle part of the washing, ironing, cleaning and sewing. They will cool the house in summer and help heat the cold corners in winter. There are electrical servants to percolate your coffee, toast your bread and fry your eggs. There's a big, clean electrical servant that will do all your cooking—without matches, without soot, without coal, without argument—in a cool kitchen.

Don't go to the Employment Bureau. Go to your Lighting Company or leading Electric Shop to solve your servant problem.

Use all your Current—don't waste it

Your first economy is your purchase of Edison MAZDA Lamps. By using Edison MAZDAS in place of out-of-date carbons you will save enough current to operate several electrical appliances without increasing your electric bill. In this way Edison MAZDA Lamps are lighting the way to lighter housework.

Get them today—enough for every socket in your house. You'll see the difference in the light they give and you'll see the saving on your next month's bill.

EDISON LAMP WORKS
of General Electric Company
HARRISON, N. J. *Agencies Everywhere*

7208

EDISON MAZDA

Backed by MAZDA Service

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

MARK THE SCHOOL LINEN WITH
CASH's WOVEN NAMES
Prevent loss at the laundry. They are neat and durable. Made in many styles in fast colors of Red, Blue, Black, Navy, Yellow or Green.
Your full name for { $.85 for 3 doz. 1.25 " 6 " 2.00 " 12 "
Samples of various styles sent free.
J. & J. CASH, Limited
3 South Chestnut St. S. Norwalk, Conn.
John Smith James Dunn
Ethel Barrie

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had **Head Noises** for over 30 years. My invisible Anti-septic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and **my sworn statement** of how I recovered my hearing. **A. O. LEONARD**
Suite 237, 150 5th Ave., N. Y. City

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions," no "ruled lines"—no "shadings"—no "word-signs" — no "code notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address
CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
967 Unity Building Chicago, Ill.

LESS THAN ½ PRICE

On $100 Underwood

I am a re-builder of Underwood Typewriters *only*—not a second-hand dealer. I save you over ONE-HALF on genuine $100 Underwood, guarantee machine for FIVE YEARS, let you try it Ten Days Free. Rent or buy. Write for Special Offer No. 20.

E. W. S. Shipman, Pres., Typewriter Emporium
34-36 West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

ingly. "Perhaps it wasn't anything — but it seemed to me there was a sort of rustling —— "

"Like a woman's dress," I said. "I know. It's in there!"

"Nonsense!" said Davis, again, and went resolutely forward.

I don't believe I should have followed, if Creel hadn't been behind me, pressing me on. I *knew* what was there — I *knew* what we should see — and every step required an effort of will, for my feet were like lead. And then my heart leaped suffocatingly, for Davis gave a sudden, sharp cry, as the torch was dashed from his hand and fell clattering to the floor. And the next instant, something brushed past me, with a rush of air, and a flicker as of wings. . . .

Davis was fumbling around on the floor, swearing softly to himself; and then something clutched my arm.

"It's only me," said Creel's voice. And then, in a lower tone, "Did you feel it?"

"Yes," I said.

"Something that rushed past —— "

And then the light shot out again.

"Come along, you fellows!" Davis called. "What are you standing there whispering about?"

"Billy and I were comparing notes on the ghost," said Creel. "What did it look like? — you must have seen it."

"I saw nothing," said Davis, sharply.

"I suppose you just dropped the torch," said Creel. "Let me see the back of your hand."

He turned Davis's hand over and directed the light of the torch upon it. Across the knuckles was a livid weal.

"Just like mine," he said. "It is evidently the same ghost!"

Davis snorted. "I struck my hand against the corner of the wall," he said.

"What was it brushed past us?"

"There wasn't anything brushed past us."

"Yes, there was; I felt it — so did Billy. It darted past with a rush of air. . . . "

And then suddenly Davis threw back his head and laughed. "I remember now," he said; "I *did* see the ghost — caught just a glimpse of it before the light went out."

"Well?" Creel demanded.

"Well," said Davis, "it was flying around the pillars, and it looked to me uncommonly like a bat. It may, of course, have been a ghost in disguise!"

Creel and I looked at each other a little sheepishly.

"I guess that's one on us, Billy," said Creel, and looked around the tomb. "But where is that man Allen?"

Davis was sweeping it with his light.

"He isn't here," he said. "I'll wager. . . . "

He stopped again, and this time we all heard the sound — a soft, regular breathing.

By a common impulse, we tiptoed forward. And there, on the bottom of the great sarcophagus, was Jimmy Allen. He was lying on his side, his head pillowed on his arm, and sleeping as calmly as any infant.

It was Creel who got his voice first.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he said softly. "He *is* crazy! To come over here alone. . . . "

"He wasn't alone," I burst in, unable to pretend any longer. "That wasn't a bat we felt — I know it wasn't!"

Davis snorted impatiently, but Creel stood biting his lips and staring down at the sleeping man.

"That only makes it worse," he pointed out, at last.

And just then Jimmy stirred, and opened his eyes, and smiled calmly up at us.

"Hullo, fellows!" he said, precisely as he had once before on this very spot. "What are *you* doing here?"

"We were looking for you," answered Creel savagely. "What do you mean by such a fool caper?"

"Oh," said Jimmy, "I thought I would see how it felt to sleep in this tomb again. . . . "

"Again?" echoed Creel.

"I spent a night here some four thousand years ago," said Jimmy.

"Alone?"

"Oh, no," and he glanced at the rear wall. "I had company then — just as I had tonight."

"Look here, Jimmy," Creel blurted out, "of course it is none of my business, and I don't take any high moral stand — but I think you ought to cut it."

"What do you mean?" demanded Jimmy.

"Oh, we didn't see her," said Creel; "she was too quick for us. She knocked the torch out of Davis's hand and bolted."

"No, she didn't," said Jimmy. "She is still back there. Put your ear against the wall and you can hear her."

Davis, with a strange glance at him, went to the back wall and placed an ear against it. There was something in his face which drew Creel and me to his side.

"There is undoubtedly a noise in there," he said, and Creel and I laid each an ear to the wall and listened. For a moment I heard nothing; then there came a faint tap-tapping — I could fancy a tiny fist beating against the stones — beating for forty centuries! I found myself turning a little giddy.

"It is Tina knocking to get out," said Jimmy, "just as she did the first night. I told you she hadn't died, but was waiting and hoping and beating against the wall!"

He was sitting up in the sarcophagus, and looked around at our startled faces with a mocking smile.

"Tina?" echoed Davis. "Was that her name?"

"It was my name for her."

"It sounds suspiciously modern," Creel commented. "I'm afraid your imagination is running dry, Jimmy."

"Oh, no," said Davis quietly, "Tina is an Egyptian name. There is a record of the family of Pet-Baal, a priest in the temple of Amen, and one of the daughters was named Tina."

"She knows I am here," continued Jimmy; "she sensed it, somehow, as soon as I entered. She's aching to get at me!"

"Love?" queried Davis.

"Oh, no!" said Jimmy, coolly. "The reverse! I don't blame her — she was only nineteen when I walled her up in there! But if she did get out, I would be in for a pretty strenuous time."

Davis strode over to Jimmy, his eyes gleaming with exasperation.

"Look here, Allen," he said, sternly, "do you expect me to believe this nonsense?"

"Oh, do as you please," said Jimmy with a shrug. "Whether you believe it or not, it's true!"

"You are speaking seriously?"

"Entirely so."

"You mean to tell me that whoever or whatever it was that was walled up in that tomb has survived for four thousand years?"

"You believe in the immortality of the soul, don't you?"

"Yes; but the soul doesn't waste forty centuries hanging around the place where the body is buried. It's out in the universe seeking new adventures! Anyway, how could a soul knock against a stone wall?"

"I don't precisely know," answered Jimmy, meditatively. "You see, all that sort of knowledge has somehow slipped away from me. But it seems to me I have heard of souls rapping against tables and things."

"Rubbish!" said Davis, and abandoned an argument which plainly led nowhere.

"It doesn't sound like stones dropping out," commented Creel. "It's too quick and regular."

"It sounds like nothing," I said, "except a hand hammering to get out. It starts in slowly, and then quickens, and then stops for a while as though to get breath, and then starts in again."

"It's an Egyptian trick of some sort," said Davis impatiently. "A pendulum arrangement, perhaps, set in motion by a current of air. They were experts at such tricks — their temples were full of them! We'll see for ourselves tomorrow."

"Oh," said Jimmy, suddenly standing up and looking at Davis, his eyes intent; "you're going in there tomorrow, are you?"

"I certainly am," snapped Davis, "and none of your cock-and-bull stories will stop me!"

"I'm not trying to stop you," said Jimmy. "I'm not afraid! Haven't I told you I would never be afraid again? But if you are going to let her out, I've got to get ready!" and he clambered slowly out of the sarcophagus. I saw that he was attired only in his pajamas, and that his feet were bare.

As he turned toward the passage, I could have sworn that the beating against the wall increased to fury, as though the prisoner in the tomb raged at being balked of its prey. Jimmy must have heard it too, for he smiled back over his shoulder.

"'Revoir, Tina!" he cried. "Don't worry. You'll see me tomorrow!"

And then from in front of us came the crash of falling masonry.

"Good God!" cried Creel. "The roof!"

A moment later, Davis's torch was playing over the pile of débris which half-blocked the entrance.

"We can just get past," he said; "but move carefully," and he squeezed through into the outer chamber. "That was a near thing," he added, when we stood beside him, and he threw the light over the fissure in the roof from which the stones had fallen. "There's the bat!" he cried, and I saw its gray shape flit across the ceiling and disappear in the darkness of the corridor. "Perhaps you'll still talk to me of ghosts!" he added.

Jimmy laughed. "Have they been talking of ghosts?" he asked.

"They have been scared to death!" snapped Davis. "By shadows — by clouds — and by a bat! I'm glad to see that you, at least, have got some nerves left!" "Better than that!" he drawled. "I haven't *any* left. I have said good-by to nerves forever!"

Davis glanced at him, then he turned his light back again to the crumbling ceiling.

"I'm afraid I will have to brace it up tomorrow, before I go to work in there," he said. "Awful waste of time!"

"Why not let well enough alone, Davis?" asked Creel, impulsively. "You've got the coffin and the king's mummy."

"But I haven't solved the mystery," snapped Davis. "Do you suppose I could rest content with anything less than that? Do you suppose I want to spend the rest of my life damning myself for a coward!"

"Of course you don't!" said Jimmy, quietly. "Play the game! That's right! That's what we all must do!" and he led the way into the outer air.

[*To be concluded*]

Next month this fascinating serial reaches a smashing conclusion. You have a big surprise in store

Sophies's Great Moment — *Continued from page 19*

is such experiences as mine that help us interpreters of women's emotions to see more deeply into the human soul."

She refused indignantly, and, as I think, rightly, to let Jim bring suit against Ernest for breach of promise. But her proud desolation must have utterly prostrated her had she not always the secret conviction that she could play "Ghosts" as well, if not better, than Mary Shaw.

At the end of two very arduous years of study Sophie finished her course at the Imperial. She then exhibited her polished talents to a very select audience one afternoon in a real Broadway theatre. It is no exaggeration to say that at least three dramatic critics were present. The vehicle she chose for her conquest was a play which Estelle so tenaciously referred to as "Madge" that Sophie gave up trying to correct her. It was very intense. Jim, who had given up two gold fillings to attend, once he had got the hang of the thing, felt as perhaps most nice-minded dentists do feel, that it wasn't any play for a lady. At the same time he realized warmly, as a man of the world, that that *Madge* — he called her Madge — was a pretty hot article. Estelle, in an imitation Irish-lace blouse, matrix turquoises, and a string of Roman pearls, ate a great many caramels and remarked virtuously from time to time that it was the limit the way some women did carry on. She also said that Sophie looked real cute.

During an entr'acte Duse Jordan came up to them wiping her eyes freely and demanded if they didn't think it very *powerful*, and if Sophie wasn't perfectly *stunning*. Estelle, with her mouth full of caramels, said she thought Sophie had got Mrs. Fiske stung to death, and Jim remarked, rather ambiguously, that he wouldn't have thought it of his sister. After the play they all went to the Duse's flat and were very gay and unrestrained over little hot sausages in a chafing-dish, and cream-puffs, and beer. Sophie, though exhausted and somewhat distrait, explained several times her original conception of the part and also recited some humorous selections. Jim told funny stories — mostly about Jews and mothers-in-law. Except for

the fact that the Duse, being only human, suffered cruelly from secret jealousy, the evening was flawless.

The newspaper notices the next morning were hardly worth keeping, I am sorry to say. One cold-blooded journal noted in a few lines among the shipping-news that a young woman called Cappèlle had, under the impression that she was an actress, behaved in a very peculiar way the day before, and why didn't more capable girls go into the laundry business? Another paper gave her an entire column. It is one thing to be funny and another to be vulgar. If Sophie had not known about the deplorable condition of dramatic criticism in New York, she would have been dreadfully discouraged. Cornelia was a great help to her, too.

Nothing would induce me to go into a revelation of Sophie's subsequent treatment at the hands of the managers. I would not have believed that such turpitude, such gross injustice, such infernal intrigue, could exist in artistic circles, had she not with her own lips told me. That is, she told me as much of it as a woman as naturally delicate-minded as Sophie could tell. If I were to recount all I know, I should be accused of salacious intentions. Besides, I do not consider that the pages of such a nice magazine as this are any place for such details. Life is unpleasant enough as it is without writing about horrid things, I say. "For God's sake, if you have a sister, don't let her go on the stage!" Sophie was wont to say to me bitterly. That was after she got a part in a sketch which was played once in a vaudeville theatre in 197th Street, so she knew what she was talking about.

It is a deep satisfaction to have at least one Great Moment in one's lifetime. Indeed, I suppose in decency one can't well demand more of the Dispenser of Great Things — the world being so crowded. Besides, as everyone knows, a person who is always having Great Moments immediately becomes a public nuisance. Sophie, I am pleased to record, had hers.

The ways of Providence are always odd and not infrequently embarrassing. Who, for example, would have imagined that Sophie's Aunt Delia, a very disagreeable old creature with a goitre, would have been the unwilling instrument that was, as it were, destined to pry open the portals of Art for her niece? And she did it in a thoroughly nice way. She died and left three thousand dollars to Sophie. So it came about that the impatient-winged young woman was enabled to soar about like a bird in the mountains. She flew for nearly a week.

Laying aside metaphoric expressions, attractive as they may be literarily, the facts of the case are that Sophie Cappèlle hired a theatre and hired a company — in that theatre and with that company she enacted for five historic afternoons five of Mr. Ibsen's best plays. A great many prominent people were invited and several came. The box-office receipts during the time amounted to fifteen dollars. Certainly they would have been larger had it not been for the blizzard which arrived contemporaneously with Sophie's Ibsen-week. I went every day. Sophie said it heartened her to have someone in the house to whom she could play. Estelle was unavoidably having a baby at the time — which she tried to name Algernon later but was foiled by her husband — and Jim had a good deal of bridge work. They were, in consequence, unable to be present.

It was a very remarkable week.

I don't pretend to understand the plays of Mr. Ibsen, but barring the trifling incidents of Sophie's forgetting more of her part than she remembered and having a cold in her head; and the entire lack of heat in the theatre; and the leading man, under the influence of liquor, doing his best to crab the show — because of jealousy and because he was naturally a slob, according to Cornelia — barring such drawbacks, I repeat, I venture to assert that no one has ever before or since — even the critics admitted that — so startlingly shown up Ibsen for what he is. It was a great pity, as Duse rightly said, that Mrs. Fiske and Miss Shaw hadn't professional decency enough to come to the performance, though she had to admit that Sophie's readings of the parts weren't at all *her* notion of how they ought to be done.

At the end of the week Sophie had double-pneumonia. The only advantage for her in the disease was that she couldn't read what the newspapers said about her. She was ill for a long time. There was hardly enough left of the three thousand dollars, when all was said and done and she was out of the hospital, to buy her a ticket back to that curious place in Wisconsin. Jim insisted on her going home to rest. And after she had read all her notices, carefully saved by Cornelia, she sadly realized what ravages Art will make in the human system. She always said afterward in a low, very moving voice, that if her health hadn't given out — well, there were some things you couldn't overcome — but whatever happened she knew she could *act* — it was the only thing (smiling wistfully) that she *could* do.

It is, as I remarked before, a deep satisfaction to have your Great Moment — and, what is more important, to know when you are having it.

SOPHIE, a year or two later, wedded the Principal of the High School. He was a widower with five children and his left thumb had been cut off in a saw-mill when he was young and self-making himself. He was an exceedingly nice man and very refined. I once heard him lecture — they had a Course of Lectures every winter — on "What is the Matter with You?" It was not a medical lecture, as some had supposed. It dealt more with one's spiritual insides, so to speak, and, I think, must have been very helpful. I saw Sophie there. She had grown quite fat and the arrangement of her hair had ceased to be subdued, as it were, to the dyer's hand; but Sophie will always be a bit fancy in her dress — temperament will out. She let fall that she was President of the Literary Circle and had a class of young ladies in Deep Breathing. I've heard since she so wrought upon an inexperienced young rector named Smead that he turned High — though the phrase sounds peculiar — and had candles on the altar. And Sophie was raised a Methodist.

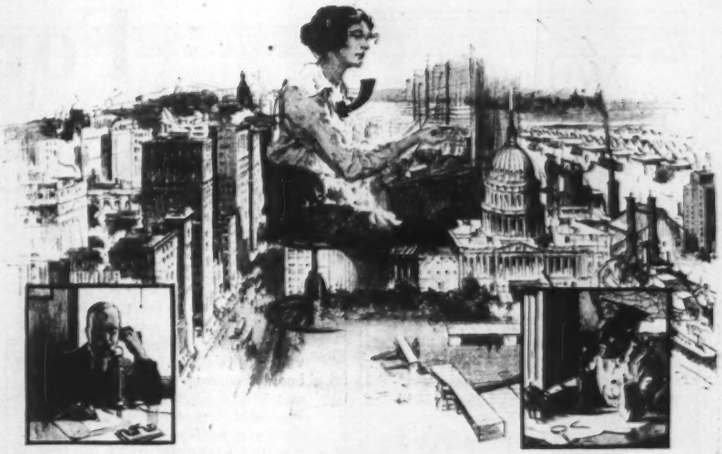
"Wimmin's wimmin," Orville commented with morose sympathy

Old Kipple in the back of the drug-store frequently commented to Orville Haines on the unexpected and agreeable way that his Maker led him out of the fiery furnace. He had at one time, like Sisera, felt that at least one star in its course was fighting most viciously against him.

"————an' when Albert says to me one day, says he, 'Mister Kipple, I'd like to marry your daughter,' I says, 'Albert, you can have 'er,' I says, just like that. An' I went over to Ed Brown's place an' took 'bout half a tumblerful straight — an' I ain't, as you know, Orville, what you might call a drinkin' man. I felt kinda faint. An' all I says to him afterward was, 'Albert, if she starts tearin' up yer newspapers on you, a-lettin' on that she's a-*actin'*, give 'er a clip over the head,' I says."

"Huh!" Orville was wont to respond in a voice of embittered resignation, "if you'd a-had Miss' Haines's tumor on your hands for twenty years, Hiram, Soph would a-seemed like a Sunday school picnic to you — with pink lemonade an' a band!"

Many light stories are to appear in early issues. Holworthy Hall will begin a series almost immediately



Answering the Nation's Call

IN this "supreme test" of the nation, private interests must be subordinated to the Government's need. This is as true of the telephone as of all other instrumentalities of service.

The draft for war service which has been made upon the Bell System is summarized in a recent Government report.

Government messages are given precedence over commercial messages by means of 12,000 specially drilled long distance operators all over the country.

The long distance telephone facilities out of Washington have been more than doubled.

Special connections have been established between all military headquarters, army posts, naval stations and mobilization camps throughout the United States.

More than 10,000 miles of special systems of communication have been installed for the exclusive use of Government departments.

Active assistance has been given the Government by the Bell System in providing telephone communications at approximately one hundred lighthouses and two hundred coast guard stations.

Communication has been provided for the National Guard at railroad points, bridges and water supply systems.

A comprehensive system of war communication will be ready at the call of the Chief Signal Officer, and extensive plans for co-operation with the Navy have been put into effect with brilliant success.

As the war continues, the demands of the Government will increase. And the public can help us to meet the extraordinary conditions by putting restraint on all unnecessary and extravagant use of the telephone.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

In fine furniture
the BLENDED BEAUTY *of the* GRAIN
is RICHLY BROUGHT OUT *by*

O-Cedar Polish

It cleans as it polishes. The refined polish for all varnished surfaces.

At your dealers — 25c to $3.00.

CHARBELL CHEMICAL CO.—Chicago—Toronto—London

STENOGRAPHERS

Typewrite the New Way

80 to 100 Words a Minute Guaranteed!

Learn at Home Only 10 Easy Lessons

EARN $25 TO $40 A WEEK

Don't be satisfied with small pay. Typewrite the New Way. 80 to 100 words a minute guaranteed. Get a *better position, bigger pay.* Thousands of New Way typists now earn $25 to $40 per Week. Learn in 10 lessons, at home, in spare time. No interference with regular work. Entire course *on trial.*

WRITE FOR FULL PARTICULARS

Read about the totally new system based upon Gymnastic Finger training, practiced *away from machines.* First day shows results. Special offer for limited time. Write for particulars NOW.

THE TULLOSS SCHOOL, 729 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio

Write for These Valuable Investment Booklets

The Oldest Safe Investment

Describing a sec rity whose soundness has been tested and tried through 4000 years of human experience. Specify Booklet No. I—7040.

The Seal of Safety

A publication for inexperienced investors who wish to learn investment fundamentals. Specify Booklet No. I—7041.

The Woman Investor

A brochure which will prove a valuable guide to every woman with funds to invest. Ask for Booklet No. I—7042.

Straus Service

Which explains some of the reasons why our clients are satisfied and have never suffered loss on securities bought of us. Ask for Booklet No. I—7043.

Straus Investors Magazine

"A monthly publication in advocation of sound investment," written in a clear and popular style. Ask for Booklet No. I—7044.

Investment List

Describing a diversified variety of sound first mortgage serial bonds, safeguarded under the *Straus Plan*, netting 5½—6%. Ask for Circular No. I—7045.

S.W. STRAUS & CO.

Founded 1882 Incorporated 1905

NEW YORK 150 Broadway — CHICAGO Straus Building

Branch Offices:

Detroit, Boston, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Dayton, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Rochester

35 years without loss to any investor

This Book on Bonds

—Tells why successful men and women, banks, trust companies and insurance companies buy bonds.

It tells you about bonds and investments and the different kinds of stock.

It shows how anyone in a position to save $10 a month may eventually become independent.

It is published by our Investment Savings Department and you may have your free copy by writing today to Dept. K, 47-49 Exchange Place, New York City, or 8 S. Calvert St., Baltimore.

Hambleton & Company

ESTABLISHED 1865

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

Baltimore Washington New York

Fortune Knocks

by Albert W. Atwood

The McClure Financial Booklet

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of ten cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. A very attractive library edition bound in leather may be had at a dollar per copy.

Special Service of Inquiry Department

The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance, also information on standard investment securities. A nominal charge of two dollars per inquiry is made for this special service. The Financial and Insurance Department cannot undertake to give any stock market prophecies nor to suggest speculative opportunities. Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 25 W. 44th St., New York.

FOR a conservative financial article the title of this one may seem a trifle too glowing. Yet soberly viewed the present is a time of unprecedented investment opportunity for the people of this country. Many paths lead to fortune, but one must be trod by all who arrive at that destination — saving. And saving is a sorry practise indeed unless the money is safe — unless sound investments present themselves.

National extravagance combined with national carelessness in the investment of savings and lack of opportunities for the small saver, all these contributed to a most serious and unhappy condition. Old-fashioned thrift had become unfashionable, luxury was the end and all for many, and young men expected to reach the goal of business success at a leap and a bound without any of the privations which had marked the careers of earlier leaders of commerce and industry. More and more men and women too sought to gain riches by the quick and easy route that led nowhere.

But the war has struck a blow at thoughtless luxury and extravagance. The necessity of economy has become apparent to the most careless and callous. The fiscal needs of the nation at war have thrust into the background less worthy financial promotions and the masses of people, although still prosperous enough, are brought up with a jerk to a realization of the seriousness and importance of wise management of their personal affairs, of spending, saving and investing.

Fortunately at this time the multitude have opportunties to save and invest exceeding those ever before conceived of. Just about as this magazine reaches its circle of readers another great war loan will be under way. The writer of course does not know at this time (early in July) what the terms of the next loan will be, but he is certain that every appeal will be made to the small investor and every possible facility afforded him. The Liberty Loan of last May was taken by more than 4,000,000 subscribers, the great bulk of it by subscribers for less than $10,000. If an even greater number of small investors, those taking from $50 to $500, can be created for the coming loan, millions of people will thereby have gained a first lesson and a stimulus toward success in life.

For it cannot be too strongly emphasized that the way to begin is to begin. The accumulation of money must have a start somewhere, and for vast numbers the fifty-dollar Liberty bond was the first step. Perhaps the next step will be a hundred-dollar bond of the new loan. Possibly it was necessary to lay emphasis on patriotism in floating the Liberty bonds, but in many ways it would be unfortunate if this note continues to predominate. Nor is it only the soundness of the investment that is important, rather the essential point is the ease, the availability and the widespread knowledge concerning these issues of United States Government bonds.

For years those who have labored to bring about greater thrift and more extensive property holdings on the part of the masses of the people have beaten their wings, so to speak, against the stone wall of indifference and ignorance. Even where they cared, the majority of people did not know and simply could not be taught anything about investments. But they cannot be indifferent to war and its financial necessities, and they simply cannot help knowing about anything so big, so safe and so widely advertised as the Liberty Loan and its approaching successor.

More and more it becomes apparent that the way for the person of small or moderate earning power to get ahead financially is to save out of his weekly or monthly earnings, preferably in cooperation with others. Millions of people could not invest more than ten dollars in a period of many months if they had to use up accumulated earnings. But by deducting a regular amount from their weekly wage the same people can save and invest fifty or a hundred dollars in the same time. Just so those of large earning capacity who could not without serious sacrifice invest more than a few hundred dollars at any given moment are able to assume an obligation for several thousand dollars if the payments are spread over a long period.

These facts were fully brought out during the Liberty Loan campaign and all manner of partial payment plans were successfully started, especially among operatives in large factories. But nothing like enough attention was paid to the cooperative idea. England has used this principle to the full and has raised many hundreds of millions of dollars which could not otherwise have been obtained. More than that the smallest of wage earners were enabled to invest safely. The same idea must be adopted here and at once.

The principle is merely that which we already know in the building and loan association. The idea is to invest a few cents or a few dollars a week and then in a certain length of time have the deposits together with interest upon them equal a round sum. The great advantage of these certificates is the fact that interest payments are not spent and frittered away on trifles, as they would be on most investments, but steadily accumulate and are added to the principal sum. Obviously the interest on a few dollars is so small as to be negligible unless it is allowed to accumulate undisturbed. Moreover it is difficult to find a single investment for a few dollars and even more so for a few cents. But if thousands of persons put their mites together we then have a respectable sum which becomes a working factor just as much as the single investment of the millionaire.

Local committees of representative and responsible persons have been formed throughout England to organize what are known as war savings associations, to which anyone may belong. Certificates for one pound are issued and these are paid for in amounts of as low as fifteen cents a week. Up to March of this year 35,000 such associations had been formed with 4,000,000 members.

Such a method utilizes the daily income of a people to carry on war. It has none of the disadvantages of financing by the banks, which necessitates a shift in the investments which they already have. Enough has already been said to show that the advantages to the individual are fully as great as to the country. There is no reason why the forthcoming government bond issue should not be taken by nearly ten million people if the war savings association plan is adopted.

Another type of ultra secure investment in small units has recently been offered. These are the bonds of the Federal Farm Loan Banks. Here again the principle of cooperation is being employed. Farmers are able to borrow money from the banks not as individuals but only through associations, thus following the principle so long in successful operation in Germany, France and Italy. The bonds pay more than 4 per cent, are free from taxation and are to be had in units of $100, $50 and $25. As the whole system is under federal control and supervision the safety of the bonds is assured. Readers of these articles from month to month may readily gather the impression that the writer has no sympathy for any but the most conservative, low interest bearing savings-bank type of investments. Such is not really the case, although such an impression would do far more good than harm. The vast majority of investors need to be persuaded, cajoled, or driven, if need be, into only the safest of securities. The great majority of those who take chances always lose, and as these articles are written not for the fortunate few but for the average normal investor it has been necessary to play safe. A savings-bank deposit, an insurance policy and a conservative bond or mortgage, these are slow but sure. It is far better to help the many to keep what they have and increase it a little than to play with the possibilities of a few men making big money in lucky ventures. For we know

McClure's Financial Booklet

Eighth Edition

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
List of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent. and Safety
Bonds, Stocks, and Mortgages
List of Sound Stocks
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
The Partial-Payment Plan
Investments Readily Convertible into Cash
How Big Investors Place Their Funds
How to Analyze a Bond
How to Care for Securities and Prevent Their Loss and Destruction
How to Figure the Real Return on Your Money
First Principles of Life Insurance
Investment Opportunities of the War

Booklet will be sent for ten cents in stamps. See announcement above. Address all communications to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 25 W. 44th St., New York.

Comparing Prices of Standard Bonds

The attention of investors is called to a comparison of prices and yields of a list of standard bonds in January and August of the current year.

A review of the market history of these issues shows that present prices are unusually low and yields correspondingly attractive.

This comparison sent upon request for Circular MC-61.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building
New York

Permanence of the Partial Payment Plan

Seven years ago the Partial Payment Plan of purchasing New York Stock Exchange securities was first put before the American investment public. Year by year it grew in favor and increased in scope until a score of responsible firms and institutions were using it to interest an ever-growing army of investors.

The War Loan campaign of education has brought to the attention of a new army of investors the advantages of "investing while you save."

Our investment department has made up a diversified selection of Partial Payment purchases to suit any monthly savings capacity from $5 to $1,000.

Send for Circulars M-12 and T-12.

John Muir & Co.
SPECIALISTS IN
Odd Lots

Members N. Y. Stock Exchange
Main Office, 61 Broadway, N. Y.
New York, N.Y. Brooklyn, N.Y. Newark, N. J.
Bridgeport, Conn. New Haven, Conn.

ESTABLISHED 1865

Sound Investments
For Present Funds
5% to 6%

Attractive, well-secured investments of a wide variety are fully described in our new booklet.

They are based upon well-established properties and industries of utmost importance at the present time.

Our recommendation of them is founded upon 52 years' experience in handling conservative investments.

Maturities—1 to 25 years; Denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000.

Write for Circular No. 995CM

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.
(ESTABLISHED 1865)
10 South LaSalle Street, Chicago

ESTABLISHED 1865

of a certainty that in the lives of the majority the real backbone of money accumulation is never the chance venture but is the safety-first type of investment.

Yet there is no reason why those who are in a position to plunge should not do so. Never have there been so many people in this country with more money than they know what to do with. It is both their opportunity and their privilege to advance new and important industries by becoming stockholders. Nearly all new industries go through trying financial periods and are looked upon askance at the start by the conservative banking and Wall Street interests.

Time was when railroads were rank promotions and railroad stocks were hardly accepted as security for bank loans. But the railroad industry came into its own and for a long period the banks would hardly have anything else in their loan envelopes. For a time the stock of the United States Steel Corporation was regarded with no favor and still more recently the stock of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation went through a long period of unpopularity. Just so the motor industry has been going through its trying days. Already the airplane business is entering upon the grill and still other important enterprises which the last few years have brought to the forefront are suffering the financial pangs of youth.

Never were so many opportunities presented for long-distance investments, promising great ultimate returns, for those who can afford to take the risk. There is always the danger of too rapid growth in these new industries, the temptation to take on too much business without providing for the raw materials at low enough cost or on sufficiently easy financial terms. Of course there is always the further danger, already a tragic reality, of a multitude of small investors being fooled by mere imitations of the real thing. The shrewd, discerning purchaser wants to know first of all that the promoters of an enterprise really mean business, and that the enterprise is a serious enough venture to command respect and not derision in its trade. After this there are plenty of legitimate business risks, but at least a chance for big ultimate profits.

Books About Stocks and Bonds
Insurance and Banking by Mail

Hambleton & Co., of Baltimore and New York, are sending out, to those interested, a comprehensive little pamphlet on saving, entitled "The Best Way to Save." The very interesting table printed in the above pamphlet shows how fast money grows when monthly payments of $10 or more are made regularly.

Henry L. Doherty & Company, 60 Wall Street, New York, has just issued a new descriptive circular, No. Mc 128, of the Preferred stock of Cities Service Co., the well-known public utility organization. Copies will be gladly furnished upon request.

"The Premier Investment" is the title of an excellent booklet [free] on Municipal Bonds published by the Municipal Bond House of William R. Compton Co., of New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati.

The National City Company recently issued a booklet [free] containing the official list of bonds legal for Savings Bank and Trust Fund investment in the State of New York.

A brochure by J. R. Milligan, Vice-President The Tillotson & Wolcott Company, Cleveland, contains interesting facts concerning 6 per cent first mortgage steamship bonds, in which his house specializes. The brochure treats of the history, present conditions, safeguards, investment standing and stability of steamship bonds, and lists issues which The Tillotson & Wolcott Company has been instrumental, as an investment banking house, in distributing. A copy will be sent free to any investor upon request.

"Bond Topics," published monthly by A. H. Bickmore & Co., 111 Broadway, New York, contains many interesting discussions on bonds in general, with particular references to Public Utility Bonds. Copies free.

Peabody, Houghteling & Co., 10 South La Salle Street, Chicago, have just published a new booklet [free] which describes a wide variety of attractive securities in established sections of the United States and Canada.

Fanning Buck & Co., 67 Exchange Place, New York City, will send upon request an interesting circular describing a new series of investments.

The "Seal of Safety" is the newest booklet issued by S. W. Straus & Co., describing the merits of first mortgage serial real estate bonds. This house also publishes the "Straus

What Protective Buying Means To The Investor

PROTECTIVE Buying is the scientific, efficient purchasing of dependable investment securities by an established financial house before offering them to its clients. It is as essential to the success of a financial organization as honest production is to the success of a great manufacturing concern.

Protective buying, in all its ramifications, has been pioneered by the William R. Compton Company. Purchasers of our securities appreciate its manifold advantages.

Several million dollars worth of choice Municipal Bonds always on hand in $1,000, $500 and $100 amounts. Four to five and one-eighth percent interest. All free from the Federal Income Tax. Complimentary copy of "The Premier Investment" booklet (edition C-9) sent on request.

William R. Compton Company
Municipal Bonds
"Over a Quarter Century in this Business"
NEW YORK: 14 Wall Street — ST. LOUIS: 408 Olive Street
CHICAGO: 105 So. La Salle Street — CINCINNATI: 102 Union Trust Building
A435 — PITTSBURGH: 721 Farmers Bank Building

T&W

Steamship Bonds
Yielding 6 Per Cent

Because of their enviable record, the demand for steamship bonds is always in excess of the supply.

As this advertisement is written we have the following, which we offer, subject to prior sale, at prices to yield 6%.

Canada West Coast Navigation Company
1st Mortgage 6's

Gaston, Williams & Wigmore Steamship Corporation
1st Mortgage 6's

Ames Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Company
1st Mortgage 5% Gold Notes; 6% basis

Circulars Upon Request

The Tillotson & Wolcott Co.
Investment Bankers
CLEVELAND
NEW YORK: 115 Broadway
CINCINNATI: Mercantile Library Bldg.

6% Cumulative Preferred Stock
of a well managed, high grade public utility company—operating in established mining and farming district. Net earnings nearly three times the dividend requirements.
to yield over 9%

7% Cumulative Preferred Stock
of a well known, high grade industrial company, earnings over four times the dividend requirements. Tax exempt in Illinois.
to yield 7%
Particulars on request.

BABCOCK, RUSHTON & COMPANY
Members of New York & Chicago Stock Exchanges
Chicago Board of Trade
137 So. La Salle Street, Chicago — 7 Wall Street, New York

Permanent Monthly Income
of **$25**
can be had for
$4350
invested in 50 shares of
CITIES SERVICE PREFERRED

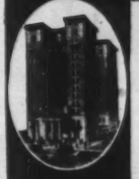
Cities Service Company is one of the largest and strongest Public Utility organizations in America. Its stock will afford a maximum of stability in times of uncertainty.

Monthly Dividends

Write for descriptive circular No. M. C. 128

HENRY L. DOHERTY & COMPANY
60 WALL ST. NEW YORK

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST



DISTANCE is no hindrance to saving money by mail at 4% interest with this large safe bank which has been conducting a conservative savings bank business for 49 years.

No matter where you live—send today for a copy of our interesting booklet "D"

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, O. · · · · CAPITAL & SURPLUS $3,000,000.00
ASSETS OVER SIXTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS

6% — For 36 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 718 and 525 Certificates of Deposit also for saving investors.
PERKINS & CO. Lawrence, Kan.

THE first $1,000 is usually the hardest to save. The task is made easier and more satisfactory by our Partial Payment Method of investing in dividend paying stocks or bonds. This is true, because upon making the first payment *you assume an obligation.* The satisfaction of meeting the obligation increases as you make each monthly payment.

Write for Our Booklet No. 49 in which we explain our Plan of Partial Payment Investing

HARRIS, WINTHROP & Co.
Members New York Stock Exchange
The Rookery, Chicago — 15 Wall Street, New York

Supplying the World

Today the United States is the supply station of the world. Public Utility companies supply the United States with essential light, heat and power. Domestic demand, always stable, is becoming increasingly accelerated. Manufacturers are becoming larger buyers of power.

Our current magazine, "Bond Topics," gives a list of selected Public Utility Bonds which should reflect this prosperity in their earnings.

It is free on request for Circular C.L. 200

A H Bickmore & Co
111 BROADWAY, N.Y.

Backbone Investments

Yielding 5% to 7½%

ELECTRIC *and* GAS *properties* perform essential service for communities and industries. National prosperity affects them favorably. As their success is based on a multitude of necessities, *stability* of earnings is assured.

Electric power plants financed and managed by this house serve 340 communities with nearly 2,000,000 population in 16 states. The majority are operated by *water power* or use *natural gas fuel* purchased under long term contracts.

Ask for Descriptive Literature M.

H. M. Byllesby & Company
(Incorporated)
202 S. LaSalle St. CHICAGO — 1202 Trinity Bldg. NEW YORK

An Empire in the Antilles

AMERICAN brains and American capital are developing the wonderful natural resources of Hayti in a way similar to that of English and Dutch capital in the East Indies in times past.

In addition to its sugar properties the Haytian American Corporation owns Railroads, Electric Light Plants, Tramways, Docks and Piers in the most fertile and important section of Hayti.

The sugar development of the Haytian American Corporation promises to make this Company one of the most profitable sugar companies in the world.

Write for circular M-5 giving details of Haytian American Securities

HARTSHORNE & BATTELLE
Members New York Stock Exchange
25 BROAD STREET — NEW YORK CITY

Stocks and Bonds ON THE PARTIAL PAYMENT PLAN

Write today for Booklet 22-B which explains thoroughly our method by which you may purchase Stocks and Bonds in small amounts. A small first payment is made and the balance is paid in convenient monthly installments. Dividends on stock and interest on bonds are credited to you while completing payments. Should you desire to sell your securities you may do so at anytime.
You may divide your investment among several dividend paying securities under this plan.

Free Booklet 22-B "Partial Payment Purchases" sent upon request. It explains this simple plan which is being followed by careful investors in all parts of the country.

SHELDON-MORGAN & Company
42 Broadway — New York City
Members New York Stock Exchange

6% FIRST FARM MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS 6%

We close all loans with our own funds. Our corps of examiners investigate every detail, and when our mortgages are placed on the market, they have measured up to our high standard.
We collect and remit the interest to the investor without charge; see that taxes are paid and insurance kept in force.
Write for our free booklet, and current list of offerings.

THE F. B. COLLINS INVESTMENT COMPANY
Oklahoma City — Oklahoma

Investors' Magazine," issued monthly, in the interest of sound investment, and "Acid Tests of Investments in War-Time." All of this literature will be sent on request to S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, or Straus Building, Chicago.

"A Long Look Ahead" is the title of an analysis of present market conditions with predictions as to the course in the future which has been issued by John Muir & Co., 61 Broadway, New York. Illustrated by a chart which outlines the logical trend as influenced by prospects of peace, effects of war destruction and possibilities of peace profits, it affords a basis for clear thinking which is designed to clarify the opinion of the individual investor. Copies sent on request.

Hartshorne & Battelle, 25 Broad Street, New York, N. Y., will send upon request booklet K-10, describing a number of new foreign securities.

"How to Invest in Standard Securities by the Partial Payment Method" will be sent upon request by Harris, Winthrop & Co., 15 Wall Street, New York.

An interesting booklet is being distributed free by The Citizens' Savings & Trust Co. of Cleveland, Ohio, which is of particular interest to people desiring a steady income of 4 per cent interest and no worry. Ask for book D.

On account of the unusual situation in the copper market a book just issued for free distribution by L. R. Latrobe & Company, 111 Broadway, New York, which gives capitalization, earnings, dividends, high-low prices, etc., on about 150 different copper companies, should prove of timely assistance to investors.

Full particulars regarding the method whereby stocks and bonds may be bought on small payments are contained in Free Booklet 22B "Partial Payment Purchases," sent upon request by Sheldon, Morgan & Co., members of New York Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York City.

Magnificent water powers serving Minneapolis, Saint Paul and the Central Northwest are illustrated in the new booklet "Back of the Investment" issued by Northern States Power Company, which will be sent upon request to H. M. Byllesby & Company, 202 So. LaSalle St., Chicago, and 1202 Trinity Bldg., New York City.

A booklet has recently been issued by the F. B. Collins Investment Co., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, which gives valuable information to prospective investors in Farm Mortgages.

Its booklet, "We're Right on the Ground," won for E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D., third prize in the contest at the recent St. Louis convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, to determine the best individual piece of financial advertising copy. This booklet, offered free to every reader of McCLURE'S, is distinguished because of the comprehensive way in which the advantages of Farm Mortgages as a safe investment, are outlined.

Perkins & Company, Lawrence, Kans., will be pleased to send upon request an interesting list of farm mortgages. Send for list 718.

Babcock, Rushton & Company, 137 So. La Salle St., Chicago, and 7 Wall St., New York, will be pleased to send upon request special information on a high-grade Public Utility issue.

No advertisement is accepted for the financial section of McCLURE'S until after careful investigation by trained experts of the personal integrity of the advertiser and of the soundness of the proposition. While we cannot guarantee the result in any particular case, the acceptance of the advertisement by us is evidence of the strongest character that the advertiser is worthy of public confidence.

Wild Apples — *Continued from page 24*

"When I want to get word to you why can't I write you a note and just post it?" he asked.

"One of the girls would be sure to notice, if Mrs Jordan didn't."

"I'd take it over to San Pablo and post it, or Liveoak."

"That — wouldn't be much better," Lynnie deprecated. "But I'll tell you what you could do. You could leave it under a stone somewhere that we'd agreed on — and I'd watch a chance and get it."

"Where?"

She thought for a good while, and he watched her.

"That little hollow where you saw me Saturday morning — when you came back?"

"Yes?"

"Lots of big stones there. If we picked out one and you left a note under it for me I could go get it when I had the chance . . . Oh — what's that?"

Julian had been listening so intently that he forgot everything but Lynnie and their plans. Now he glanced up and saw the two shining eyes of a motor turning in from the road, coming to "Restlands."

"Sit still," he whispered, his hand closed on her arm to hold her.

The machine came on till it reached the big open space by the side porch. Here the driver began to sound his horn. The noise brought the crowd piling out, Paula first, calling, "Jule — is that you?"

A young fellow jumped from the machine and was making for the steps.

"It's only Curtis Tillman — from San Vicente. I know him. He's in a bank there," Julian whispered.

Not a very important or dramatic statement, but when Elinor Hannon, in the midst of the others, caught sight of the newcomer she cried out suddenly — and Julian got a queer thrill from something in her voice —

"Curt — *dearest!* I didn't know you were going to be down." She ran to him. He took hold of her and kissed her — as though he had a right — just nodding to the others, afterward standing unembarrassed with his arm around her explaining:

"Got a chance to skip over between trains. Had to grab it. Wasn't time to 'phone. I just came past your house, and your mother told me where you were."

"I'll go right back with you." Elinor was all in a flutter, clinging to him. "Can't you stay but just between trains, Curt? Get my sweater and scarf for me — you children."

Somebody brought the wraps. Paula herself was heard again asking for Julian.

"Well, that's the queerest thing, the way he disappeared!" she was saying as the crowd got back into the house.

There were the engaged pair lingering down the steps, moving slowly toward Tillman's machine, only half in shadow, murmuring, embraced. Elinor's head was thrown back against her lover's shoulder. Julian saw him bend swiftly and kiss the white throat.

The hand that still held Lynnie's arm trembled. Curtis Tillman — he'd never thought so much of Curt. Elinor Hannon hadn't seemed to him — like that. Sight of the other man's kiss on the white arch of throat seemed to move something deep in Julian's being. While the two over there were climbing into their car and getting started, he leaned forward and shifted his gears, threw in the clutch, and at the moment the other machine was making a noisy start, touched the accelerator.

"What are you going to do?" Lynnie asked.

"We can get away at the same time — nobody'll notice it," Julian whispered back.

"But they — Miss Hannon and the young man that came — wouldn't they see us?" In her anxiety she shrank toward him. He gave her a look.

"Not in a thousand years! Do you suppose they're thinking about us?"

They followed Tillman's car down the lane. He was right; the pair ahead paid no attention to them.

"Where —" Lynnie got no further.

"Over to the hollow. To fix up a post-office. We can't go on missing each other all the time, this way."

"I don't know if the machine can get in there," breathed Lynnie, softly.

"Sure it can. It'll go anywhere."

Bumping over roots, sliding in deep sand, tilting perilously on one side, he brought the roadster slowly to a stop where its lights showed twisted, slender trunks of oaks rising from purple fairy-looking beds of iris; drifts of pine needles under the wheels told what the taller trees beyond were. How different it looked at night! He lifted her down and kept her hand.

"Which way to those big stones?" He found himself still whispering, remembered

KNOWLEDGE OF

prevailing prices in relation to earnings as compared with those of the past is essential.

Our books on the Copper— Standard Oil and Motor Issues

will give you this information. Any one sent free on request.

"PARTIAL PAYMENT PLAN"

L. R. LATROBE & Co.
Established 1908
111 Broadway — New York

1916 Earnings 23%

ON OUTSTANDING CAPITALIZATION

CARWEN STEEL TOOL CO.

Capital Stock	Par Value
$1,000,000	$10 per share

Company supplies absolute necessities in Peace or War to leading manufacturers of the country.

Listed on New York Curb
SEND FOR BOOKLET C. S. T.

FANNING, BUCK & CO.
67 EXCHANGE PLACE, — NEW YORK

REAL ESTATE GOLD BONDS $100, $500, $1000

SATISFACTORY INCOME

FIRST FARM MORTGAGES $500 and up

Our First Farm Mortgage and Real Estate Bonds yield a satisfactory income. Safe, sure, careful examined securities.

We're Right On the Ground and have marketed our investments for 33 years without the loss of a dollar. Send for booklet "T" and list of offerings.

ESTABLISHED 1883

E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, North Dakota
Capital and Surplus $500,000

To Banks and Investment Houses

ADVERTISE NOW!

Wise bond houses realize that this is a most prosperous time for national advertising. The Liberty Loan is going to make bond buyers of thousands of people throughout the United States who never knew before what a bond looked like.

We believe a large percentage of the 2,000,000 McClure readers have bought Liberty Bonds. To reach 500,000 homes by mail would cost $10,000 in stamps alone—a fifty-six line advertisement in McClure's would cost only $140.00 per month or $1680.00 for twelve months.

For four years the Financial Department of McClure's has been preaching the gospel of sound investments to its readers.

You will secure new accounts all over the United States which will make you independent when conditions are bad locally.

Financial & Insurance Department
McClure's Magazine
25 West 44th Street — New York, N. Y.

there was no longer any need of that and spoke out louder. "You'll have to lead."

"I'm afraid we can't find one — in the dark."

"I've got my electric torch."

They went a few steps, still hand in hand. Then the ghostly, silvery circle from the torch showed a good-sized stone.

"What do you think of that one?" Lynnie asked, touching it with her foot.

"Try if you can turn it. We don't want to get one that's light enough that somebody'll knock it over — and we don't want to get one that you couldn't move."

"Oh, I never thought of somebody else getting one of the letters!" Lynnie looked a little blank. "Let's not write notes. Let's just leave a sign. You put one of these oak leaves under the stone when you want me to go riding with you that night, or — or to have me meet you there at the corner of the field and I'll — Let's see." She turned the rock back easily; busied herself with a couple of little sticks, and when she had them to her satisfaction put them down on the smooth, moist bit of sand the raising of the boulder had revealed. "See — let's do this way. If they're crossed — so," suiting the action to the word, "it'll mean 'No.' If they're put one right to the end of the other it'll mean 'Yes.' If they're laid side by side, like this, it'll mean — it might mean — 'Wait for me'— mightn't it?"

On his knees beside Lynnie, he got to watching her little work-roughened hands as they pushed the twigs around, and was so slow in following what she said that she laughed at him softly — and showed him the code all over again. Suddenly he saw what she was wearing.

"You'd put on your white dress. You were going down. I'll take you straight back."

"Oh, no, I —"

Over at "Restlands" the horn of the big machine howled out — suddenly — and Lynnie crouched like a rabbit that hears the hounds. For a moment her eyes were piteous.

"Go — quick," she more shaped the words with her lips than said them. "Leave me here."

Julian sprang up and reached a hand down to help her.

"No, no, I'll get you back to the house all right."

While they were getting to the roadster, hand in hand again, the noises over at "Restlands" died down. He lifted her, climbed in himself, saying:

"We'll just run out to the side of the road. I'll leave the lights off, and we'll see what's doing."

At the lane corner the coast looked clear. He streaked up and circled into his place by the big machine. Lynnie was out and gone when both doors of the house opened to let out a gabbling, whooping crowd.

"There's Jule and his Go-devil," Bench Prentiss shouted.

"Where?" Paula cried. "Oh," she came on around to him, stood looking up a moment, then demanded — for all the world like his mother, "Where have — you — been?"

Most of the others lingered on the porch saying good night. They were alone for the moment. Angry, thwarted, having had to let Lynnie go without a parting word, he stared back at her. He would have liked to say, "With Lynnie Willis. I'm not the least interested in you. She's the one. If you don't care to have her at your dances and beach parties — you can leave me out." What he finally did say, in a tone that sounded strange to his own ears was:

"Right here — for quite a while — listening to you people."

"Why, Jule," she came close and spoke quick and excitedly, "what is it? You look so odd." Then, in a little lower tone, "Want to take me home? Benchy can drive the others."

She asked it softly — ah, but not softly enough!

"Well, what do you know about that?" shrieked Zoe Haslett. "Did you hear what Paula's trying to frame up? Wants to duck out with Jule and leave Benchy to strew our remains along the side of the road."

"Not on your tin-take," whined Benchy, crawling into the rear of the big car and pretending to shiver like a whipped dog. "Poor Benchy's a-a-co-o-o-old!" he keened. "Scares me pie-eyed. Somebody take me home and put a hot-water bag to my feet."

"Pretty hostess, I don't think," was Ball Hannon's outraged comment; "trying to go off with a handsomer man than us. Drop the lady, Jule. Take your hypnotic eye off'n her."

Benchy had crawled from the car and slipped up behind Paula.

"Madame, I'll put you back on the job!" He grabbed her up and ran with her to Paula's car, shoved her into the driver's seat and slammed the door on her.

Through all the clatter Mrs. Jordan stood on the side porch, the girls who had seemed fixtures in their chairs an almost similar fixed row behind her. When there was a lull in the racket she called:

"I hope you young people will come over here again — now that you've found the way. We enjoyed having you. Thank Mr. McCulloch for his music. I hope he'll come and play for us again sometime."

The Go-devil stood where Julian could see a window in the L with its flat shed roof below. He had waited for that little fluttering movement of the curtain. It came now. She was in safe.

With an abrupt, general "Good night," he wheeled out— alone.

Chapter V — A Portugee Dance

WEDNESDAY morning after breakfast, lounging on the ranch-house porch, old Ben out by the fence, opportunity on a blue-eyed pinto pony came loping down from the wild region at the upper end of the valley in the person of Mateo Gomez, a boy who had once worked for the McCullochs. Idly Julian watched him as he pulled up his bronco, and leaned down talking to Dye, with quick gestures and a flash of white teeth.

"Saturday night dance up at the dance-hall!" the old man turned and bawled genially toward the porch, then added, to Mateo:

"Guess Jule'll go all right. Said he would. But he ain't likely to bring a girl with him."

"Of course I'll bring a girl." Julian ran down the steps two at a time. Here was use for that post-office. How quickly it had come!

"Huh?" old Ben twisted around and cupped his good ear with a hand. Mateo and the waltzing pony bolted quite a way down the road before the young Spaniard could call over his shoulder:

"All right. That's another couple. Saturday night. At the dance-hall. Don't forget the time *and* place." And he hurried away in a cloud of dust.

"Yah!" old Ben jeered as they went back to the house. "Miss Paula Pollard'll turn you down so cold it'll freeze you stiff when you ask her to a Portugee dance."

"Probably she would — if I asked her," Julian was too exultant to be cautious, "but I'm going to take a girl to that dance all the same, Uncle Ben."

Julian dived into his tent. Half an hour later, when he came out, Dye, sitting at the table in the arbor, sorting a pan of beans, looked round, stared a minute, then blurted:

"Say, Jule, b'lieve you're lookin' better just the few days you've been up here."

Julian was already over by the liveoak getting into the Go-devil. The hail followed him, "Be back for dinner — er — lunch?"

He waved a hand and nodded as he passed the old man "full speed ahead" for the hollow, to put that oak leaf under the stone for Lynnie. Three days till Saturday — plenty of time. Yes, but no use taking any chances.

Mateo Gomez had been down to the end of the valley with his invitations, which would of course include the Pachecos; Julian met him in the road as he was turning in for the little hollow and the post-office.

"Going to ask the Bruckners?"

"Asked 'em," Mateo pulled up, ready to talk. "Won't any of them come this year. Alma's the only one that would — and Thatch Dye's not in the valley."

They both looked over toward "Restlands." It seemed to be swarming with girls. The new arrivals were making the most of their vacation. Lynnie was nowhere in sight.

"Do you invite them?" Julian asked just to make certain.

"Not worth doin'," Mateo grinned good-humoredly. "Miss Dale Pollard's always asking us ranchers in the valley for contributions — but our dances ain't good enough for her girls — not a tall."

Out on the kitchen porch where it commanded the road came Mrs. Jordan and stood there looking at them. Instantly Mateo's sombrero was off; he made a flashing bow, all smiling dark eyes and white teeth. Every girl in sight responded. Julian lifted his hat, feeling rather under fire, considering his errand. Somewhat hastily he ran on past, taking the chance to put his message under the stone on the return trip.

That evening late he went to get his answer, and found the crossed twigs which meant that she couldn't find a way to meet

Capitalize daylight—make it pay you dividends.

Fenestra Solid Steel Windows are the sure medium for flooding every nook and corner of your factory, warehouse or office with light. They insure better work, prevent time losses, eliminate the big percentage of accidents caused by poor lighting. In short, Fenestra Windows make daylight your factory manager.

Ventilation, weathering and fire insurance are additional assets.

Every modern factory is an advertisement for Fenestra Solid Steel Windows. Made at Detroit Steel Products Company, 2903 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit, where most of America's steel windows are made.

Fenestra
SOLID STEEL WINDOWS

DUNLOP
GOLF BALLS

THE difference between losing and winning frequently depends on the ball you use. The DUNLOP user has an advantage: *the British-made DUNLOPS travel farther and surer!* Use DUNLOPS and win!

Try "29" DWTS or "31" DWTS
$10 per dozen 85c. each
For sale by Golf Professionals
DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD.
Birmingham, Eng.

American Representative: T. W. Niblett
Suite 1103-F 34 West 33rd Street New York
Canadian Distributors: DUNLOP Tire and Rubber Goods Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

Do You Need More Money?

To help your husband — to help your children — to help yourself? We can show you an easy way that is dignified, honorable and profitable.

The happy, contented women shown above are all *free from worry and with money coming in.* Each of them has founded, with our help, a growing and prosperous business and every year sees each of them making more money. And these cases are by no means exceptional, for

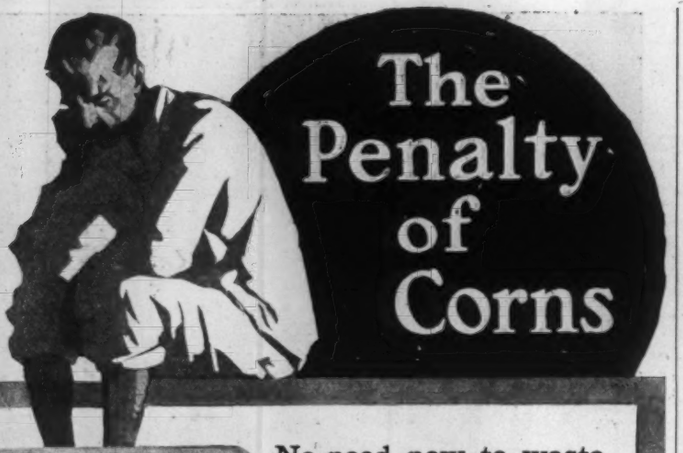
In More Than 13,000 Cases We Have Helped

ambitious, deserving women. You can do the same as they have done. Sell World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear in your home town. No previous experience is necessary—we show you how to make money in an easy, congenial and profitable way. We sell direct from the mill to the home through our local representatives, and our lines of hosiery and underwear for men, women and children are famous the world over.

Write today for our free catalog
It tells the whole story

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO.
DEPT. 137 BAY CITY, MICH.
We have been in business here for more than 22 years

Business as usual
ALADDIN READI-CUT Houses
Eliminate Waste
Save Money
Building as usual
Get Catalog 160 The Aladdin Co. Bay City, Mich.



The Penalty of Corns

No need now to waste time soaking your feet so often. Nor run the risk of paring.

BLUE-JAY plasters have ended millions of corns. This very night thousands of people will say good-bye to painful corns forever. Touchy corns are needless, even foolish.

Blue-jay brings instant relief. And in 48 hours the average corn is gone. Only a few stubborn ones require a second or third treatment.

A Blue-jay plaster, with its healing wax, is applied in a jiffy. No soreness, no inconvenience. The pain is not temporarily eased, as with paring. There is no danger, as with harsh liquids. Decide to join the happy crowd tonight which has won freedom the Blue-jay way.

BAUER & BLACK
Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay
Stops Pain — Ends Corns

For Sale by All Druggists

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

TYPEWRITERS $10 up. ALL makes. Completely rebuilt. Five years guarantee. Shipped on trial. Write today for our Special Price Offer No. 133-I—POSITIVELY A LIST OF BIGGEST BARGAINS.
WHITEHEAD TYPEWRITER CO.
186 N. La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen patents. Send for 4 free books; inventions wanted, etc. I help you market your invention without charge.
RICHARD B. OWEN, 43 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

The Best Novel of the Year Now Running in The Century

"THE SECOND FIDDLE," by Phyllis Bottome, the best serial of the year, began in the August Century. This is the story of an officer in the English Secret Service wounded in war, and the two women who taught him what love may be and may fail to be. If you care to read a novel which sweeps you off your feet with sheer romance, the novel for you is "THE SECOND FIDDLE."

This absorbing story is complete in four installments. We will send you these four issues of THE CENTURY for $1.00. Below is a coupon.

I want to read "THE SECOND FIDDLE." Send me the August, September, October and November numbers of THE CENTURY.
Enclosed is $1.00, McC.
Name .....
Address .....
THE CENTURY CO.
4th Avenue New York City

You can do much and we can do more to help her into an occupation that will be pleasant, refined and profitable, and that offers her a bright future. Get her started right! Help her to qualify for a

Private Secretaryship

and other responsible and highly paid positions, by acquiring by mail the most expert shorthand taught to-day—the Rose system—under the tutelage of Robert F. Rose, the man who trained world's champion shorthand writers and who is himself one of the most expert shorthand writers. This is not the ordinary kind of shorthand which qualifies only for the average position and average salary. It is expert shorthand which qualifies for *specialist's* work with its unlimited salary and success. Rose Expert Shorthand offers to young women and young men a sure and successful career—work that will bring them into contact with the highest class of business and public men in the country. *We cooperate in securing graduates high-class, well-paid positions.*

Valuable Booklet Free

Send for the booklet—HOW TO BECOME A MASTER OF SHORTHAND. It comes to you with full particulars of this Mail Course, absolutely free, and you assume no obligation at all by sending for it. It may be the means of assuring your child of a safe and independent future. Write TO-DAY.

Funk & Wagnalls, Company, Dept. 44, New York City

FREE TRIAL

Cut out this ad and mail it to us, with your name and address (no money); and we will send you our FAMOUS KARNAK RAZOR by return mail, postpaid. You may use the razor for 30 days FREE; then, if you like it, pay us $1.85. If you don't like it return it. SEND NO MONEY. MORE COMPANY. 499 More Building, St. Louis, Mo.

him. He threw them out impatiently, and put his leaf back. Thursday was a repetition of Wednesday, so far as any success was concerned. He hung around till he thought Bruckner on the one hand, or those at "Restlands" on the other, would certainly notice his being in the neighborhood so much. Friday — still no luck. Saturday — the day itself — he had to see her. He ran the Go-devil down so early that he thought surely no one would be out of bed yet. But when he got to the turnout there was Lynnie herself passing on her way to Bruckners for the milk. He ran in, stopped his machine, and waited for her to come back. At sight of him she checked, plainly scared, glanced back toward Bruckner, in plain view of them in the milking lot. But Julian jumped down from the machine and ran to her.

"Want to go to a dance — up the valley — with me — tonight?"

The magnitude of the thing seemed to steady her. She paid no more attention to Bruckner back there among his cows. She set down the covered milkpail and stood looking at Julian a minute as though he had proposed an excursion to the Kingdom of Heaven. He had no need of other answer than the overwhelmingly, almost agonizedly eager look she gave him before her eyes filled with tears. She lowered them, pushed out a foot on which the broken shoe gaped as she twisted it a bit.

"These are all I've got," she said. "I'd have time to wash and iron my white middy suit." She looked up at him again with those drowned, longing, child's eyes. "It would do for a dance like that. But shoes—"

"I'll get 'em for you," Julian disposed of the matter in five words. "You'll have to have slippers to dance in, anyhow. I guess I can find something decent in San Pablo. What number do you wear?"

"Three and a half, B," Lynnie stooped swiftly and picked up her pail; she glanced around. "I must run. I — I'll find a way to get off tonight."

"Sure you will. And I'll find a way to get the slippers to you — put them right in at your window. Will that be all right?"

"Oh, yes — of course. I've still got the room to myself. The others are all in the big dormitory."

It was seven o'clock. She ran, milk pail in hand, his little blue gingham girl, and gained the "Restlands" yard before he ventured down the lane.

When he got back to the ranch and breakfast old Ben scared him nearly to death by asking him suddenly at the table:

"Where d'ye go this morning so early, Jule?" and then while he was trying to think up a suitable answer, "Were you as far as 'Restlands'?"

He sat and looked at his end of the table a minute before he answered, "Yes." That hardly seemed enough, and he added, "Why, Uncle Ben?"

"Nothin', only I promised a sack o' spuds to 'em, and I'd have sent it down by you if I'd known. Miss Dale's got a houseful, an' makin' the valley support it, as per usual."

"I'll take them for you later today, Uncle Ben," Julian said. "I've got to go in to San Pablo. Any errands for me?"

It seemed the old man had.

When Julian passed "Restlands" on his way in to town there were plenty of girls about, and this time, over on the kitchen porch, was Lynnie. She saw him and waved her hand to him as he passed

Never in his life had Julian felt as he did when he turned into the road, going to town to get shoes for Lynnie. It would be the first thing he had given her. That it should not be a meaningless trinket, but something necessary, an undertaking of the provider's part, made it thrillingly delightful. Swinging around a curve on the beautiful San Pablo grade across the range, he suddenly thought of something else he could get her. Silk stockings, to go with the slippers.

In San Pablo that early he had the stores all to himself. He remembered Lynnie's "my white middy frock," and decided that white slippers would be the thing. At the first place he tried they wanted to sell him canvas, then admitted that they hadn't any other in the size he wanted, and brought out some white satin ones that he was sure would have been too big for her. He went to another store and found some pretty nice looking white satin slippers with a small chiffon rosette like a little camellia, dotted over with pearl beads. He bought them and took them with him when he went to get the silk stockings.

When Lynnie's parcel was put up it was not very large, but he was glad it had cost as much as it had. Then the saleswoman succeeded in selling him something for himself. He hadn't any particular use for an extra heavy, coarse gray sweater, but he felt a gratitude which made him want to be obliging to her. He tossed his bundle into the roadster and forgot it, but the package containing Lynnie's shoes and stockings lay beside him on the seat. When he went on to the grocery to get the things for old Ben he couldn't leave it there. Something might happen to it; he took it into the store, and carried it about with him as he ordered the groceries.

At home once more, he asked for an early supper, and dressed for the dance before it, taking a good deal of time. When he went over to the arbor Uncle Ben turned him around and surveyed him.

"Got up to kill *an'* cripple," the old man pronounced solemnly. It was not till after they had eaten and he was leaving that the reminder came, "You forgot to take them spuds down to 'Restlands.'"

"I didn't forget. Take them now."

"What — a sack of potatoes — on your way to a dance?" snorted Dye. "Shucks — let 'em wait till tomorrow."

"No, I've got to drive that far anyhow."

"Still bound to make me believe you're goin' down there after Miss Paula Pollard. Don't fool me — not so's you could notice it. I know you're going to the dance without any girl."

JULIAN drove so fast that "Restlands" was still at table when he got there. The coast was clear. He brought the long bamboo fishing rod from his roadster, fixed Lynnie's bundle on the end, and flipped it in at the open window above the shed roof, then carried the sack of potatoes boldly up to the kitchen door and rapped.

Luck ought to have given him Lynnie to open that door for him. It did not. He could see her though, in at the range, getting a pan of something from the oven. She caught sight of him and instantly her cheeks were like fire, her eyes cast down, but not before he had nodded reassuringly, and sent a quick, significant glance upward.

The girl who opened the door went to fetch Mrs. Jordan to receive the contribution and thank him for it. He had hoped to carry the sack in; but he wasn't quick enough. As soon as she saw it, the matron took hold of one end, the girl who had brought her the other. Julian got away, feeling rather foolish, went out and drove the Go-devil slowly down as far as the Mission. Looking at his watch he found he had used up only ten minutes. Why, they wouldn't have finished eating! Dishes to wash after the meal. He turned back, extending the upper loop as far as he dared. He came down once more, half an hour disposed of, nervous, listening, looking. Suppose somebody went into that room and found her bundle? Of course not. She had understood when he nodded. Lynnie always had her wits about her. Down past Bruckners again; up as far as the cross-roads where the coast road went through; going slower and slower, getting more and more uneasy; it was nearly an hour before he did finally pick her up, far down the road, dressed for the dance, and in a tremor of delight.

"Heavens, what an hour I've had out here!" he said as he reached over and helped her get in. "Scared stiff — for you."

"Were you?" a little dismay in her tone. "Why, I was all right. My room's locked now. Nobody'll touch the door till morning. I was all right."

She had the white slippers and her handkerchief in a little bundle.

"Oh!" she whispered, "I didn't know you were going to get me so — so much. The slippers fit perfectly. I never had such — beautiful ones — in my life."

"Why didn't you put the slippers on?" he asked.

"And ruin them, walking in the sand?" She unwrapped and looked at them in the light from over the speedometer. "Lovely!" raising one to her cheek.

At last they were off. Julian made pretty good speed. As they passed the Hannon place they saw the little car at the gate.

"They're not going up," Julian reassured Lynnie. "Car's headed the wrong way."

"I guess nobody much is from this end of the valley." She hesitated for quite a while and then added in a reluctant tone. "But I kind of wish that, when we get there, you'd go in ahead — and see."

Julian drove more slowly for a moment. "Suppose there is someone there that knows us both — would you back out?" he asked her.

"Oh, no — but then we needn't go in together. Maybe we'd better not go in together, anyhow."

10¢ To See the World in Pictures

THE most remarkable picture magazine ever published. A current pictorial history of the great war and all world events. Pictures from all the battle fronts, showing the armies in action, noted leaders, famous places. These and scenes from all other parts of the world in color from actual photographs by the beautiful rotary gravure process. Nearly 200 pictures in every issue. You get all this for THREE MONTHS for only a dime. That is our special limited offer, made to let you see for almost nothing that never before has anything ever been attempted like The Illustrated Review. It is the most wonderful pictorial record of the world's events. Mail the coupon now, and begin your subscription with the next issue.

THE ILLUSTRATED REVIEW

No other magazine like this. You are shown actual events just as you would have witnessed them if present. Twelve great photograph services supply this unusual magazine with from three to four thousand photographs each month from all over the world and you get the very pick of them all. Noted people, places of fascinating interest, scenes of great events, New York, Paris and London fashions, as well as the best and exclusive pictures of the war—are all shown in marvelous array. And you will get this out-of-the-ordinary magazine for 3 months for only 10c—if you act now while this extra special offer lasts.

Every number is 11 x 14 inches in size. 24 or 32 pages of splendid pictures in every issue. You must see the magazine itself to appreciate what modern science and art can do to bring pleasure and instruction from every corner of the earth to the home. And only 10c will pay for all this for 3 months.

Send Coupon to Nearest Office

The coupon and a dime will start your subscription to this—the most wonderful publication ever produced. Surely you want to get your subscription in while only 10c will bring you this great magazine for 3 whole months. Every issue is a gallery of beautiful pictures such as you have never seen gathered in one publication before.

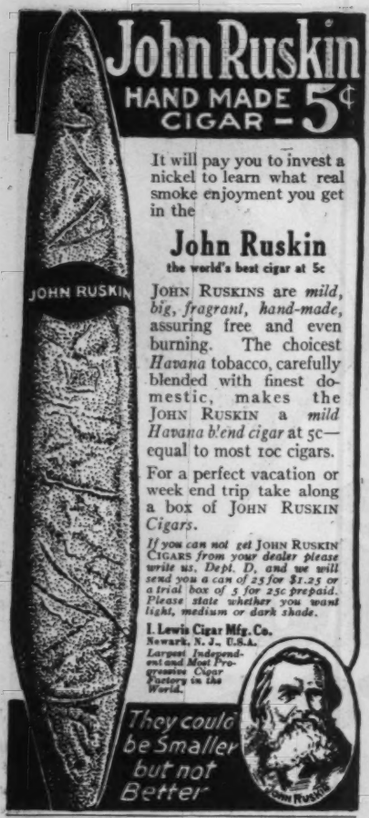
Sign and Mail the Coupon Today

THE ILLUSTRATED REVIEW
ATASCADERO, CALIFORNIA
1211 HARTFORD BLDG., CHICAGO
312 FLATIRON BLDG., NEW YORK

McClure's Magazine
ILLUSTRATED REVIEW
Atascadero, Cal.
1211 Hartford Bldg., Chicago
312 Flatiron Bldg., New York

Enclosed find 10c (please do not send stamps) in full payment for my subscription to The Illustrated Review as per your special offer in this advertisement. I am not now a subscriber.

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State .....


John Ruskin
HAND MADE 5¢ CIGAR
It will pay you to invest a nickel to learn what real smoke enjoyment you get in the
John Ruskin
the world's best cigar at 5c
JOHN RUSKINS are mild, big, fragrant, hand-made, assuring free and even burning. The choicest Havana tobacco, carefully blended with finest domestic, makes the JOHN RUSKIN a mild Havana b'end cigar at 5c—equal to most 10c cigars.
For a perfect vacation or week end trip take along a box of JOHN RUSKIN Cigars.
If you can not get JOHN RUSKIN CIGARS from your dealer please write us, Dept. D, and we will send you a can of 25 for $1.25 or a trial box of 5 for 25c prepaid. Please state whether you want light, medium or dark shade.
I. Lewis Cigar Mfg. Co.
Newark, N. J., U.S.A.
Largest Independent and Most Progressive Cigar Factory in the World.
They could be Smaller but not Better

The delightful perfumes of the garden and their suggestion of freshness and Youth are preserved for you in

CARMEN Complexion POWDER

It gives a flower-like, glowing charm to the skin and its subtle, elusive perfume appeals to the most refined taste.

White, Pink, Flesh, Cream
50c Everywhere

STAFFORD-MILLER CO., St. Louis, Mo.

3 CUSTOM SHIRTS FOR $5.00
Fall samples now ready

I make shirts that fit you, because I make your shirts from your measurements and guarantee to take them back if they do not satisfy you.

I send you 100 samples to select from

I send you measurement blank with rules. I send you the finished shirts express prepaid. No ready-made shirts in my shop, but facilities for quick delivery of the highest grade of custom work. Write for my samples. (Higher priced fabrics, too.) Fall samples now ready. No agents.

CLARENCE E. READ (Master of Shirtcraft), 110 Seneca St., ITHACA, N. Y.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to get your Patent and your Money." RANDOLPH & CO., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 50, Washington, D. C.

"I don't see how that would help it," he argued. "If they find you've slipped off to a dance —"

"Well," the mild little voice checked him, "anyhow it wouldn't bring you into it."

She was taking care of him.

"Never you mind about me," he smiled. "But if you think it would be any better for you, I'll go ahead and spy out the land."

Further up they passed a buggy full of people going to the dance; then a single horseman.

"We aren't the very latest, anyhow," Lynnie said. She was in great spirits. Then, ahead, light, noise, and the shadowy outline of a building that Julian remembered from his daylight knowledge of it as a board-and-batten structure set by the roadside with steps going up to a platform porch. Every window, and the wide open door, blazed a welcome. When they came opposite they could see the crowd in there, big kerosene lamps with tin reflectors on the walls. Out in front were ponies, buggies, farm wagons, one or two machines — an unhandy mess to get the car through. Julian slowed down.

"I'll take the machine around to the back," he suggested. "I'll leave you in it, there, and have a look. If the coast's clear I'll come and get you."

"All right," breathed Lynnie.

He found a good place in the shadow of the house for the Go-devil, left Lynnie, and hurried around to the front, where a lot of men standing, stirring uneasily, talking in low tones, gave a queer suggestion of cattle stamping and mooing.

Mateo of the invitations was on the porch. "Hello," he hailed, "you didn't bring a girl after all!"

Julian let it stand at that. He pushed his way through the press at the door and looked into the room. There on chairs sat the grandmothers that Julian had heard Ben Dye declare were all good dancers; mountainous old ladies, gaily dressed in figured cottons; smiling, yet dignified. They knew their worth. They were well aware that the third generation would see that they didn't lack for partners.

Not a soul he had ever seen before in his life, except Mateo, and a man he passed on the porch who had a strangely familiar face, and who had spoken to him and called him Mr. McCulloch. To make assurance doubly sure he took another look, and was about to turn back for Lynnie; but there she was on the porch with two girls. The man ou' there who had spoken to him, stopped them, and evidently asked for a dance, for one of the girls with Lynnie said gaily:

"Let us get our slippers on, won't you?" She spoke with the soft little lisp that Spanish usage gives the English. Julian stood and let the three pass him near the doorway. Mateo, near him, looked after them as they went, remarking:

"The Sanchez girls must have rode nearly all day to get here."

Julian watched the bright head go down the crowded room with the two dark heads beside it. One of the girls had her arm around Lynnie's waist. When the door shut behind the three Julian came back to his surroundings. He found a place against the wall to watch, and wait for her.

Finally Lynnie came through the battened door at the head of the room, and he quickly made his way to her. The dark coat was off. She wore the new slippers. The little white middy suit made her look childish, with its soft triangle of throat that was almost whiter — a sort of luminous white. It was a new Lynnie who smiled so with scarlet-threaded lips a little apart because of quick breathing, bright hair all loosened out and curling around her forehead. The delicate little face sparkled with happiness. She didn't look timid now. He was dancing with Lynnie — at last. How well they moved together! He looked down at her face, close in toward his shoulder, his breast; it wasn't like dancing with any girl heretofore. She looked back at him. She had said she loved to dance, yet he knew somehow that this was as different for her as it was for him. He had an unformulated rush of good-will toward the whole world.

But dances come to an end — the musicians see to that. When the music was over, and they were standing at the side of the room, Julian saw, coming toward them, the man who had called him Mr. McCulloch. He had full, dark eyes of an animal brightness, like those of a stag; curling brown hair; a fuzz of curling brown beard, too, unshaven on the blooming cheeks. Julian thought he had had a drink, and he was eying Lynnie so pointedly that Julian drew himself up and tried a little looking on his own account. The Portuguese paid no attention.

"Leenie!" he cried, "you didn't give me my dance."

"I didn't promise you any."

"I thought you did. Well, this one, then."

The music started up. Julian slipped an arm around her. The Portuguese fell back disappointed as they began to move.

"The next, Tony," Lynnie called across Julian's very shoulder.

"Who was that fellow — calling you Leenie?" he demanded.

"Tony De Vega," she laughed up into his face. "The man you nearly ran down Sunday."

"Well, I'll do worse to him than 'nearly,'" Julian whispered, "if he doesn't quit calling you by your first name."

Then he forgot Tony De Vega, and everything else unpleasant. Lynnie certainly could dance. Her joy in it seemed to envelop them both. But there was De Vega watching to claim the next. Julian hadn't reckoned with this, somehow. Looking forward he had seen himself dancing with Lynnie all evening. He told her so now, and she looked a little dismayed.

"Oh, we couldn't," she said gently. "You ask one of the others. They're all good dancers. It's — it's their dance, you know. And they're so nice to us."

All the same he was glad that De Vega got only an old-fashioned Lancers — and jealous of all the other men in the set when they held her hand and swung her. He stood and looked on. These were a graceful people, with their queer, gaudy dressing. Good dancers, too. When De Vega brought Lynnie back to him she said in a smiling whisper:

"You ought to have asked one of the other girls."

"I don't want to dance with anybody but you," he objected, knowing that he was a grouch. "But I will next time," he added as the musicians began a waltz.

He'd promised, yet she had to prompt him to ask one of the old ladies. Another waltz with Lynnie — and she wheedled him into dancing with the girl who had come in with her.

THE Sanchez girl danced well, but during their waltz Lynnie of course was with another partner. Julian winced. A Portuguese dance was all right for him; he liked it better than swell affairs in the past; but when it came to Lynnie — He was prickles all over. Not jealous — nothing like that; but — And all the time Tony De Vega kept following her about, asking for dances. Finally Julian couldn't stand any more.

"I wish you wouldn't dance with that fellow," he said as she nestled in the curve of his arm and they swung along in a waltz.

"I won't, if you don't want me to. I know him better than the others. He brings wood to 'Restlands.' His wife died just a little while ago."

"What the deuce is he doing at a dance, then?" Julian demanded hotly.

Lynnie looked up at him, her eyes were that wonderful black of a night sky with stars in it that they got when she was excited. Her color shifted so that the pink was like a rosy light in her cheeks. She laughed, yet said rather soberly: "Why, he's noticing."

"Noticing?"

"Yes. That's what they say about widowers when they begin looking around for another wife."

"For a — ?"

Their waltz was the last dance before supper. Its music ceased in the middle of Julian's inquiry. He made a dive at a chair and got it for Lynnie; they were going to be scarce. He stood beside his lady while big, fat sandwiches and bigger, fatter cakes were passed around, and Mateo and a very pretty girl dragged a wash-boiler of coffee about the floor in front of the seated guests, leaving a trail of soot where it went. Cups and saucers had been handed first; another pretty girl followed with sugar and cream. Julian had just filled Lynnie's cup and was waiting on her when Tony De Vega walking carefully straight down the line, came to them and stood looking. His great, full, dark eyes had got a little more shine; the swarthy bloom on his cheeks was redder. The drink that Julian had suspected had certainly been reinforced by another; perhaps two.

"Oh, here you are, Leenie," he stood looking down at her, speaking to her as though there were no one else in the room. It made Julian furious. While he hesitated as to what one could say or do under the circumstances — at a Portuguese dance — De Vega dropped down on the other side of Lynnie, close against her, sitting on his heels, cowboy fashion, rolling his big, dark eyes to look up into her face, speaking in what he apparently thought was a low tone.

"Dulcie — what's the matter you won't dance with me any more?"

"Oh, I'm having my supper now, Tony."

"But you've rif-fuse me two times — three times, I think. Is it because I been drinking — a li'l?"

"Oh, no."

"Well, I'm not drunk — me," the Portuguese argued. "I know what I'm about. I know what I'm saying."

Lynnie's face was painfully flushed.

"Listen, Dulcie," De Vega began again, nudging her knee with his shoulder to attract her attention, "have you made up your mind — about what I asked you?"

Julian could not restrain a forward movement, the fellow was drunker than he'd supposed. Lynnie gave him an apprehensive glance before she answered hastily:

"Oh — I didn't think anything about what you said, Tony. You didn't mean it. Don't let's talk about it now. Let's just have supper, and —"

"Now, Dulcie, you know I mean it!" Tony reproached. "But that's all right, too. I'll have supper. Bring that boiler back here, Matt! Gimme a cup of coffee."

Mateo stopped the coffee boiler beside him and the pretty girl served him, with a kind of good-natured contempt.

"You," she said as she handed the filled cup, and noted the glances he gave Lynnie, "you look with your eyes like a seek cow."

Tony laughed, spilling coffee all over himself.

"Going to dance with me again after supper, Dulcita?" he demanded of Lynnie.

"No, she is not," Julian said, sharply. Lynnie's hand went out on that side to restrain him. But De Vega paid no attention. Apparently he hadn't heard.

"I — I'm tired, Tony" — she did look distressed and fagged. Julian's temper rose the more.

"Aw — say! Not too tired to go with me tonight —" De Vega faced round to her and set a knee squarely down on the floor, sending his coffee cup rolling. He never noticed it. "That pony I was telling you about — that Amigo pony of mine — he's awful easy riding. You'd think you was in a rocking chair —"

"You Tony De Vega — pick up that cup!" It was one of the Spanish girls speaking to him. "Now get up from there while I mop the place — we're going to dance till daylight on this floor."

Courteously, but with some difficulty, De Vega rose. In the moment his attention was turned, Lynnie slipped away. She made for the door. Julian followed her out on the porch. They found Mateo rolling a cigarette. He and his girl had been relieved by another pair. Supper had called everybody else inside.

"What did he mean — go with him?" Julian spoke as soon as they were out in the dark. "Where did he want you to go?"

"Oh — nowhere," Lynnie evaded. "He's just been drinking, and —"

"Wanted her to get on the pony behind him and ride over to San Pablo to be married by the J. P. there," Mateo's girl spoke up. "These darned widowers have got their nerve! Why didn't you slap his face for him?"

"What?" Julian wheeled, ready for war. Then De Vega himself blundered through the door, going a little faster because two of the older men were trying to hold him back. They were speaking in rapid, loud Spanish.

"See — the little lady doesn't want to be bothered with you, Antonio. She's got her own fella. You hadn't ought —"

"Leggo!" Tony was squirming and shaking himself. "You're not my boss, Uncle Esteban." He spoke thickly, yet with an attempt at respect to his relative. "The little girl herself can give me my answer. She's got no fella. She come with the Sanchez girls; I seen her. Where is she? Oh — there you are, Leenie. Now, Dulcie ——"

No fellow? Something seemed to go off in Julian's brain. He pushed Lynnie behind him and faced De Vega, flaming. He heard himself speaking as though it were another; the words were none of his choosing.

"That's my girl you're talking to. She's mine. Say what you've got to say to me."

"Huh?" Tony balanced himself and blinked. "I didn't know you was with her. I didn't know," he repeated; then with a sudden flare, "but certainly I'll say it. I'll say it to you, or to any gentleman. I asked her ——"

"No, no!" Lynnie pulled at Julian's arm and tried to get past it.

"Do you tell me no?" Tony's forward movement was menacing.

"Just wait — Tony — wait!"

The sharp distress of Lynnie's voice evi-

dently abashed her suitor. His uncle took advantage of his weakening to get a firmer hold on him, and pulled him back.

There was a tense moment when everyone stood rigid, and nothing was heard but the sound of heavy breathing. Then Mateo's girl spoke waveringly.

"Shame, Tony! If Cousin Juana could see you this minute —"

"Juana!" It came out with a howl. "Cousin Juana" was evidently the wife Tony had lost. For the moment he went limp in the hands that restrained him. He was weeping noisily as his relatives dragged him away.

"Oh — let's go," Lynnie pleaded.

"I expect it's the best thing you can do," Mateo had already said, when the door opened and the second man who had been in charge of Tony looked out. He called to Mateo in Spanish. Julian understood that he was asking if they were gone. Then, as his eyes became accustomed to the darkness:

"Oh — there you are, Meester McCulloch. Too bad — you come a guest like this and have anything happen; but I think you gotta take your girl out of Tony's sight. Y' see he's just had enough to make him crazee. They talk to him in there now; they try to get him to behave. But I think it's better you beat it while the beatin's good. Daisy — get the little lady's shawl or whatever it was she had around her. Better go out this way — not cross the room in front of him — see?"

In silence they waited. Daisy slipped into the dance-hall for Lynnie's coat, and was back in no time. They were hustled off. Julian dropped an arm around Lynnie in a rush for the machine.

"Needn't be scared," he whispered as he half lifted her along. "I'll take care of you."

"I'm not scared, now," she was panting.

Noise and loud voices behind them; then a shot.

"Matt!" somebody yelled. "I thought you got that gun away from him. You dassn't let him have a gun when he's like this!"

Julian tightened the arm around Lynnie, he lifted and ran with her. She clung about his neck. He could feel her heart plunging against his own. Then they were at the machine; he set her in, jumped to the seat and took the wheel.

"Sit tight now!" he cried, unsteadily. He felt a strange exaltation. It was as though Lynnie's heart still beat against his own, as though he had two hearts. "We've got to drive back right through them — I'll go fast."

"Don't run over anybody," Lynnie quavered as the starter took hold. Then the engine roared, the Go-devil leaped up the slope and whizzed past the porch edge.

There was a glimpse of light and movement, an outburst of excited yelps in three languages; then it was all left behind; they were off down the road like a streak.

Julian held the pace for a mile or more; then, out of sight and hearing behind the shoulder of a low ridge, he slowed down and looked around at Lynnie. They were both in a great flurry. He, particularly, had felt the world heave up and turn over.

A man wanted to marry Lynnie. He fought his friends and howled to get to her — to carry her off on his horse and marry her tonight. How did she feel about it? He discovered all at once that Lynnie was shuddering from head to foot.

"You are still so frightened?" he asked.

"I'm not scared — I'm cold," she shivered. "This isn't my coat Daisy got. This is thinner." Julian stopped the roadster and reached into the boot.

"We'll fix that," he said as he drew out the unopened bundle which contained his sweater purchase of the morning. "This'll keep you warm, anyhow."

He shook out the big, heavy garment, and slipped it on over the coat and all, pulling its collar around her neck, buttoning it up as though she had been a baby. As though she had been a baby she raised her face, and let him move her as he would. He didn't know why he just buttoned the sweater on her and asked her in a sort of stifled whisper, "Is that all right?" It seemed a maimed action that he should let it go at that, start up the machine and move on.

After it they talked in short, hurried sentences — laughing nervously, a bit constrained and conscious, Julian thinking all the time, "Why didn't I kiss her? She wouldn't fight me off." When they got out of the machine and she was to take the usual short-cut path through the chaparral toward "Restlands," she stopped and began unbuttoning the sweater. It seemed almost as though she lingered waiting to be caught up, to be held. But somehow he couldn't—then. Instead, he said in a constrained whisper:

"Keep it on. I'm going to walk all the way over to the edge of the clearing with you tonight."

The moon was down. He put his arm around her on the narrow trail, walked the hundred yards of dark, crooked pathway so, hedged in by the tall, thick chaparral, with its spicy smells, its deep silence tenderly stirred by the chirp and flutter of tiny nested birds. When they came to the end of it, and parting, he continued to hold her. They stood there and talked whisperingly of when they next could go somewhere together. Presently, there in the dark, she let him take the sweater off — a thrilling business.

"What'll you do about having the other girl's cloak?" he asked.

"Oh, Tony'll bring mine down."

"Yes — and tell that you lost it up at the dance!"

"He won't," Lynnie said. "I'll get to see him first and ask him —"

"I don't like to have you ask favors of that fellow," jealously. "I don't want to have you see him at all."

"Tony's all right — when he's sober."

"Has he ever talked to you about marrying him — before tonight?" accusingly.

"Not about marrying him."

"Well, I'll settle Tony — after this."

"The moon's changed," she murmured. "It'll be full next Saturday."

"Will it?" he said, vaguely; he was preoccupied with the thrill of her hair along his cheek as they stood so close in the little path.

"Yes — full moon — next Saturday. There'll be a big crowd at 'Restlands' then. Miss Dale's bringing more girls, and we're going to have our hay ride and beach supper down beyond the Mission."

"Well, I'll go to it. It'll give me a chance to see you, anyhow," Julian said.

"Yes, and I expect there won't be any chance till then," Lynnie's little voice was plaintive. "We'll have so much to do — and it isn't easy to get away evenings, when there's a moon."

"Well, I'm going to try every night."

Suddenly he bent and kissed her — a mere dab of a boy's eager, awkward kiss, that lit somewhere near her ear. But the contact reverberated through his being like a thunder bolt. She drew back a little.

"You're not angry?" Huskily, tremulously, he made the ancient query that has been made since there was ever a first kiss.

"No," Lynnie breathed softly.

Chapter VI — Full Moon

FOR a week he had but memory of the kiss he had taken. Once only had he found a chance to speak to Lynnie, though he hung persistently around their post-office in the hollow, putting his leaf under the stone with its steady urgency, "I've got to see you," finding when he came for answer the little crossed sticks that meant, "No."

His life was a stream that flowed with surface and depths. Talking to old Ben; being joked by him about Paula and the other girls; making use of the young people's affairs in the valley — or anybody's affairs that would serve — to get closer to "Restlands" and Lynnie — that was the surface. The depths were all of her. In a swift, steady current, unseen, powerful, his thoughts set steadily toward her with a longing that was as distinct as hunger or thirst.

Sometimes he took these hidden dreams, this longing of his, with him up to the lookout on Old Bitter, and lay there wondering why everything in the valley looked different to him now.

Ah, but the old adobe down there held Lynnie! In the south wall, out of sight, was her window — The Window — with its friendly bit of flat shed roof below.

Before his solitude came again the picture of Curtis Tillman and Elinor Hannon. He couldn't associate what he had seen that night in the side yard of "Restlands" with Curt's face behind the bank wicket when you went to get your money — Tillman was paying-teller in the Citizens National Bank of which Stephen McCulloch was a director. Julian's allowance was paid over to him there, often by Curt himself, who had seemed up to now just a fellow with a thin neck, prominent teeth, and much dignity. He wore a high collar that he seemed to be struggling to get over so that he might say, "Good morning." Who would have guessed — and again came that heart-shaking vision of Curtis Tillman — Curt Tillman — bending swift, hot, privileged lips to kiss the throat of his sweetheart!

His last card from his mother — she used a correspondence card on him, as if to advertise that she hadn't anything much to say to him — had demanded a list of the young people in the valley. Young people in the valley! What did she mean by that? He knew well enough. She meant the kind she'd picked out in Las Reudas and San Vicente for his social circle; she meant Paula Pollard and Zoe Haslett and Pret Consadine. People like the Hannons and Ashbys she didn't think much of. A girl from the "Restlands" camp wouldn't count at all. Well, Lynnie counted with him.

When he had got his glimpse of Lynnie, walking with two other girls, in the road, she dropped a little behind them and motioned to her shoulder, showing that she wore her own cloak. De Vega must have brought it down. The thought was disturbing. If he had it to do over . . . Recollection of Tony daring to push his shoulder in against Lynnie's knee in that way as he crouched there beside her, lithe, eager-eyed, begging her to marry him, made the boy lying in the oats patch feel like a cave man whose mate was interfered with. If he had known what Tony was saying —! Suppose he, Julian, hadn't been there? Would she have ridden off on the pony behind De Vega? Would she today be De Vega's? No — no, of course not!

He went ahead of time Saturday evening to "Restlands," asking if there was anything he could carry down to the beach for them. He found Mrs. Jordan in the side yard wearing a faded old khaki outing-suit and shapeless cotton beach hat. There were girls all over the place, running around, calling, picking up things and laying them down. Bruckner's farm wagon with hay in it was already turning in at the upper end of the yard. The "Restlands" contingent would ride down that way.

Mrs. Jordan said they were going to broil bacon, make coffee, and heat the mulligan over the beach fire; she'd be glad to have Julian take down the camp kettle, the pot of stew, and demijohns of water. When she called for these Lynnie and two other girls came bringing them. He jumped out and ran to help. There was a thrilling moment as he took the heavy kettle from Lynnie's hand. She kept a lighter one with:

"Let me carry this — you might spill it." It gave her a chance to go on with him to the roadster. He thought to have got a whispered word with her there, though Mrs. Jordan was close, but someone called from the steps:

"Hello, Jule McCulloch!"

"It's Rose Daggett," Lynnie murmured. "Miss Dale brought her and three other girls." Then Rose herself came running down the steps and got a black look from Mrs. Jordan.

"Go tell the rest of 'em the wagon's here," the matron said, and she closed in on Julian and Lynnie, taking a hand at the stowing of the kettles, cutting off any chance at a further word between them.

Now at last they had got to the beach, but it seemed there were two fires; at one Paula Pollard, Miss Dale herself, and a Frenchman named Lemaire, a fellow she had brought down to make some photographs for the *Messenger*, and himself. Julian had got his invitation by almost asking for it.

There were gorgeous rainbow edges on the big, shaking banners of flame that went up from the driftwood. The full moon, well above the Santa Monicas, turned the whole bay to silver; the waters down there gathered themselves in one great wave and beat like a heart on the crescent of sand. Julian felt his own heart beat in throbbing unison with the white night, the mysterious sea.

Paula kept talking to him. He hadn't much idea what she said, and if anything, less notion what he answered. For he could sometimes get a glimpse of Lynnie over at the cooking fire where Mrs. Jordan had her girls at work getting the mulligan hot, the coffee made, the lunch laid out.

"Aunt Dale says she saw your mother just before she left for the East, and promised we'd try to make it pleasant for you in Siloam this summer. I told her I didn't know where you'd been keeping yourself here lately."

"Oh, just fooling around — up at the ranch — I suppose," carelessly. He hardly knew what he said. Lynnie was coming across from the other fire. For the minute he could not see nor hear nor think clearly of anything else.

"Mrs. Jordan says —" Lynnie was full in the rosy glow now. She kept smiling, looking at Miss Dale — not at him; but he knew she was conscious of his eyes on her, as he, to his very fingertips was conscious of her nearness — "Mrs. Jordan says will you come down to the big table, or shall I serve you where you are?"

"Over here, dear." Miss Dale smiled up at

"101 daily uses"

CHAFED or broken skin, cuts, bruises, burns—you'll find nearly "101 daily uses" where Mentholatum will relieve *quickly*.

The First Aid for over 24 years in many thoughtful homes.

A HEALING CREAM

Mentholatum

Always made under this signature A. H. Lyon

At all druggists: In tubes, 25c. jars, 25c, 50c, $1.

PLEASE: Write today for small Testing Package, free. Or send 10c for Physician's size.

The Mentholatum Co., Dept. E, Buffalo, N. Y.

Become a Game Farmer

Write for these two books which tell all about this interesting and profitable work. "Game Farming for Profit and Pleasure" is sent free on request. It treats of the subject as a whole; describes the many game birds, tells of their food and habits, etc. "American Pheasant Breeding and Shooting" is sent on receipt of 10c in stamps. It is a complete manual on the subject.

HERCULES POWDER CO.
1019 Market Street
Wilmington Delaware

SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE
A $2 BOOK FOR ONLY $1

By Winfield Scott Hall, M.D., Ph.D. Noted authority and lecturer, Plain Truths of Sex Life that young men and young women, young wives and husbands, fathers, mothers, teachers and nurses should know. Sex facts hitherto misunderstood. Complete, 320 pages—illustrated. In plain wrapper; Only $1, postage 10c extra. American Publishing Co., 905 Winston Bldg., Philadelphia

PATENTS Write for How to Obtain a Patent, List of Patent Buyers and Inventions Wanted $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability. Our four books sent free upon request. Patents advertised *Free*. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Patent Attys., 750 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

"The Girl Was His Property—He Had Found Her!"

FREE

Four Handsome Volumes, 35 "full-of-thrill" Stories.

THE youth held the cave man's view — what he saw, he took. When, for the first time in his life, he met a woman, he considered her his own.

The girl thought differently — or did she?

You will find the question of woman's rights an important feature of Robertson's powerful, unconventional love story — The Three Laws and the Golden Rule. The girl and the youth are thrown together under conditions as primitive as when Adam met Eve. They become one, and share together the perils of their wild existence. They love, they quarrel, they fight off common enemies. Though without the veneer of civilization, theirs are the virtues, the passions, joys and sorrows that are common to the whole human race.

The first stirrings of passion and affection in the human breast; the selfishness that melted before love; the first quarrel—that vanished when a common foe came in sight; such episodes as these illustrate the beginning of family life in a way never before depicted in literature.

This is only one of 35 absorbing tales in the new four-volume edition of Robertson—stories that will fill these early autumn nights with thrills, heart-throbs and mystery. Robertson's stories appeal to women as strongly as to men—for through them Romance goes hand in hand with Realism.

Get these salt-sea stories—better than Kipling's; pirate stories that rival Treasure Island; fascinating tales of Hypnotism; amazing studies of personalities; stories of men and women in curious situations.

THE BOOKS ARE FREE IF YOU ACCEPT THIS OFFER.

No. 9-17

McCLURE BOOK CO.
76 Fifth Ave.
New York

I enclose ten cents. Please send me Morgan Robertson's new stories in 4 volumes, and enter my subscription to McClure's, Metropolitan and The Ladies' World, each for 12 months. I promise to pay one dollar a month for five* months for the magazines. Robertson's Works (4 books) are mine FREE.

Mail Coupon with 10c Today

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Attach business letterhead or give two references in margin below.
*Change terms of payment to seven months if you prefer full leather binding.

THE RIGHT KIND OF A MEMORIAL—A FUND FOR ROBERTSON'S WIDOW!

MORGAN ROBERTSON never got any real reward for his work. He grew old—and poor. About two years ago he died. Before his death, however, he had the satisfaction of seeing the McClure Publications and Metropolitan Magazine undertake to gain him his rightful place in literature—the place he deserved in the hearts of his countrymen, and the money necessary to enable his wife and him to spend their last days in comparative comfort.

His desire, when dying, was that the sale of his books would permit his devoted wife to live without want. Will the American public grant him his last wish? That's what we propose to find out. You answer Yes when you send in your order for this new four-volume edition of Morgan Robertson's works together with a 12 months' subscription to McClure's Magazine, Metropolitan and The Ladies' World.

We will pay for the books. We will pay the carriage charges on them. We will pay Mrs. Robertson a generous royalty—if you will pay for the magazines less than they would cost you at the news-stands, and you may pay for your subscriptions in easy monthly payments.

You Join Hands With These Men When You Mail the Coupon

IRVIN S. COBB
"No American writer has ever written better short stories than Morgan Robertson."

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS
"A master of his art. No lover of real stories can afford to miss reading Morgan Robertson."

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER
(Editor Saturday Evening Post)
"Morgan Robertson has written some of the greatest sea stories of our generation."

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS
"I hold a high opinion of Morgan Robertson's work. Please enter my subscription for your new edition."

76 Fifth Avenue **McCLURE BOOK CO.** **New York City**

the ambassador. "I'm too lazy to move. But you come eat with us. Let one of the other girls wait on us. You've done enough."

Julian's heart leaped with gratitude to Miss Dale. He had known her for a long time. His mother had her at the house a great deal. She said it was a mercy when there was a lady on a newspaper to do the society reporting. He got quickly to his feet.

"Couldn't I help, Miss Pollard?"

"It would be awfully good of you, Julian — but I oughtn't to ask you —" She looked doubtfully from Julian to Paula.

But Julian walked away beside Lynnie. Crossing between the two fires with trays he whispered: "Slip away as soon as you can and go up the path toward the Mission."

"I will."

After that the food was ambrosia, the coffee nectar, the moonlit beach with its throbbing surf and white sands a fairyland.

The serving was over now, they were all eating. Lynnie had shaken her head when he wanted to sit beside her. Of course she was right. But it left him with Paula again. Inconspicuously, he widened the distance a bit, but still she leaned across it and spoke.

"Julian, let's get up a beach supper — for ourselves."

"For ourselves?" he repeated her words interrogatively. He was perfectly willing to make use of Paula to get to Lynnie, but that was as far as he went.

"Yes — the Hannons and the Ashby girls and —" she lowered her voice — "I'd ask Alma Bruckner this time, if you wanted me to. We could get boys from San Pablo and Liveoak."

He looked at her noncommittally. She had offered Alma Bruckner; would she think of another name? She did not. She glanced around her, drew a little closer and lowered her tone still further.

"Seems a shame to waste such a perfectly good night as this." Then, in answer to his interrogative air, "It would be so lovely here — if we had the right crowd."

"Yes, it would." Julian enjoyed the double meaning of his words. It made him smile.

"Well, we'd have to be quick about it," Paula considered. "I'm going up to town with Aunt Dale when she leaves. If we didn't have it tomorrow night we'd have to wait till I get back."

"Let's wait, then," said Julian, laconically. He had seen Lynnie taking the cups of Lemaire and Miss Pollard to get them refilled. He jumped to his feet to follow.

"Where are you going?" Paula detained him.

"Over to the fire — for more stew."

"Get me some, too — won't you?" She handed up her paper plate. He overtook Lynnie before she reached the cooking fire, and questioned as they moved side by side:

"Had all the supper you want?"

"Yes."

"So've I. I'll take this grub back. You go on up the path and wait for me. I'll be with you in a minute."

With a nod Lynnie moved away in the moonlight. Julian went on to the fire, handed Lemaire and Miss Pollard their filled cups, delivered Paula's replenished plate to her, and took care — now that his arrangement with Lynnie was happily completed — to excuse himself with a little more definiteness and courtesy. Paula looked at him uneasily. He thought if she hadn't just asked for the refilling of her plate she might have offered to go with him. But he forgot her when he found a little figure over by the rocks, waiting.

"Shall we go up on the bank and walk there?" he whispered. His arm was around her the minute he touched her, but she glanced uneasily at the crowd by the fire.

"Too far away to see us," he said softly.

All the way up the twisted climb he kept his arm around her, though she could perhaps have made it better unhelped. When they stood on the grassy plateau above the beach he still held her, and would have drawn closer; but she leaned away from him, looking back at the noisy supper crowd.

"They could see us — here," she whispered. "We're right where the firelight strikes."

"Come on then— let's go up to the mission. That's what I meant to do in the first place. I know where they keep the key. We can get into the mission then, and go up in the belfry. It'll be beautiful up there on a night like this."

The old key hung on the nail in the niche by the side door, and they let themselves in. As he was locking the door Lynnie pressed close to him, a little timid he thought of the big, dark place. He guided her to the winding stone steps, worn into shallow troughs, leading to the belfry. Now that they were alone together there was again that nervous disposition to talk fast — and let queer silences drop in between. His hand closed on her arm helping her up the stairs, and he remembered.

"This is your own coat, isn't it? Did De Vega bring it?"

Lynnie laughed evasively.

"Oh, Tony'd be ashamed of the way he acted next morning."

They were at the top now. Stone walls, three feet or more thick, shut in this little space, pierced high up by four open windows. The bell swung there. Its rope trailed down beside them on the floor. He intended that they should get up to the windowsills and sit.

"If I lift you up on this frame — can you make it from there?" he asked.

"Oh, yes — easy." She spoke in a little breathless voice. Breathlessly, too, he lifted her without a word upon the little board framework that leaned against the western wall. She had found a place in one shadowed side of the big window by the time he pulled himself up after her.

FROM the belfry they could see the beach with its fire; they even fancied they could hear the voices down there, all mingled with the noise of the surf. Lynnie tucked herself in to the shadow of the wall.

"They couldn't see us here," she whispered, "even if they came right up to the church."

But strangely, now that he had her, away from all the others, Julian's mind was not yet at rest concerning Tony De Vega.

"What did you mean by saying that he'd be ashamed of himself?" came the first query. "Don't you think he wanted to marry you?"

"Oh, I suppose he did," Lynnie was mild about it. "He — well, he's a widower, you know. He's got two of the sweetest little children — a boy and a girl. His mother's taking care of them, but she's old and doesn't want to be bothered with them."

That was all she said. Julian fixed on one word for offense; it seemed intolerable that she should call anything concerning Tony De Vega "sweet." Two children — Tony had the impudence to be in love with her — that was it. He was in love. Men didn't fight and howl because they wanted somebody to take care of their little children.

"What makes us talk about it?" Lynnie's gentle evasion provoked Julian to demand:

"Did — do you like him?"

"I don't dislike Tony — when he's sober."

Nothing in that to make anyone angry; yet hot anger surged in Julian.

"I believe you liked — the way he acted the other night."

"No, I didn't."

"Yes, you did."

"Oh, Julian!"

"Well, promise me if ever — I want you to promise me —"

They had been leaning, each in a shelter of shadow, in opposite sides of the window. As Julian's voice failed him he reached across and caught hold of her. They drew together.

"I want you to promise —" his lips were hunting for the white curve of her throat. "Never anybody but me," he murmured, and broke off.

"Never anybody but you," he got the thrilling answer as he held her there. He kissed her throat. . . . and then it was her own lips that met his.

"Somebody's coming. They'll see us," she whispered against his cheek.

He lifted his head and listened. Crunch, crunch, came steps on the gravel below, turning in at the little side entry. Silence. Then the sound of someone coming out on the path again, going away.

"Hunting for the key," was Julian's guess. "Good thing we locked the door on the inside."

Held close in his arm Lynnie looked and listened, too. In the white moonlight, plain as day, came first one little dark figure and then another up over the bluff by the twisted path. Finally Lemaire and his camera.

"What do you suppose he's going to do with that — at night?" Lynnie wondered.

"Photograph the Mission by moonlight! I forgot all about it."

Silently Julian drew back into his corner of shadow; but as he went he brought the girl with him in his arms; so that they could be quite out of sight from those below. He pressed her face against his neck, murmuring:

"The door's locked. They couldn't possibly see us here."

"I wonder if — Do you suppose they've missed us?" Lynnie breathed.

"I guess not," Julian reassured her, but even as he did so there came a scratching sound on the further side of the tower, where

HOW much safer to use light when you should! Darkness is so deceiving that even the sure-fingered sometimes blunder.

There is no reason why you should trust to your sense of touch in the dark—not excepting the emergency that may call for great haste. For an Eveready DAYLO provides *instant* light which safely and surely prevents mishap or mistake. Learn the comfort and convenience of this light that is always ready for immediate use.

Made in 77 styles at prices from 75 cents up (in Canada 85 cents up). The better electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods, jewelry and stationery stores everywhere carry Eveready DAYLOS and a full line of Eveready TUNGSTEN batteries and Eveready MAZDA lamps.

* * *

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
of National Carbon Co., Inc.
Long Island City New York
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited
Toronto, Ontario

when a mistake would mean a tragedy

when you must get the medicine bottle—quick

when you're alone in the night and a strange noise alarms you

when you can't see to find the keyhole

when a coin or a ring rolls under the table

when you take the short-cut home after dark

whenever you need light for your protection or convenience, that is powerful, safe and dependable, you need an Eveready DAYLO, the highest development of the portable electric light.

Don't ask for a Flashlight— get an Eveready DAYLO

USED IN THE ARMIES AND NAVIES OF THE WORLD

Your boy needs a

Easy to Fill *Press the Button*

PARKER
SAFETY SEALED
FOUNTAIN PEN

PRICE $2.50 up
Parker Clip, 25c extra

PRICE Sterling Silver, $5
18-K Gold Plate, $6

New Parker PATENT Clip, held in place like a WASHER

$2.50, $3, $4, $5 at leading dealers. Catalog free

Drop ink tablet in water

Dissolves immediately into fluid ink

SAFETY-SEALED—The new type "no holes in the wall" fountain pen. Ink can't get out to soil clothes or person. In event of accident to interior mechanism the pen automatically changes from a Self-Filler to non-Self-Filler without interruption of service.

PARKER INK TABLETS
for a soldier's "kit" in place of fluid ink.

Parker Pen Co., 144 Mill Street, Janesville, Wisconsin. New York Retail Store, Woolworth Building

When the school question comes up for discussion in your home — if you need help — if it is hard to decide which school is the right school for your boy or girl, write to the McClure School Service Department, 25 West 44th Street, New York City.

©Vanity Fair

Are You There?
Are You Awake?
Are You really Modern?

If you are or want to be, then,

VANITY FAIR

is the magazine for you

It will keep you in step with the whirling progress of our times. It will put you on speaking terms with Paris, London and New York. It will chaperone you through the jungle of New York society. It will teach you the newest and most fashionable of activities, notables and follies.

It will introduce you to the most beautiful actresses in captivity. It will enable you to spot the new Venus at fifty yards. It will lead you among wits, half-wits, notables, khaki heroes, virtuosi, Bohemians (domestic variety) and all the newest artistes, actresses and assorted nuts of the world.

Five Months of Vanity Fair and Your Own Blood Relatives Won't Know You

It will add yards to your drive at golf —distinction to your dress, your conversation and your mode of living, and in addition to all that, Vanity Fair will make you such a superlatively good scout that you will be proud to know yourself.

So that you may try Vanity Fair with a minimum of expense, there is a special offer now being made of

5 Months For $1

(Six, if you respond promptly)

Simply sign the coupon at the bottom of this column, send it in promptly, and not only will you receive five whole joyous months of Vanity Fair, but you will receive an extra issue—six months in all. This extra issue must come out of a small reserve supply so prompt action is necessary.

Brace yourself—Be somebody—sign the coupon today, it will transform you into a clever and polished citizen of the 1917 universe!

©Vanity Fair

VANITY FAIR
19 W. 44th St., N.Y.C.

I accept your more than generous offer gladly. It is understood that if this order is received in time, you will send the September issue free of charge. I enclose $1 (or) Send me bill at later date. (Canadian, $1.25; Foreign, $1.50).

Name .....
(Please write very plainly)

Street .....

City .....

State .....

and thank you very much! McC. 9-17

an outside stair came part way up. Somebody was climbing that. There was a ledge after the steps broke down. An active boy going hand over hand, might get up enough to look in by that way. Julian himself had done it in past years. As they stared, fascinated, at the square of moonlight which was the window in this wall, a head suddenly popped into it. Lynnie made an incautious movement.

"Hello, kids," whispered Rose Daggett's voice. "Miss Dale and Old Jordan sent me after the key. Knew the minute I couldn't find it you'd beat me to it."

There was not time to answer. Again, there were sounds of steps on the gravel below — more people than one this time. They dared not look out to see who it was, but they heard Mrs. Jordan speak.

"Huh! It must be up at Pacheco's. It mostly hangs here on the nail."

"Where did Rose go?" There was concern in Dale Pollard's voice. "I'm afraid I do wrong to have her here with the others. Mrs. Willis — Lynnie's mother, you know — didn't like it. Said she'd never let Lynnie be with Rose at all. If she'd spoken sooner I'd have left that girl out. Keep a careful eye on her, won't you?"

"Well, wha' d'ye know about that!" Rose muttered in the dark. The noise of the surf, the voices of the people out by the camera masked her speech. But she tittered when the Jordan woman's voice came to them good and loud:

"Oh, Rose ain't no different from the others. You know about her. That's all. These sort of girls are pretty much of a muchness. Some's bold, and some's sly. I take 'em as they come. But they don't put anything over on me. I'll keep things straight whilst I 'm in charge at 'Restlands,' Miss Pollard. Got your breath?"

"Yes."

"Then we'll go on up to Pacheco's and ask about that key."

They went on.

"What are you going to do?" Rose asked entirely unabashed.

Julian jumped down to the floor of the belfry, reckless of the noise he made, and lifted Lynnie after him. They could hear Rose descend to the ground outside. "Come on," he said through his shut teeth.

"What are you going to do?" Lynnie anxiously repeated the other girl's question.

"Get down from here, first," rattling noisily from step to step. "Those women — I'm not going to sneak or hide any more." They were at the door. He put the key in its lock as he spoke. Lynnie caught his arm and burst out crying.

"Oh, don't — don't!"

He turned in astonishment, the door unlocked, the knob in hand.

"If you go out there and say —" Sobs broke that off. "— Make me go right home —" she began in the middle of another protest. And then returned to, "Oh, don't, Julian — please don't!"

He felt like a brute, making Lynnie cry.

"It's on your account I'd rather be open and aboveboard," he said. "But if you don't want me to ——"

He was holding the door uncertainly as he spoke. There came a pressure against it, and Rose Daggett pushed in beside them in the dimness. She peered curiously from one to the other as they stood there a moment, then said in a hushed tone:

"They've gone — Old Jordan and Miss Dale. Now's your time to step out and pretend you've been here all the while. I'll find the key — it had dropped off the nail, y' know."

"You'll do that, won't you, Julian?" There was still a catch in Lynnie's voice.

"Yes — yes — I will; of course I'll do exactly as you say. But — I've got to see you sometimes — not the way it's been tonight. I can't stand this."

He paid no attention to Rose standing by listening. She seemed to take not the slightest offense, but came in with that hoarse whisper of hers:

"Say — what's to hinder you kids from going over to San Pablo — any night you want to? Jule's got a machine. I know a soldier at the Presidio. . . . If we could get word to him, the four of us . . ."

"Will you go over to San Pablo with me in the machine — tomorrow night?" Julian instantly asked Lynnie.

"I would if I could, Julian," she faltered. "Oh, I just can't bear to go against you!"

"Aw, rats!" scoffed Rose. "What's the matter with f ing up a story to fool old Jordan? Thinks she's so durn' smart — tellin' what kind of a girl I am. I'll show her, before I'm done with her."

"I don't know what we could say," Lynnie was still wiping her eyes and getting her breath with difficulty. Julian looked at her in the dimness. His heart ached over her. It was Lynnie and himself against the world. Nobody understood. They had a right to deceive in any way possible. He was ready to make use of Rose, if she could help them.

"What kind of a story do you mean, Rose?" he asked her.

"Oh — matron's 'll stand for 'most anything if it's got 'rus-pectable marriage' in it," Rose sneered. "She let Lynn put it all over her about that Portugee mash. I heard her 'phonin' to Miss Dale at the Pollard ranch about him — when he brought Lynn's coat, you know, and asked old Jordan whose permission he had to git for him and her to marry."

Julian was staggered. "You didn't tell me, Lynnie," his voice was accusing.

"I was afraid — you'd be mad." Her shaking fingers touched his arm. "You *are* mad. Oh — Julian!" She stood on tiptoe to look up into his face. "Julian, dear," she whispered feverishly. "I'll find some way to go with you. Rosy'll help me. I'll find some way."

"Tomorrow night?"

"Aw,— not Sunday," put in Rose. "Nothin' doin' in town on Sunday."

"Day after tomorrow, then."

"Well — maybe," Lynnie's voice was still choked as she said it. "But Monday's a bad day for me — with washing, and all."

Washing! He *was* a brute. But somehow he couldn't let up.

"Set your own time," he said half sulkily. "But come."

"Tell him you'll do the best you can," Rose's hissing whisper prompted. "I'll help you, but for the love of Mike let's beat it out of this before we're caught with the goods on us. Jule — get down to the fire and say you lost somethin' in the sand and went hunting for it. Gimme the key. Lynn and I'll chase around and come in from the other side."

[*To be continued*]

This novel is creating a sensation. It continues in dramatic interest, and you will not be able to foresee the ending.

Capitalizing Imagination — *Continued from page 25*

establishment — by giving the impression that he is always doing a capacity business.

A little retail concern selling electrical goods sent out a lot of form letters announcing special prices on lighting devices and vacuum-cleaners. Those about the lighting were posted at a time of day so that they would be delivered on the last delivery and read by artificial light — when possible prospects would be rather easily swayed by arguments in favor of better lighting conditions in the home. But the letters dealing with the vacuum-cleaners were posted at a time which would insure their being delivered in the forenoon, when the housewives were in the midst of household drudgery. This same little store specialized in electric fans. The proprietor knew that if he could only sell a fourth as many in winter as he could in summer it would mean a lot to him. So he set his imagination to work. He employed a pretty girl with luxuriant auburn hair to wash her hair in his show-window every afternoon. Then he demonstrated how quickly one's hair could be dried by the use of an electric fan.

In a certain small department store clerks are instructed to escort customers, whenever possible, to the next counter where they wish to buy anything. A man walks up to the glove counter, let us say, and makes a purchase. In the course of the transaction he tells the clerk his name. Then he inquires where he will find the shoe department. The clerk accompanies him over to the shoe counter where he introduces him to another clerk, saying, "This is Mr. Jones. I wish you would be sure to see that he gets exactly what he wants."

The customer begins to feel pleased and important. He gets the idea that he is not so much a customer as an honored guest.

Solve Your Decoration Problems with

House & Garden

For everybody with good taste, House & Garden is a consulting decoration expert. Each month, in its pages, are shown the charming little touches that transform a cold house into a livable home. Color schemes that lend depth and richness to a living room; simple placements of screens, chairs and lamps that make a home cozy; and, above all, good counsel that prevents costly mistakes.

House & Garden is a practical tool for the home maker. It is the final authority on the thousand and one problems of house-building, furnishing and gardening, sanitation and the like, which at one time or another puzzles the makers of every home.

House & Garden Assists You Intelligently To Decide On:

Rugs — Pottery — China — Fabrics — Furniture — Antiques — Curios — Architecture — Sanitation — Formal Gardens —Old-fashioned Gardens—Tree Planting—Motors and Garages.

$1 Invested in House & Garden will save you $100

Through House & Garden's help you can secure full value for every dollar of your house expenditure—no matter how large or how small—and save the magazine subscription price many times over through the avoidance of costly errors.

For one dollar—a tiny fraction of your loss on an ill-chosen chair or a set of hangings — you insure expert advice on all your house-planning and house-furnishing problems this Fall and Winter.

Special Offer—5 Issues for $1

(Six, if you respond promptly)

If you care to make your home smart, distinguished and representative of your personal tastes, you will want to take advantage of our special offer of five issues of House & Garden for $1 —six, if you mail the coupon now. Send no money now unless you wish to—just mail the coupon today.

House & Garden,
19 W. 44th Street, N. Y. C.

Send me five numbers of House & Garden, beginning with the September issue. It is understood that if this order reaches you promptly, you will send an additional number, making six in all. I enclose $1 herewith (OR) I will remit $1 on receipt of bill. (Foreign $1.50—Canadian $1.25)

Name.....
[Please write very plainly]

Address.....

City..... State.....

McC 9-17

The War Beautiful

[*Continued from page 26*]

He was ordered back to the dressing station, but refused to go. He said his men needed him. Quick, the emergency dressing! He could fight with his left arm.

And he did. Back into the battle he went, and presently his left arm was struck by a bullet. Now both his arms were useless. He could not fight any longer. He could not carry a weapon or defend himself in any way, and again he was ordered back.

But again he refused to go. His men needed him more than ever. As long as he had his legs, he could still lead them, and, after another emergency dressing, he went back into that hell of iron, his right arm shattered, his left arm useless.

Down the field of battle he plunged, this harum-scarum, happy-go-lucky young Englishman, a dauntless, armless warrior, charging with his men, shouting and cursing with his men, offering his breast to the enemy, since that was all he had to offer. And presently he met a German soldier who ran him through the stomach with his bayonet! And so he died.

Every war creates heroes like this, that peace would never know, out of the least promising material, out of criminals, drunkards, cowards, failures of every sort. And, although they die unknown and unnamed, like this English boy, yet their spirit lives on, an immense and precious influence in the hearts of comrades and enemies alike, and an inspiring lesson to the world that we must have consideration for *all men* and all women while avoiding servility toward any, since it is impossible for us to judge the human soul or say where the line shall be drawn between superior and inferior.

War teaches men to draw unbelievably upon their hidden physical and spiritual powers, powers of resisting fatigue, of going without sleep, of enduring cold, pain, humiliation and a thousand bodily discomforts.

"For six months I have slept in the trenches," said an English officer to me, "and I was always cold. My legs were always numb when I wakened, even after an hour's sleep; for the nights are bitter in Northern France, and you have no blanket — no, never. If the alarm came suddenly, you'd be tangled in a blanket. You must be free to fight instantly. You sleep in your uniform, in your boots, no matter how sorely your feet ache. There you lie like a dead man — in the mud, in the rain, in a stable, in a pig-sty, with your weapons and full accoutrement ready, gas mask, bombs, everything ready for *instant use!*"

He spoke of a still harder test when the soldier may not sleep at all, when for two or three nights in succession he is called upon to watch, while the others sleep.

"That very thing happened to me," this officer said, "when I reached the firing line in France after days of marching. Three nights without sleep! God! How the hours drag! You look at the time — it is half past two. You wait an hour and look again — it is twenty minutes to three! You know you cannot possibly bear it, but you do bear it. You dare not sit down or lean against a tree, you would fall asleep instantly, and then —"

"What happens then?"

"You are shot the next morning — that is all. There are no extenuating circumstances. *A soldier must not sleep during his watch!*"

These war-lessons in self-control and obedience are never forgotten. They create in men an incredible power of achievement that endures for life, a capacity for facing and enduring whatever comes. Even the lesson of overcoming fear — fear of sudden death — is one that may be learned. Soldiers on the firing line, with hell raging all about them, practise the don't-worry creed to an astonishing degree. They do their duty, then they become care-free fatalists. Why move away from one shell when you may run into another? The best thing is not to worry about shells at all; and they *don't worry!*

"Don't duck at the crack of a bullet, Yank; the danger has passed," said an experienced Tommy to Arthur Gut Empey, the American soldier-author of that most vivid and fascinating war-narrative, "Over the Top." "You never hear the one that wings you. Always remember that if you are going to get it, you'll get it, so never worry."

It takes months, however, for men to acquire this fear-control, and raw troops never have it. Thus, when one of Kitchener's division, through a deplorable error, was thrown into the terrible battle of Loos before they had ever been under fire (I have this from an Australian officer who was present) they turned and ran like sheep so that their own comrades had to sweep them with machine guns to prevent a rout. Yet later, when they had learned the psychological trick, the remnants of this division fought as fearlessly as any Englishmen in Flanders. *But they had to learn first!*

Let us admit that in the United States these lessons in discipline are sorely needed both among adults and children.

Land of the Free!

Alas! This has come to be a land where every man pursues his selfish purposes (money-making and pleasure-seeking, in the main), with the least possible regard for the welfare of other men.

"I am my own master," declares the Average American. "I follow my own will, I do as I please with my own resources and opportunities for my own satisfaction and advantage."

"No," says the Spirit of War, "you follow the collective will. You do as the state decides. You give of your fortune, of your strength, of your efficiency, as may be necessary for the good of others."

And so it happens.

The truth is that since February 3rd, 1917, there has been accomplished in America a *great silent Revolution*. We have changed our national creed, overnight, as it were.

How much can I get? was the first article in this creed; now it is: *How much can I give?*

The fashion of self-sacrifice has suddenly been set in the United States, after fifty years of self-indulgence, and no one can resist it. The greater will of the Nation sweeps aside all lesser wills. We observe this man in khaki, that man a major, yonder woman a Red Cross helper, and we say to ourselves: "Why am I not in khaki? Why am I not a major? Why am I not a Red Cross helper?

Even the pacifists are conscious of this universal pressure of public opinion and are driven by it into a state of extreme irritability. They experience a fierce need of self-justification and cry aloud angrily, as if they half knew themselves to be wrong. And Socialists the same — they also are unable to resist the urging of our deeply-stirred, long-dormant, national conscience; they also are impelled to *give*, not to *get*. And we see many of them breaking away from previous professions, that now seem unpatriotic and casting their lot with the majority.

> **MR. MOFFETT** *will continue his penetrating analysis of the good the War has brought forth. Then he will tackle another big national problem.*

WHEN sons of millionaires, sons of fashionables, sons of ex-presidents of the United States, fight side by side with farm hands and factory workers, facing the same battlefield perils, enduring the same hardships in the trenches, there develops a spirit of mutual respect and understanding that does away with class hatred and class arrogance.

"I have seen the naked souls of men, stripped of circumstance," writes an English soldier in his diary. "Rank and reputation, wealth and poverty, knowledge and ignorance, manners and uncouthness — these I saw not. I saw the naked souls of men."

I know a New York corporation lawyer, rich, successful, the kind of man who is supposed to have sold his withered soul to the great money interests; but, when the war-test came, he proved himself capable of the highest self-sacrifice. He was past fifty, beyond the age of military service; yet his patriotic ardor was so genuine that for

Save 90¢ of every $1.00 Punctures cost you

DON'T PAY 25 to 50 CENTS more than you need to for puncture repairs. Don't put up with make-shift repairs that cost you twice as much in the long run. Punctures are sure to come. Get ready *now* to fix that next one right—to put on a patch the *quickest, surest, cheapest way* you can ever find—with

MARVEL JR. VULCANIZER OUTFIT COMPLETE $1

MORE THAN 500,000 NOW IN USE

REPAIR THREE PUNCTURES AT OUR EXPENSE

Buy *Marvel Jr.* today. *Use it for three repairs.* If it isn't absolutely satisfactory—If you aren't fully convinced it is worth ten times more than your money—send it back. We'll return your $1.00 gladly—no argument—no delay.

Remember—material for six complete puncture repairs comes with the *Marvel Jr.* Everything furnished ready to use. Enough material furnished *free* to *more than pay for the entire outfit!* And our money-back guarantee on every bit of it.

Don't wait longer—don't spend a single cent more of money *Marvel Jr.* will save you on repairs. Buy from your dealer **today. If he can't supply you order direct.**

Double Your Tire Mileage with Marvel Sr. Vulcanizer

Save $1.00 to $2.00 on every casing repair. Fix tread cuts, sand blisters, etc., without taking tire off wheel. Repair tube blow-outs better than new. Material furnished *free* for *large number* of repairs. Outfit complete only $2.00.

THE MARVEL ACCESSORIES MFG. CO.
952 E. 73rd Street, Cleveland, O.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!!

THE MARVEL ACCESSORIES MFG. CO.
952 E. 73rd Street, Cleveland, O.

According to your money-back guarantee send me one Marvel Jr. Vulcanizer outfit all charges prepaid. I enclose $1.00 herewith. ($2.00 for Marvel Sr. Vulcanizer outfit.)

Name .....
Address .....
State .....
Dealer's Name .....

HUMP Hair Pins

—the Secret of Beautifully Dressed Hair. They stay in out of sight and never slip. Easy to use, rust-proof and satin-smooth.

Five sizes. Sold everywhere, 5c-10c.

HUMP HAIR PIN MFG. CO.

The Motor Truck in Business

WOULD you like to have a copy of this new booklet? Read the paragraph in bold type at the top of the Automobile Department article—on page 39 of September McClure's.

"Like a Brand-New Range!"

It's really wonderful what 3-in-One does for gas stoves and ranges. Keeps the nickeled parts beautifully bright and clean. Oils the action parts of the burners so they work smooth and easy. Always wipe off the top of your gas stove or range with

3-in-One Superior to stove polish, which is apt to clog up the burners and ruin the stove. 3-in-One is good for the iron sides and top and oven parts. Prevents rust from forming.

3-in-One also prevents rust and tarnish on gas and electric light fixtures, bathroom fixtures and all metal-work throughout the house. Try it. Sold at all stores—in 1 oz., 25c and 50c bottles and in 25c Handy Oil Cans.

FREE—Sample of 3-in-One Oil and Dictionary of Uses.

3-in-One Oil Co., 165KNG. Broadway, New York

months he submitted to the hard soldiers' routine at the Plattsburg camp. Then, all through last winter, he devoted many evenings to military study with an army officer so that he might win a captain's commission. And he won it!

A few weeks ago this corporation lawyer, his face bronzed from life in the open air, his eyes shining with high purpose, said farewell to his beautiful wife and only child and set sail for France with General Pershing. And, whether he comes back or not, his example is illuminating to thousands who will see that they were wrong to think of such men as consumed with greed and dead to lofty sentiments.

I know intimately a New York doctor, a distinguished specialist, who, soon after we came into the war, *although he was sixty years old*, gave up his large and lucrative practise, closed his luxurious home and accepted a commission for active duty at the battle front with the United States Army Ambulance Corps. And his three sons joined the army. And his wife, well over fifty, is on the point of sailing for France to do Red Cross work. Thus we have an entire American family literally giving everything, themselves included, in the service of their country!

"Why don't you let the younger doctors go first?" I asked this old friend one night, shortly before his departure, as we sat in his study looking out over the panorama of Central Park.

He shook his head sadly.

"The younger doctors are not coming forward fast enough. They don't understand what this war means. They don't realize the appalling need of doctors in Europe. Every day makes a difference. There are British battalions fighting in France today *with only one surgeon to fifteen hundred men!* And there should be five surgeons! Think of that!

"The battlefield conditions in France and Belgium are horrible beyond all power of words to describe. *I know what I am saying.* I know that in a recent battle in France *one hundred and sixty-seven doctors of the Allies were killed in a single hour!*

"If you have any power with your pen that will help in getting American doctors to France" he continued, "for God's sake use it before it is too late. There should be two thousand of them sailing with me, but I fear there will not be half that number. *They* don't understand! And their *wives* don't understand!"

He pointed silently to that exquisite prayer:

For those who, weak and broken, lie
In weariness and agony —
For those who minister and heal,
And spend themselves, their skill, their zeal—
Lord, hear a people's prayers, and bless
Thy servants in their hour of stress.

THE war beautiful!

I hear more protests from those who fail to see how any war can be beautiful, and who point to the starvation of little children, to the starvation of unoffending aged people — thousands of deaths and incalculable misery from lack of food, and ask how there can be anything beautiful in this hideous war-starvation.

The answer is that war is obviously an evil, but that good may come out of evil. Even out of starvation good may come, inestimable good.

What good?

In the first place, with food famine threatening the world, with food prices rising prohibitively, it is evident that the world will eat less food, say two-thirds as much as usual, or less, *which is the very best thing that could happen to the world!*

Why?

Because the world has been eating too much, especially too much meat. All physiologists and food experts agree as to this; for years they have vainly shouted their warnings that men and women are digging their graves with their teeth. Now, for obvious reasons, there will be fewer graves dug in this way, fewer deaths from degenerative diseases of the kidneys, the heart, the intestines (there have been half a million such deaths every year in the United States alone, most of them needless), fewer deaths from cancer and other maladies associated with excessive meat eating.

And we may be sure that men and women, having once experienced during war the great health values and efficiency values of food abstemiousness, will continue to practise this after the war has ceased. They will have learned the lesson that *abstemiousness pays!*

I am told, by those who are familiar with food conditions in Germany, that middle-aged persons there have benefited immensely in physical condition, owing to the fact that for many months they have been *obliged* to eat less and drink less than usual. It is true that the very young, the very old and the very poor have suffered; but the German nation as a whole may be said to have gotten rid of its superfluous fat and drawn in its excessive stomach with the very best results.

"There are probably a good many million people in the United States whose most patriotic act would be to get thin gradually and gracefully and then stay thin," says Graham Lusk, Professor of Physiology at the Cornell University Medical College and one of our most distinguished food authorities, in the August *World's Work*. He also warns us that we should eat potatoes without peeling them and thus avoid a 15% loss in the use of this important vegetable.

Let me say with all possible emphasis that it is the patriotic duty of all Americans not to waste food themselves and not to let others waste food, if they can prevent it. Wastefulness is our national sin, and, in spite of warnings, we still throw away food enough in the United States to feed the starving hordes of Europe. Think of the butter, the bread, the vegetables that we waste every day! Go into any well-to-do American home, into any American restaurant, and watch the people at their meals. How much more they eat than they really need! And how much they leave untouched on their plates!

Here is a great work for American women. Let them see that less food is prepared for the table. Let them explain to their children and their servants *why* it is of the utmost importance that we be sparing of food. Let them voluntarily establish occasional meatless days and cut down the consumption of fats and sweets. By this care and unselfishness, they will improve the general health and will quicken that spirit of service and sacrifice which ennobles all men and women, all children, who practise it.

Speaking of patriotic service that American women can render, I suggest that they use their immense influence to make men who are physically unfit do what is necessary to put themselves in good condition. Why should not women frankly show their disapproval of men unfit for military service by reason of bodily defects that might easily be remedied? Why not make it the *fashion* for men of all ages to be physically fit?

Let a woman say to an admirer: "See here, can you run a mile without getting out of breath? Do you work regularly at a gymnasium? Is your strength test up to standard? What setting up exercises do you do every morning? Are you getting fat and lazy? Do you eat too much? Have you given up alcohol? Do you know how to breathe properly?"

And if he fails to answer these questions satisfactorily, let her tell him that she will have no more of his attentions until he can do so.

If a million attractive American women would form a league for the physical regeneration of fat, lazy, over-fed and under-exercised American men *by sentimental influences*, we should soon have a million soldiers saved from the physical scrap-heap!

In conclusion I may point out that we have a choice between two views of this war:

(1) We may think of it in connection with our duty to the cause of liberty and civilization, dwelling upon the service we hope to render Europe and the world, and taking it for granted that the Central Powers will be defeated sooner or later. This is the pleasant and popular view; it is my own view, but ——

(2) We may also think of this war in connection with the possibility that England may be starved into submission by the Central Powers, and that within a year or so the United States may be forced to fight a victorious Germany.

This second view is much less exhilarating than the first, and I would not present it but for the fact that it has been persistently and repeatedly forced upon me during recent months by highly placed and well-informed men, whose views, however unwelcome, are not to be disregarded.

"Did not you yourself prophesy two years ago in McCLURE'S," said one of our most distinguished naval officers to me the other day, "that Germany would invade America after bringing England to her knees by means of submarines?"

"Why, yes," I admitted, "I did."

"Didn't you prophesy that Germany would take possession of our Atlantic seaboard after beating us in battle?"

"Yes; but that was a story designed to call attention to our unpreparedness."

"Of course, but in your story you presented the facts touching our unpreparedness, didn't you? And these facts are still facts, aren't they?"

"But," I objected, "we were taken by surprise in my story, whereas in reality we have gone into this war in plenty of time to get ready before Germany can attack us. Isn't that true? She is fairly busy in Europe just now, isn't she?"

He shook his head uneasily.

"Italy thought she had picked out a favorable moment to enter the war. So did Rumania. Suppose Germany is victorious in Europe within a year? As big a man as Admiral Fiske said, (March 27, 1917) six days before the declaration of war, that it was a fifty-fifty chance Germany would be victorious within a year. If things weren't in a pretty bad way with the Allies, why did Joffre and Balfour come hurrying over here? Can you imagine Julius Caesar crossing the ocean twice to see Woodrow Wilson?"

"Well, suppose that is true?"

"If that is true, and if the Allies are beaten within a year by German U-boats, how long do you think it will be before Germany is over here after an indemnity that she cannot get elsewhere and that she imperatively needs?"

"You are writing my story over again," I laughed.

"Why not? Show me the fallacy. How long will it take us from today (June 15th, 1917) to get ready to meet Germany single-handed? To have our fleet ready? Our army ready? Our coast defenses ready? You know how long it will take — you said it in your book, 'The Conquest of America,' didn't you?"

"I said five years."

"Exactly. And you were right. The best authorities agree with you. *At least five years!* And what would Germany be doing during those five years? Don't you think our hundred billions or so of undefended wealth would look pretty good to Germany?"

Then he made some disquieting reflections upon the undefended wealth of Darius, the Persian, and upon what happened to Darius when Alexander the Great began to contemplate that wealth.

"In spite of all that," I replied, "I cannot believe it will take us five years, now that we are actually in this war, to get our fleet and our army ready. Honestly, don't you think we can be ready to fight Germany in two years?"

Quick came the answer, as his face hardened. "With nothing but our own resources? With no English fleet to help us? *Certainly not!*"

"In three years?"

"No."

"But you must admit the whole country is aroused now," I protested.

"Partly aroused."

"Every day sees us better prepared."

"Worse prepared."

"What?"

"Preparation means the expansion and reconstruction of our present fighting machine and military organization, which means inevitably a period of lessened efficiency. We must tear down before we can build up. What happens to a business when you suddenly decide to double or quadruple its office force or its factory force? What happens to a hotel when you set about doubling or quadrupling its accommodations with business going on as usual? What happens to a city when you enlarge its water-supply system, its transportation system? It will be a better city, a better hotel, a better business ultimately; but, in the meantime, there is a great disorganization and inefficiency. Look at Russia today!

"IT will be doubly hard," he continued, "for America to cope, single-handed, with Germany, because Germany during the past sixty years has gained great skill in the technique of war, whereas America has no such skill. And wars are almost invariably won, as history shows, by nations that possess skill in war and skilful war-commanders, rather than by nations that possess great natural and material advantages. A nation that is unskilful in war is as hopelessly outclassed by a skilful nation as a poor billiard player or a poor golf player is out-classed by an expert. Or as a man ignorant of a certain foreign language is outclassed (assuming that language to be necessary in a certain situation) by another man who speaks it fluently. America has no tried fighting machine, no war-commanders that have ever had any experience in actual war worth talking about.

"It is evident that war cannot be made out of good intentions, even if there be vast numbers of men and all necessary apparatus. There must also be the highest order of military skill, that comes only after years of training, failing which there is disorder, disorganization, defeat. The only man who can take an army or a fleet through great maneuvers brilliantly, triumphantly, is the man who has done the thing many times before. To think that we can create strategists and tacticians by passing laws is as foolish as it would be to seek for a Kitchener or a Joffre by advertising in the newspapers! How long did the North flounder along in the Civil War waiting for General Grant? *Three years!*"

"Coming back to the main point," I said, "you consider that Germany possesses greater military skill than any other nation?"

"Unquestionably. Don't the results prove it? And, so far from being weakened by the war, Germany is stronger today than she ever was. That is because she has been able to organize her allies, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey, into a military and economic efficiency that they never possessed before and that Germany now profits by."

"And what is your final conclusion?"

He thought a moment, then said gravely: "My final conclusion is that *we must not let the Allies lose during the next year*, for if they lose, we lose. Remember that the greatest issue in human history, the issue between democracy and autocracy, is now trembling in the balance and may be determined by what the United States is able to do to save the European Allies. If the United States can act soon enough and effectively enough, democracy will rule for centuries throughout the world.

"On the other hand, if the United States acts tardily or ineffectively, we may see the Teutonic Powers gain a complete world-victory, and that may mean that democracy will not appear upon the earth again for a thousand years."

As I stated, this is the opinion of one of our ablest naval authorities. Therefore, I set down his words with all due respect, bowing before his great knowledge; yet I find myself agreeing with the majority of my countrymen that America will somehow find a way out of this world-difficulty. We have declared war upon the enemy, upon those who stand for tyranny and brutality — that was the great step, and I like to think that the rest of the job can be confidently left to the intelligence, the courage and the resourcefulness of the American people.

What has happened in the foregoing instalment of

Wild Apples

ON account of an innocent boyish prank which displeased his mother, Julian McCulloch has been exiled to the McCulloch ranch for the summer. There are a number of other young folks from his home town on the near-by ranches, but Julian has never cared for them particularly and finds them less congenial than ever this summer. Paula Pollard, one of the young girls, is especially insistent in urging him to join them and finally manages to get him to go on one of their picnics. Paula had also invited Lynnie Willis, a pretty little girl who is helping the matron at Restlands Camp, to come with them; but by the time they get to the camp the car will not hold any more and she tells Lynnie that they will have to take her another time. Julian cannot forget the disappointed look on the girl's face and later on in the morning, finding an excuse for leaving the group a short time, goes back and asks Lynnie to go driving with him in the evening. They have a delightful ride all around the neighboring country and then go up on the porch of the inn where Paula Pollard and her friends are dancing. Julian urges Lynnie to go in with him, but she prefers not to, and they watch the others from a secluded corner where they feel they cannot be seen, while they eat their ice cream. Lynnie's disappointment of the morning is entirely forgotten and she promises to go again.

Questions Concerning Foods and Drugs

Discussed by Lewis B. Allyn

Professor Lewis B. Allyn, of Westfield, Massachusetts, the creator of the Westfield Standard, is Food Editor of the McClure Publications, and will answer, without charge, any question from a McClure reader on foods, beverages, or toilet preparations. Please inclose a stamped envelope for reply, as all questions are answered personally, and not (unless of general interest) through the magazine. Address Professor Allyn, care of The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York.

A Losing Fight

I WISH to inquire into the status of an article called Orrine, which is a concoction for the cure of drunkards. I have a friend whose husband when sober is a splendid boy but who occasionally has a round or two with John Barleycorn. Have you ever made an analysis or given an opinion on the above dope? If you wish, I will send you a sample. I would be pleased to have your opinion before I venture to recommend it.

Wm. C. K., New York.

Concerning Orrine, would advise that according to an analysis here at this laboratory, it consists principally of milk sugar, ammonium chloride or sal ammoniac, with a very small quantity of chloride of gold. In the National Association of Retail Druggists Journal, it is stated that unless the patient consumes the papers in which the powders come, as well as the powder, he would fail to receive even the small amount of gold chloride originally in the remedy. Gold chloride, the so-called "gold cure," according to leading authorities, has no specific action on the alcohol habit.

This habit must be stopped without the aid of drugs, and the person wishing relief is the only one who can stop it. Some institutions, however, are doing excellent work in reclaiming alcoholics. But this is done under honest and intelligent supervision. Patent nostrums have no effect except to add expense and danger. Not only is there danger in the public taking repeated doses of pills containing the usual ingredients of the so-called "drug cures," especially when lulled into a false sense of security by the claim that they are perfectly harmless, but a cruel and inhuman fraud is practised on the wives and children who purchase the "cure" in the belief that with it they can secretly cure the husbands or fathers who are the victims of alcoholism. The exploiters of these "secret cures" know full well that, from the very nature of the case, no publicity will be risked and that the money that is sent in will never be demanded even though the purchasers are convinced that they have been swindled. It is on the element of secrecy that the company plays. Some "patent medicine" frauds are more vicious than others. Next to the vampire who sells narcotic mixtures under the specious claims that they will cure drug habits, the most heartless are the exploiters of secret cures for drunkenness.

Throw Them Away

WILL you kindly answer the following:

1. Do such drugs as spirits of ammonia, bromide, nux vomica, digitalis, etc., deteriorate say in five years? We have some left over from past sickness in the family and now when drugs are so high do not care to throw them away in case they were ever prescribed again by attending doctor.

2. Is it true that a few drops of lemon juice will render doubtful water free from typhoid and other germs? Have heard that U. S. Army recommends its use for soldiers.

3. Could any harm come from using saffron or henna to dye graying hair?

Miss C. M., California.

Unless extraordinary precautions are followed the drugs you mention will deteriorate so as to become practically worthless with the exception of the nux vomica. In our opinion none of them are worth saving, the nux vomica possibly excepted. In any event, a chemical analysis would be necessary to determine their value. This is an expensive procedure and would probably cost more than the drugs are worth unless you have a considerable supply of them.

It is not true that lemon juice renders water free from typhoid. It has practically no effect on pathogenic bacteria.

Neither saffron nor henna will injure the hair, but the results sometimes following the use of these dyes are ludicrous (to others) and cause the victim to become an object of derision.

Is Bran Digestible?

AS a reader of McClure's I am writing to ask you if you can tell me the amount of digestible protein in an ounce of Ballard's Sanitary Edible Bran, and also what are the proportions of the other nutrients.

E. R. C., Massachusetts.

Bran is not recommended particularly as a food product. When finely ground more of its nutriment is available than otherwise. As a relief from constipation and as a general intestinal stimulant the use of bran is very desirable. While there is no exact data available as to the amount of available protein in bran, it may be reasonably stated that of the total amount, 66⅔% is digested. Analysis of Ballard's Sanitary Edible bran at this laboratory, shows the following:

Moisture	10.25%
Protein	13.66%
Fat	5.14%
Ash	5.62%

It is clean, and, for the purpose designed, admirable.

Goitre Remedy

IN THE March McClure's attention was called to the Halsey Bros. No. 44 Goitre tablets. Tablets purporting to be of this make were submitted by a subscriber and were found to contain extract of the thyroid gland.

The Halsey Bros., through W. H. Clark, President, write as follows: "Halsey Bros. Co. have manufactured homeopathic remedies of which the Goitre tablets is one, since 1855. These tablets are composed of Homeopathic remedies indicated in goitre, and do not now, nor have they ever, contained thyroid extract in any form. If you are disposed to conduct this part of your magazine honestly, you will give this denial the same prominence that you gave to the item referred to."

We accordingly, at various times, caused the purchase of the Halsey remedy by known agents. Examination of these tablets at this laboratory failed to reveal the presence of thyroid extract. In our opinion it is not present in No. 44 Gcitre tablets. They contain iodine in another form. We make this explanation in justice to Halsey Co. Our correspondent submitted tablets of another make and has since been notified of the fact.

Tell Your Doctor

I AM a subscriber to McClure's and am sending a loaf of bread made of whole wheat flour, bran, dry yeast, salt and water, but no sugar or sweetening of any kind. Please tell me the amount of starch and sugar present. Would it be all right for a diabetic to eat?

J. B., Illinois.

Your bread contains about 33% (32.72%) of carbohydrates (starches and sugars). We would most strongly advise you to get your physician's opinion as to whether it is adapted to your special case. Some could eat it with good results, others could not.

Would you not enjoy, as a change in your dietary, a bread made of soy meal? We shall be glad to furnish you the names of dealers in this excellent product.

IMPORTANT: If you wish a sample tested, send the article to be tested in an original, unopened package to Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, McClure Laboratories, Westfield, Mass., with your name and address plainly marked. Where the article itself is not sent, the trade name, the manufacturer's name, and that of the dealer from whom the article was purchased, should be given. For bulk goods, a sufficient quantity should be sent, as well as the name of the dealer from whom purchased, and date of purchase. All applicants for this service should state whether they are readers of or subscribers to McClure's.

17 ounces net. Also in 2, 3, and 5 lb. packages

Preferred from Maine to California

Honey White Nougat — Chocolate-covered Liquid Cherries
"1842" Bitter Sweet Chocolates — "Fussy" Assorted Chocolates
Jordan Almonds — Chocolate-covered Caramels
Roasted Almonds — Chocolate-covered Mint Marshmallows
Chocolate-covered Almonds — Milk Chocolates

$1 the pound at leading drug stores (or from us). Ask for booklet.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

KEEP PEACE IN THE FAMILY
PAINT YOUR CAR YOURSELF WITH
Effecto AUTO FINISHES

MAKE Wifie happy by giving the old bus a coat or two of Effecto. Do it yourself — it's easily applied with a brush.

Not a wax or polish, but a durable, quick-drying, high-luster auto enamel, made in seven colors. Try Effecto Top and Seat Dressing on your top. Gives a perfect finish and waterproofs either mohair or imitation leather tops. It's great for making all upholstery and leather look like new.

Sold by paint, hardware and auto accessory dealers. Send for Color Card. Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 147 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 93 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF
PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

BERNARD-HEWITT & CO.
Desk F659, 424-434 S. Green St.
CHICAGO, ILL.

Please send me your new Fall and Winter Style Book with 70 samples free—finest blue serges and advanced styles in smart tweeds and mixtures—also full details of your special lining offer.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

MAIL COUPON

For Fall and Winter STYLE BOOK

70 SAMPLES FREE

High Grade Blue Serge Suit Made to Measure only $15

GUARANTEED ALL WOOL

WE PAY SHIPPING CHARGES

A SPECIAL proposition to introduce the wonderful values offered by our system of tailoring. We have no agents—no dealers—no traveling salesmen—our values make their own customers—and once a Bernard-Hewitt customer, always a Bernard-Hewitt customer.

Thousands of business and professional men, college men, men in all walks of life the country over, wear and enjoy Bernard-Hewitt fine made-to-measure clothes. We want you, too, as a regular customer, and, as a special inducement to secure your first order, will line your suit with a guaranteed

$4 SATIN LINING FREE

This suit is strictly hand tailored to your individual measure, from the very finest all-wool blue, light blue, black or gray serge, in any of the latest styles you may select and by the very best tailors in this whole city.

If you don't care for a serge suit, our Fall catalog, which we will send, contains generous samples of the latest fabrics, plain and fancy mixtures ($15.00 to $32.50), unusual values all. The satin lining goes with any selection.

All we ask is that you make a trial of our system, that you learn how easy it is to take your own measure and save money on every suit. We take all the risk, you none, for this is our

GUARANTEE

Complete Satisfaction or Refund of Money

Take Your Own Measure—Save $10

You must be pleased in every particular—in fit—in style—in workmanship and materials, or we don't want your money. Could anything be fairer? Write today—wear tailor-made clothes of exceptional style and value—dress better and save money.

SEND TODAY FOR YOUR COPY OF OUR BIG BOOK

Our big new Fall Book is ready for you—contains 70 samples latest woolens—also lowest prices on men's hats, shoes and furnishings. It is your guide to correct and economical clothes buying. Mail coupon above or send postcard for your copy.

Please mention McCLURE'S so that we can identify this special offer.

BERNARD-HEWITT & COMPANY

424-434 S. Green St. Desk F659 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Learn French In a Few Days

We are at war—and France is our ally. French is now the most important foreign language for every American. Every man who faces the prospect of service in the American army will possibly fight in France. His chances for promotion, his personal convenience, his enjoyment of the advantages of his trip abroad, will be immeasurably increased by a speaking knowledge of French. Every woman who is interested in Red Cross work who wants to understand the language of the country her friends and relatives will be fighting in, needs a knowledge of French. Everyone, whether directly engaged in war-work or not, will find immense satisfaction in an understanding of the language of "Papa" Joffre and his great nation.

When the war is over France will develop an enormous trade with us and the man who can speak French will be in big demand.

You Can Soon Become Fluent

A little spare time daily makes you so—The Rosenthal Common-Sense Method of Practical Linguistry will teach you to read, write, and speak French readily if you will devote *ten minutes* of your leisure time each day to this wonderful system. German, Spanish or Italian is just as easily learned by this method.

French War Terms

A special glossary of French war terms has been prepared and added to this course, making it completely up-to-the-minute and of great, timely value in connection with the war. This feature is of especial help to men and women interested in the Army, Navy, and Red Cross.

Absolutely free, the booklet, "Revolution in the Study and Teaching of Foreign Languages," which describes Rosenthal method fully. Send for the booklet now—you will be obligated in no way whatever.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 52, NEW YORK CITY

Now $2.50

Only $2.50 down brings brand new Rex (*10 years' guarantee*) built because world's greatest merchandise house wanted a better machine. Sent on trial. Typewriter prices smashed! **Write today for big free book and startling offer.**

Rex Typewriter Company
Dept. 1026 LeMoyne Building, Chicago, Ill.

You Can Have Beautiful Eyebrows and Lashes

The use of "Lash-Brow-ine" nightly tends to stimulate the eyebrows and lashes, making them long, thick and luxuriant, adding wonderfully to your beauty, charm and attractiveness. Used successfully by thousands. Send 25c (coin) and we will mail you "Lash-Brow-ine" and our beauty booklet prepaid in plain sealed cover. **Beware of worthless imitations.**

"Lash-Brow-ine" has passed the McClure Westfield Standard of Purity.

Maybell Laboratories, 4008-58 Indiana Ave., Chicago

When writing to advertisers—mention McCLURE'S. It helps on both sides.

RAT CORN

Kills Rats and Mice Harmless to Humans

SOLD BY HARDWARE DRUG GENERAL STORE

LE PAGE'S CHINA CEMENT

STANDS HOT AND COLD WATER 10c

Food "Bits"

Have You Discovered Yours—and Are You Doing It?

by **Mabel Dulon Purdy**

THIS is the month when the war-gardens ripen. This is the month when every yard, and patch, and potato pen that we never knew existed shall offer up its yield. This is the month when the boy, with his first bushel gathered, feels that he has at last earned the right to be called a citizen of the country, to be recognized as a soldier in her defense. With his hoe put back in the corner, beaming with all the pride of a first success, he takes the bushel to the market place to sell it to someone who needs it, who has been waiting for it while he grew it, to offer it as his share, as his summer's worth of labor.

The market turns him down—the other farmers got there first! But the boy doesn't care. He puckers his lips into a whistle, and takes the basket to another market. And this one doesn't need it! And again the boy doesn't care—perhaps—but he forgets the whistle this time. He carries his basket to your door. And—you may have all the food you need! But don't say that to the boy. Buy it—buy it anyway. Eat it, can it, give it away—but save that boy's courage and his first enthusiasm. Precious as the food itself may be, the boy with a farm in his bonnet is worth even more.

The Burden

ONTO the shoulders of the farmer and the housekeeper has the burden of this great war of ours been thrust, but however willing and efficient those patient shoulders may be, they cannot carry that burden alone. The farmer may plant and till and reap every available acre, the housekeeper may cook and serve and stretch the food produced without one bit of waste, but neither one nor the other can eat our food for us, nor definitely control our selection. Mr. Hoover, as usual, in one of his master summaries, has neatly packed the whole present food duty of every individual into a nut shell: A clean plate, no unnecessary eating, the use of local and perishable foods in place of staples fitted for export, and food knowledge. The latter, so that the clean plate, and the limited portion, and the controlled selection shall not be paid for at the cost of health or body vigor.

Unless we recognize and live this creed every day, and three times every day, the shoulders of the farmer and housekeeper must break under their unusual burden. When you eat—whether it is at home, or in one of our biggest hotels, or at the lunch counter around the corner—choose fruits, or vegetables, or eggs, or milk, or fresh fish rather than meat and cereal dishes, and if you must have bread, ask for rye or corn, or any other kind rather than wheat—and do not break a roll, and then forget to eat it—and do not ask for cake at all.

Figures That Talk

DO you know that:

One slice of bread wasted every day in every home in the United States equals over 7,000,000 bushels of wheat in a year, or 365,000,000 loaves—bread enough to feed 1,000,000 wheat hungry French soldiers for one whole year?

One cupful of milk wasted every day in every home in the United States equals almost 500,000,000 quarts in a year—milk enough to feed those million starving Belgian babies for one whole year?

One small butter ball wasted every day in every home in the United States equals 114,062,500 pounds in a year? Ask a German soldier in the trenches what he would pay for just one pound of this.

One small left-over scrap of perfectly good meat or fish wasted every day in every home in the United States equals almost 500,000,000 pounds of valuable animal food in a year—the edible portion of a combined herd of 538,000 beef animals, 291,000 calves, 625,000 sheep and lambs, and over 2,132,000 hogs?

Every year 13,000,000 dozen strictly fresh eggs spoil in storage just because they have been slightly cracked by careless handling somewhere between the hen and the cold room?

Every fall many sections in many states in the United States are literally carpeted with sound windfall apples, that these apples are never gathered nor used, that it would cost very little more than the price of the container to can them, almost nothing, comparatively, to dry them, and that later in the year many of us must pay five cents a piece for every apple needed—and that many of us who need them can have no apples at all? One can of windfall apples can be sterilized in sixteen minutes; it will hold apples enough for two meals for a family of five.

That this is only part of it all—that the United States Department of Agriculture can give you more of these figures if you want them—that this department can tell you just what this waste means figured in land, and dollars, and labor, and effort—and that all this gathered together and thrown into our defense might alone be enough to swing the balance in the way that it must go?

How Many?

MR. BENSON, king of our great home canning industry, does not believe that any American home has properly qualified for the winter season unless it is fortified with 365 jars or cans or packages of preserved fruit of some kind, 365 jars of vegetables and 365 jars of meat, or fish, or soup. How many such jars are now in your home? How many more are you planning for?

What You Can't Can—Fan

ONLY an electric fan, but a world of power at that—once you have seen it working, or tried to make it work for yourself.

It is possible that many of us do not know how to put food into cans so that it will keep for winter use. It is possible that many of us have not the time to try. It is possible that many of us have not the cash to pay for jars or cans. It is possible that many of us cannot buy jars or cans at any price. It is possible, as we may have conscientiously figured it, that the bit of surplus food we may have is not worth the trouble it would be to can it. Just at present, however, food is actually worth more than time, or cash, or strength, or any other measurable commodity, and, surely, there is some bit of fresh fruit or vegetable now in almost every garden, or on many available market stands, that cannot be eaten today or tomorrow.

To take this food and wash it off, to cut it up into thin slices, to spread it on open trays, to stand it in the sunshine, or near the fire, or—easiest of all—in front of your revolving electric fan, and let it stay there until "leathery" is very little trouble. Later, when *you* need it, when the country needs it, that is the time you will realize what that trouble and food is really worth. Cabbages, potatoes, onions, spinach, carrots, peaches measured by the pound—or by the bushel—can easily be reduced to ounces by the use of your electric fan, and safely tucked away in tiny water-proof paper boxes for future use. It is said that Germany has tons of such dried food packed away in every crack and cranny of her storerooms. Why not we?

Questions regarding any phase of this food article will be answered by the Editorial Department. This service is free to McClure readers

WHAT THE WAR DEPT. SAYS:

"I beg you to say to your employees that the War Department does approve of their enterprise and thanks them in behalf of many a homesick soldier and sailor who will be cheered not merely by the kindly gifts themselves, but still more by the spirit of cordial and homely sympathy which inspires them."

NEWTON D. BAKER,
Secretary of War

"EMPTY!"

"GUN SMOKE EVERYWHERE—

But not a whiff of TOBACCO SMOKE to cheer a fellow up!"

THE English "Tommies" have their pipes kept filled by the folks at home.
The French "Poilus" never want for a smoke—their friends are "on the job".
The "Anzacs" have all the tobacco they can use sent them by their loved ones.

And now the time has come for Americans to send little packages of happiness to our "Sammies" in the trenches and our "Jackies" with the fleet. These lads are defending your homes and your lives—show them your appreciation.

Besides facing the foe, our boys must experience homesickness, loneliness, dreary hours in the trenches, uncomfortable days in torpedo-boat destroyers. Tobacco cheers them; home and friends loom up in the fragrant puffs; they can fight the devil after a smoke. Help us to give them the "smokes" they crave and need.

25c keeps a soldier or sailor supplied with tobacco for a week!
$1 sends our brave defenders a month's supply—ACT!

Each quarter buys a package of tobacco and cigarettes worth 45 cents, enough to make one of your defenders happy for a week.

One dollar will make him and his trench mates glad for a month. Prominent magazines and newspapers stand back of this movement. It has been warmly endorsed by both the War and Navy departments.

A War Souvenir For You

A feature of this fund is that in each package is enclosed a post card addressed to the donor. If it is possible for the soldier or sailor receiving the tobacco to mail you this post-card receipt, it will be a war souvenir you will treasure forever.

Hurry up with *your* "smokes"

Dive into your pocket. Out comes a quarter, a half-dollar, a note. Mail it at once—currency, stamps, check or money order. The quicker it comes, the quicker our boys will have their smokes. A similar fund in England has sent over four million packages to soldiers and sailors. Here is one way to do your "bit"—ACT!

Letters of Appreciation

Here are samples of the letters of appreciation that come back to Canada, England and France from the lads who have been comforted.

"The packets were distributed tonight to the members of this company, and it gives me great pleasure to convey to you the sincere thanks which they expressed on receipt of same. I may say that such tokens of remembrance are very cheering to the boys, being an earnest of the fact that while they are 'doing their bit' here the friends at home have not forgotten them." H. Donisthorpe, (Capt.), Commanding No... Co., Canadian Forestry Corps.

The Mud on Vimy Ridge

"Many thanks for tobacco. It arrived O. K. It made us forget the mud on Vimy Ridge." W. C. Smith, Capt. and Adjt., Canadian Cyclist's Batt., A. E. F.

Send your money today—use the coupon!

"OUR BOYS IN FRANCE TOBACCO FUND"

25 West 44th Street, New York City

Depository: Irving National Bank, New York

USE THIS COUPON—DO IT NOW!

"Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund,"
25 West 44th Street, New York.

Gentlemen:

I want to do my part to cheer up the American soldiers who are fighting my battle in France. If tobacco will do it—I'm for tobacco.

(CHECK BELOW HOW YOU DESIRE TO CONTRIBUTE)

I send you herewith $——, my contribution toward the purchase of tobacco for American soldiers. This does not obligate me to contribute more.

I enclose $1.00. I will "adopt a soldier" and send you $1.00 a month to supply him with "smokes" for the duration of the war.

Name.....

Address.....

.....